

# Rolling Stone

A full-page photograph of Liz Phair is the background of the cover. She is crouching, wearing a light blue, short-sleeved, button-down shirt that is open at the waist, and she is barefoot. She has long, wavy brown hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight, open-mouthed expression.

SPECIAL ISSUE  
**WOMEN IN ROCK**  
Chrissie Hynde • Joan Jett • Madonna • Kim Gordon  
Courtney Love • Liz Phair • Tori Amos • Me'Shell NdegeOcello

## Liz Phair

A Rock & Roll  
Star Is Born

**George  
Bush's**  
Heroin  
Connection

**Robert  
Redford**  
The Rolling  
Stone Interview

**R.E.M.'s  
'Monster'**  
New Album



# POLO SPORT



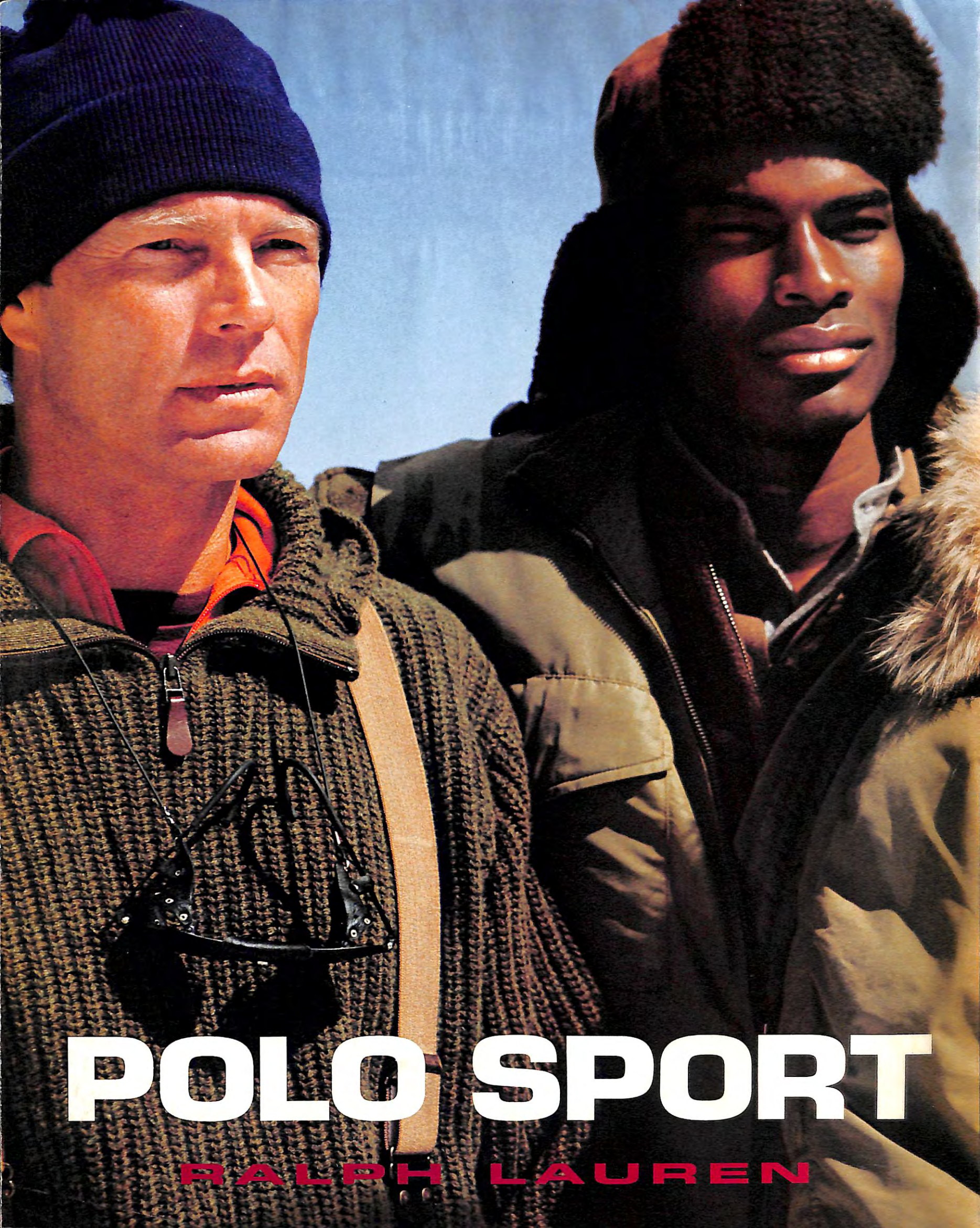
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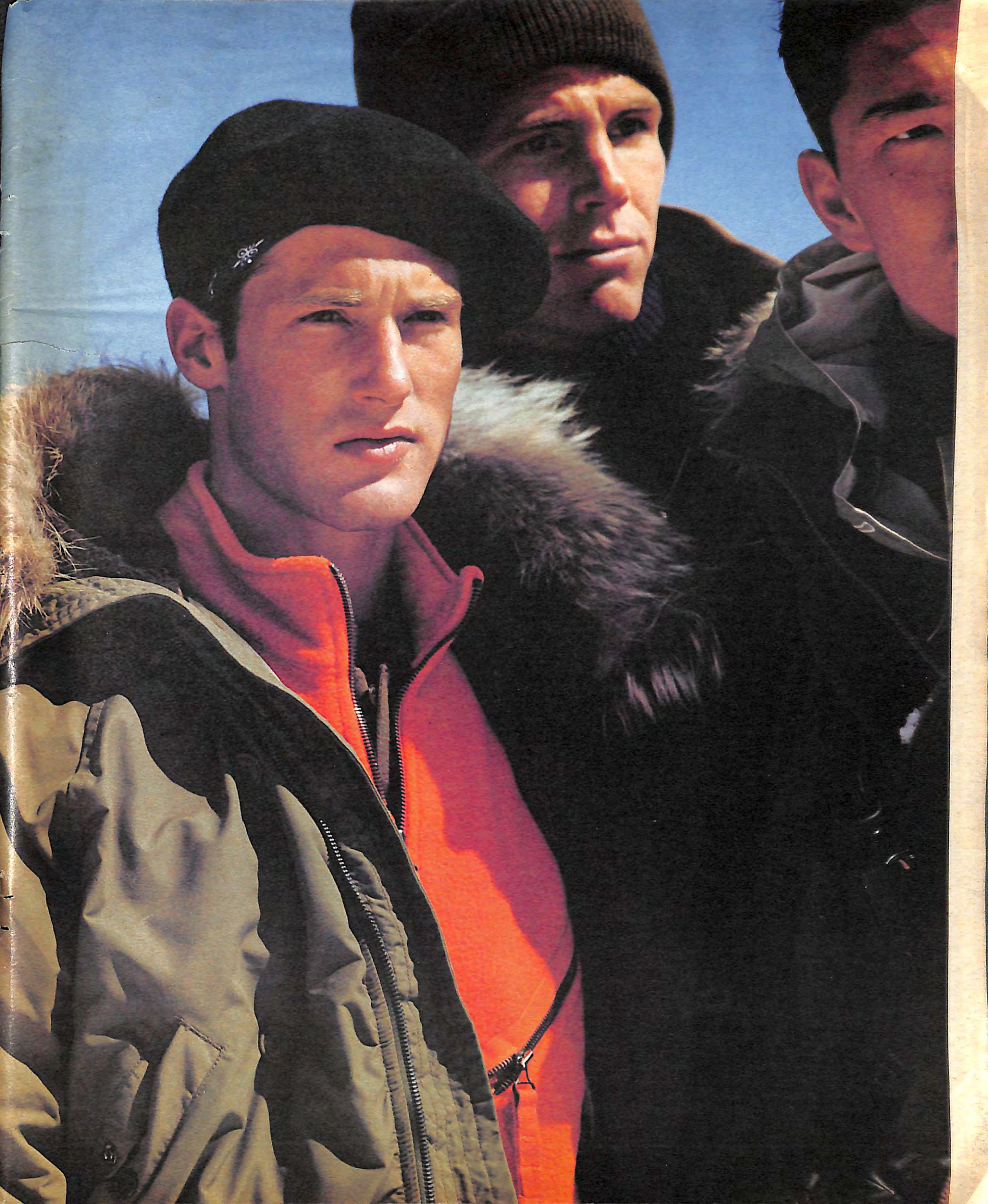




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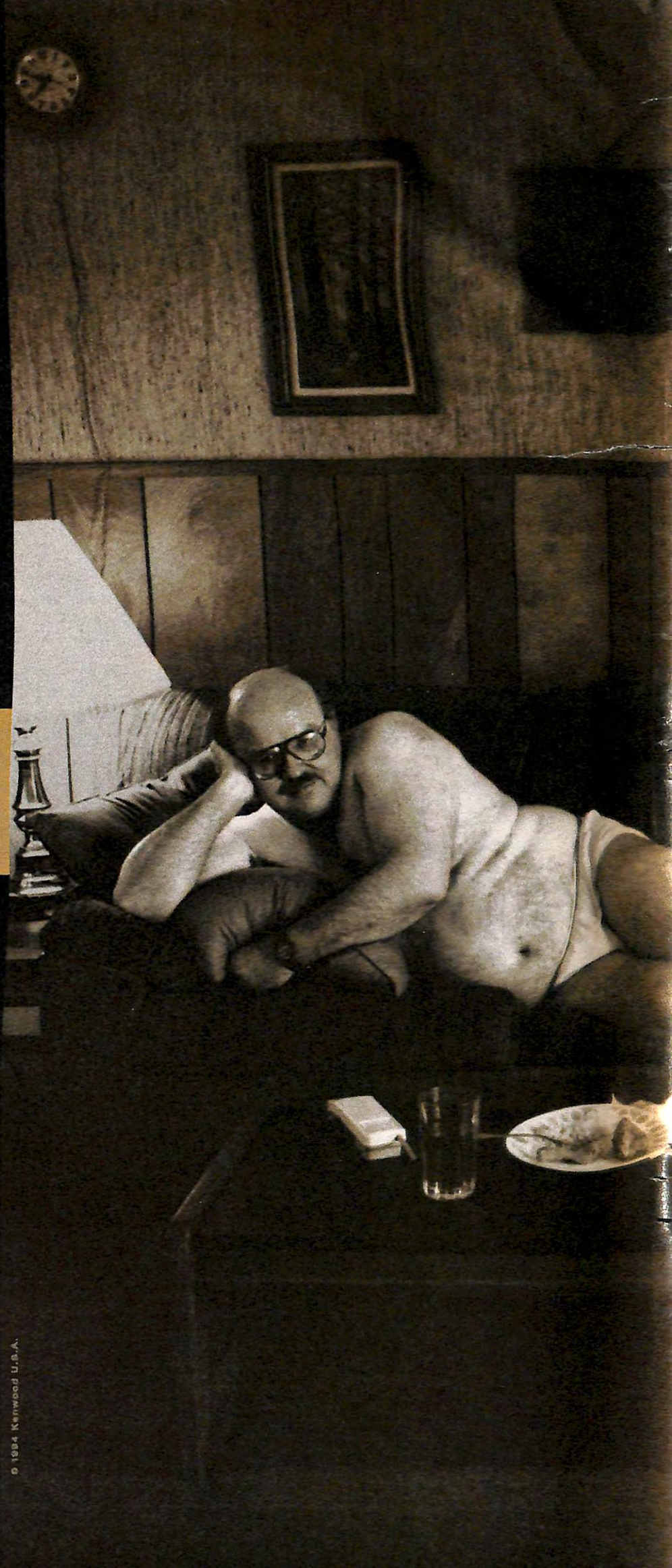
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## ROCK & ROLL

**THE PRICE IS NOT RIGHT** By Fred Goodman... 21  
In the rock & roll concert business, Ticketmaster is always a winner. The real question is, who loses?

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

**BUSH'S HEROIN CONNECTION** By Eric Nadler... 40  
Why did the former president — in the last days of his administration — commute the sentence of a Pakistani drug smuggler?

## WOMEN IN ROCK

**LIZ PHAIR** By Jancee Dunn... 42  
Liz Phair has what it takes to be rock & roll's woman of the year: smarts, great songs and some very frank ideas about sex.

**MOTHERS OF INVENTION** By Mim Udovitch... 49  
A change has come to rock & roll — and major artists like Chrissie Hynde, Joan Jett, Madonna, Kim Gordon, Courtney Love and Tori Amos have something to say about it.

**BANDING TOGETHER** By Lorraine Ali... 55  
Led by L7, Rock for Choice is fighting for abortion rights by staging shows, collecting petitions and registering voters.

**EXILED IN GUYVILLE** By Lorraine Ali... 57  
A report on how women are faring in the music industry.

**ARE YOU X-PERIENCED?**  
Style by Patti O'Brien... 60  
Getting all dressed down with Kim Gordon, fashion designer.

## FEATURE STORIES

**A BOY AND HIS GUN** By John Colapinto... 64  
When Ernie Kalobius, 15, killed Amanda Grenier, 13, both became victims of the lethal attraction of kids to guns.

**ROBERT REDFORD** By Anthony DeCurtis... 72  
From *Ordinary People* to *Quiz Show*, Redford the director has always had more on his mind than that tousled head of hair.

## REVIEWS

**TARANTINO'S TWIST** Movies by Peter Travers... 79  
Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* is the new King Kong of crime movies — funny, ferocious and indisputably great.

**R.E.M.'S "MONSTER"** By Robert Palmer... 83  
If you've been a fan of R.E.M. live and missed the raw power of their gigs on earlier albums, this one's for you.

**TOPICAL DISEASE** TV by Michael Rubiner... 93  
Torn from yesterday's headlines, the new fall shows are mostly broadcast snooze.

## DEPARTMENTS

**CORRESPONDENCE**... 12  
**RANDOM NOTES**... 15  
**CHARTS**... 104

**COVER:** Photograph of Liz Phair by Frank Ockenfels 3, Chicago, August 1994. Hair and makeup by Mary Elkins.



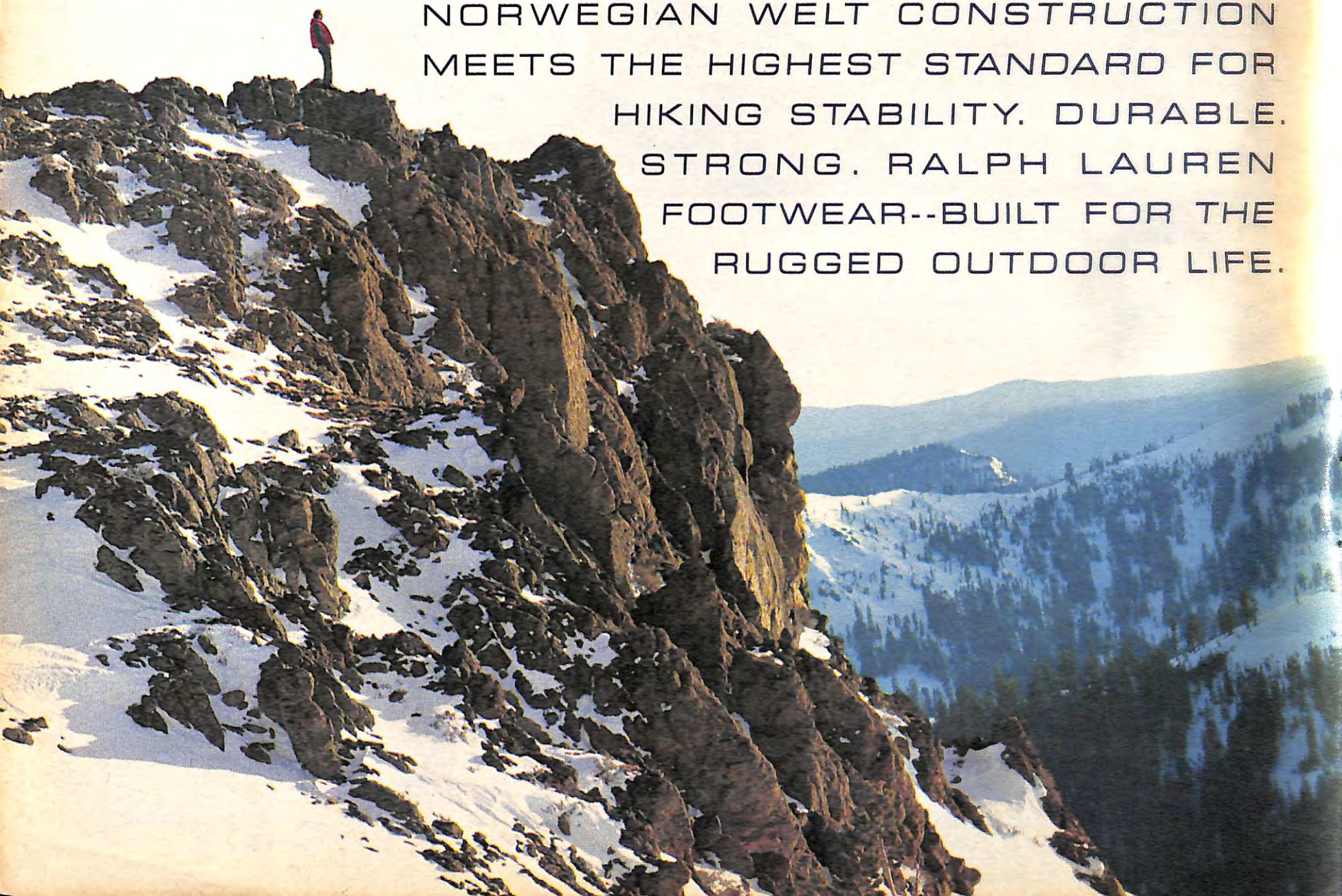
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# R.E.M. MONSTER



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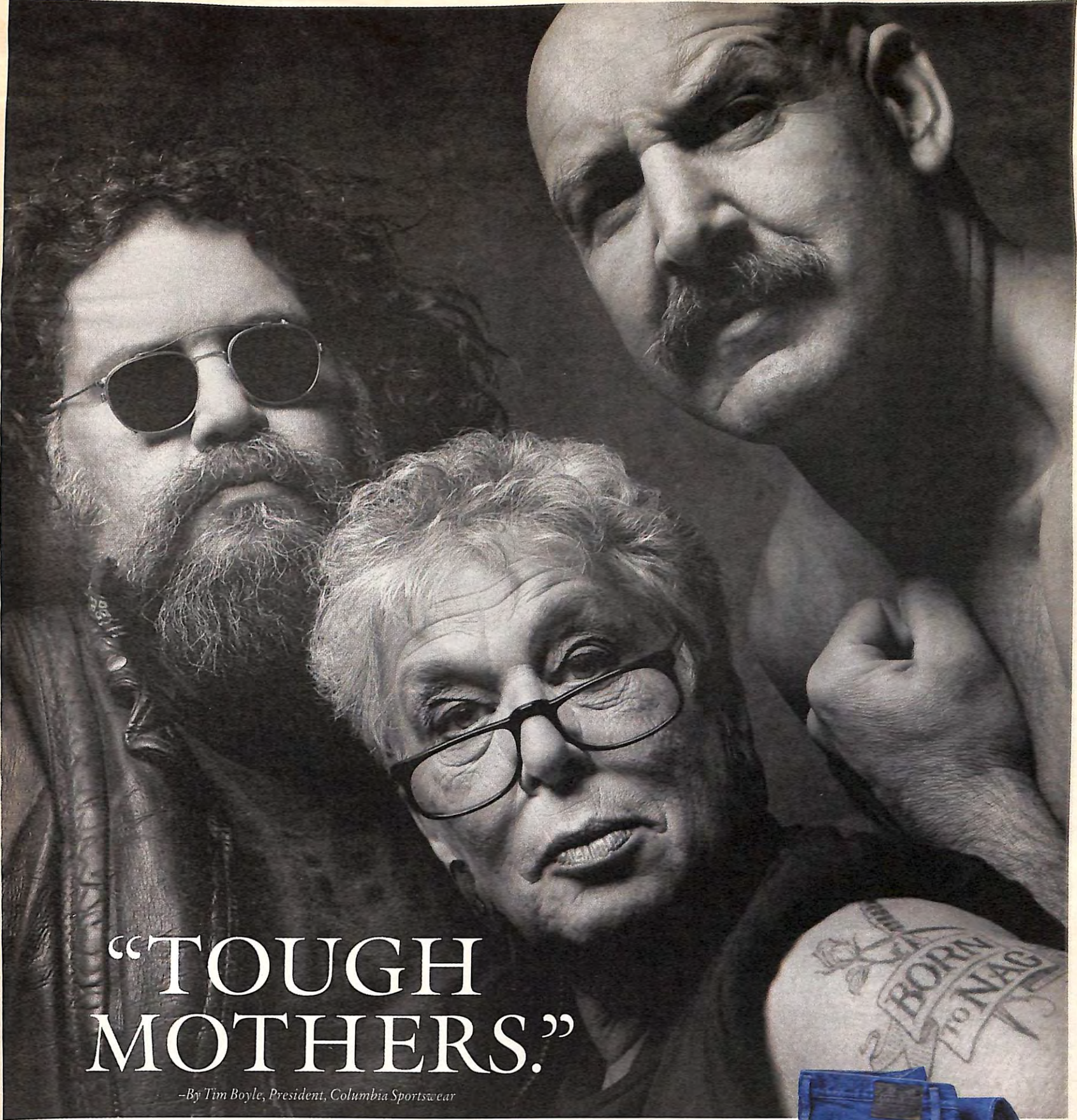
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RALPH J. GLEASON 1917-1975





# "TOUGH MOTHERS."

*-By Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear*

Durable. Rugged. A little baggy and slightly faded. That pretty much sums up our jeans – and my mother, Columbia Sportswear's chairman. Mother says you'll like the rugged durability, the earth-friendly biowash texture and the comfortable, relaxed fit. Based on personal experience, I wouldn't argue with her if I were you.



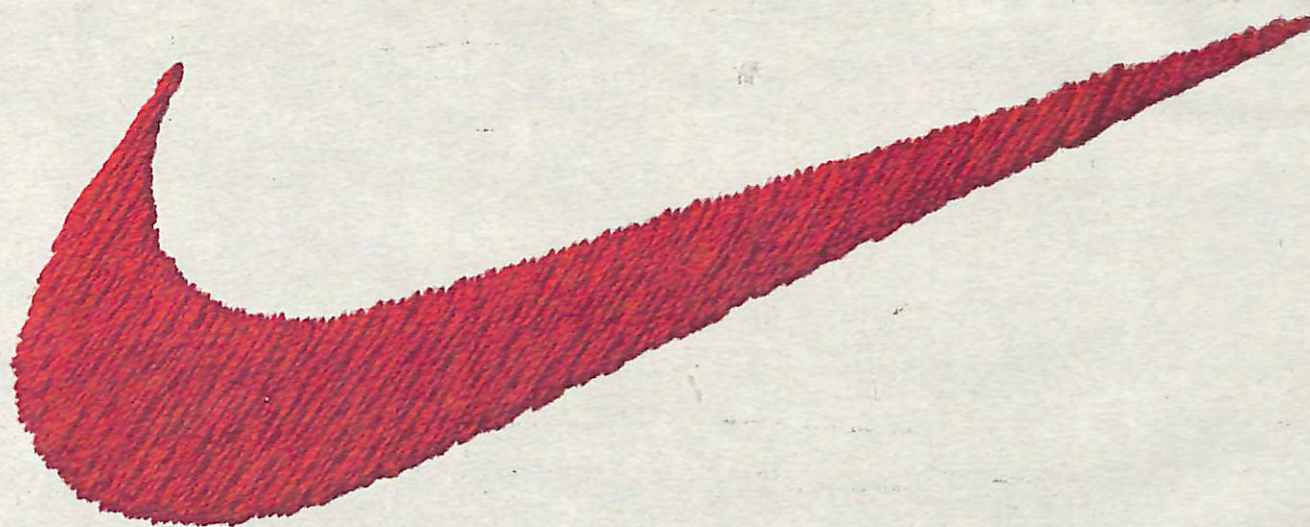
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# CORRESPONDENCE LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

THOUGH READERS WHO FEEL the Rolling Stones are vibrant rockers outnumber those who consider them dinosaurs, Cobain basher Sebastian Bach is overwhelmingly viewed as prehistoric. (See below for details.) Readers of both genders took issue with Peter Travers' opinion that *True Lies* was sexist (RS 689). "I wouldn't mind if the mailman was termed *mailperson*," writes Carmen Wispe, "but I'm certainly not going to be the least bit frazzled if a hole in the street is going to be man, woman or person." You don't frazzle easily, do you? In regard to "Digital Hollywood" (RS 688), Jason Volkoff asks why the basketball court in *Forrest Gump* had a three-point line "when the three-point shot was not around until the '80s." See? Life really is like a box of chocolates. Reviewing our review of Neil Young and Crazy Horse's *Sleeps With Angels* (RS 689), Paul Rinkes asks, "Are your writers required to bash Reagan/Bush each time they mention Neil Young? ... There's nothing sadder than watching old liberals becoming senile." Well, sir, you're certainly entitled to your opinion, but ... what was the question?

## ROLLINGSTONES

IT'S A GOOD YEAR FOR ROCK & ROLL whenever the Rolling Stones come back with a great record and a big tour ("It's Show Time," RS 689). I can identify with Rich Cohen, the author of the piece. I'm also young enough to have discovered the Stones relatively late in their career, yet I have endured year after year of being told how great other bands are, only to return to Mick, Keith, Charlie and Woody (yes, we miss ya, Bill, but welcome aboard, Darryl). "Only rock & roll?" Not when the mighty Stones are playing it.

ERIC GILMARTIN  
bram@etsu.acad.edu

MIGHT BE ONLY 14 YEARS OLD, BUT I know a good article when I see one. Your article really got me interested in



the Rolling Stones. I'm rushing to buy their old CDs now; they're really bitchin'. I guess it's time to listen to my dad.

JAMIE DALBESIO  
Phillips, Wis.

ONE PARAGRAPH IN YOUR STORY really burned my eyes. It states that the Stones "checked" the competition by "keeping their top ticket price at \$50." This was fascinating, since I just received my \$55 tickets for their Mile High performance, with an additional \$6 service fee courtesy of Ticketmaster. Maybe there is something to the Pearl Jam case. The way I figure it, the total price of \$61 is 22 percent more than the Stones' stated



"top ticket price." And, no, I'm not close enough to shake Mick's hand!

JEFFERY C. BROWN  
Kearney, Neb.

AS I GAZED AT YOUR COVER PHOTO of the Stones, I realized that they have not only captured the spirit of rock & roll but given it a face — a beautiful, gritty, tough, weathered, scary, humorous face.

A ROCK & ROLL FAN  
New York

KEITH RICHARDS SAID IN THE INTERVIEW, "String us up and we still won't die." Could we please at least have a go?

MURRAY WALKER  
Edinburgh, Scotland

## BACHONCOBAIN

I THINK THE WORLD REALLY NEEDS to hear the opinion of Sebastian Bach, who, throughout his now-unrecoverable career of crafting such MTV landmarks as "18 and Life," has gained the boundless wisdom to condemn the actions of Kurt Cobain, the man who made him obsolete (Letters, RS 689).

JOHN GORENFELD  
gorenfel@rain.org

BY ATTACHING OUTDATED AND ignorant explanations for suicide (selfishness, cowardice etc.) to Cobain's situation, Bach puts the matter to bed neatly. Let's tell those researchers who discuss newfangled concepts like serotonin levels and those psychiatrists who use fancy phrases like "manic-depressive illness" to stop looking for answers and

get a real job like making videos with lots of babes in them, because Bach has the answer. Suicide is for those not "man" enough to tough it out.

A suggestion to Mr. Bach: Next time you're holding your sons and enjoying life with them, you should thank God he blessed you with such a simple mind that you can go through life without having to think about its complexities.

LINDA ROSS  
Waldwick, N.J.

LISTEN, SEBASTIAN, DON'T EMBARRASS yourself. You were a target of Nirvana's pointed rage. I miss sweet Kurt more every time some clueless moron like you lifts a pen or opens his mouth.

THOMAS BRAAM  
Lake Geneva, Wis.

IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT AN IGNORANT, self-righteous homophobe who once proudly wore a T-shirt that bore the message AIDS KILLS FAGS DEAD would even have the balls to suggest that Cobain was anything less than a man for committing suicide.

EVE BLACKSTONE  
Buena Park, Calif.

COBAIN WAS NO COWARD, AND IT'S unfair to call him selfish. He was a father, a husband and a brilliant artist who will never be forgotten. Just because



he didn't fill his music with a bunch of optimistic bullshit doesn't make him any less of a man.

KATE SAMSON  
High Point, N.C.

WHY COMPARE APPLES AND ORANGES? John Lennon was witty, sarcastic, hilarious, perceptive and a rock & roll genius. Kurt Cobain was a grumbling, eruptive, "spit in your face" saint of noise and moment. Long may they run.

JOE BILLERA  
Allentown, Pa.

JOHN LENNON AND KURT COBAIN shared the rare ability to reflect the turmoil of their generations in music that was meaningful and honest. When I walk by the Dakota building or listen to Nirvana, I feel an equal sense of sad-

ness at the untimely passing of both these great musicians.

PAGE THOMPSON  
New York

I COULDN'T AGREE WITH BACH MORE: Kurt Cobain was a coward; John Lennon was a giant!

JOHN OLTARZEWSKI  
Oakhurst, N.J.

AS JOHN SANG, "LIFE CAN BE LONG, but you've got to be so strong." The true tragedy of Kurt Cobain is that he



wasn't strong. But can one honestly blame someone for being weak? "We all shine on. ..."

JAMES H. PEERS III  
North Billerica, Mass.

## CHECK IT OUT

In case you hadn't noticed, a gold lamé suit (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) has appeared on the cover of "Rolling Stone" 18 times in the last two years. That total, of course, includes the King's very own Nudie original, which was pictured on the cover of RS 643. But it turns out Elvis was embarrassed by that suit — a fact revealed in Peter Guralnick's new biography of Elvis Presley, "Last Train to Memphis." A longtime contributor to "Rolling Stone" (his review of the classic album "From Elvis in Memphis" appeared in RS 40), Guralnick has written the definitive account of Presley's rise to stardom. The first of two volumes, "Last Train to Memphis" begins at the beginning with Elvis' birth in 1935 and concludes with the death of his mother in 1958. Little short of an American epic, it will be published Oct. 3 by Little, Brown and Company.

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DRAWINGS BY JAMES T. PENDERGRAST



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Pirner (left) and Williams

**A**n all-star gathering headed up by **LIVING COLOUR** guitarist **VERNON REID** convened

**T**he organizers at Woodstock's original site, in Bethel, N.Y., learned that if you build it, they will come, when **VICTORIA WILLIAMS** and members of the **JAYHAWKS**, the **WILLIAMS BROTHERS** and **SOUL ASYLUM** rolled into town. "We piled into a big old car," says SA singer **DAVE PIRNER**. "We sang songs all the way. We pulled up, played and had a blast. Everybody was a volunteer, and they were all involved. If it wasn't free, I would have turned back. I was happy everyone took a chance."

SANDRA LEE PHIPPS

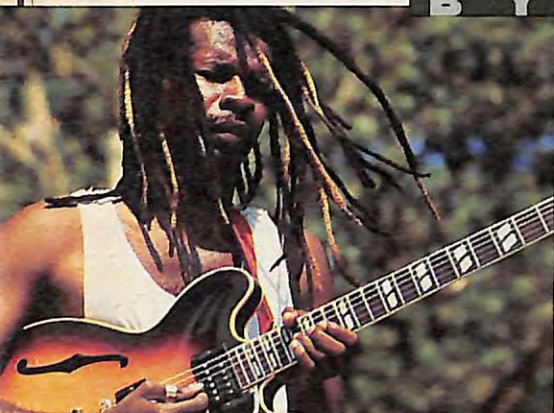
KEVIN MAZUR



**Mick Jagger and the rest of the Rolling Stones opened the "Voodoo Lounge" in Washington, D.C., last month. More than 4 million paying customers are expected by the tour's end.**

# RANDOM NOTES

BY JANCEE DUNN



Vernon Reid salutes the late Sonny Sharrock.

at Central Park's SummerStage, in New York, to honor the memory of **SONNY SHARROCK**, the trailblazing free-jazz guitarist who recently died. Among those from the **BLACK ROCK COALITION ORCHESTRA** to pay their musical respects were members of **PARLIAMENT-FUNKADELIC**.

DAVID ATLAN

CHARLES VAN WEY



Novoselic, Vedder and Earnie Bailey (from left) get loose.

## I MYST YOU

Does your mouse finger click uncontrollably? Do you puppy-dog-eye your CD-ROM with a sense of loss? Do you yearn to be stranded — again — on an uncharted island (not Gilligan's)? You may be suffering from *Myst* withdrawal. The best-selling game is set in the most happening 3-D universe since the Big Guy himself rested on the seventh day, but users eventually solve the mystery. "They spend 55 hours roaming on *Myst* Island," says PR guy Eric Winkler, "then they wonder what's next." "After I finished," says John Hart, a *Myst*oholic from Asheville, N.C., "I wasn't so glad I'd solved the mystery; I just was disappointed I was through." A New York fan says: "I was depressed. I'd look at things like subway grates and say, 'Hey, that could be in the game.' I had *Myst* dreams." The game's designers, brothers Rand and Robyn Miller, are working on *Myst II* but won't give a release date. Robyn, however, says, "It will more than make up for the wait." — **CHUCK DEAN**

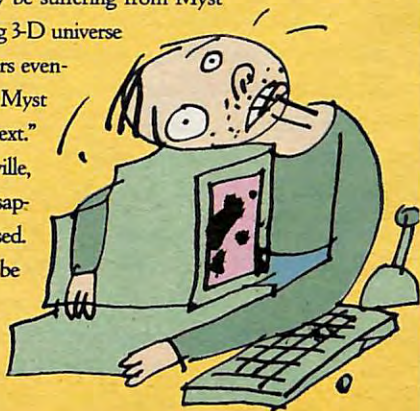
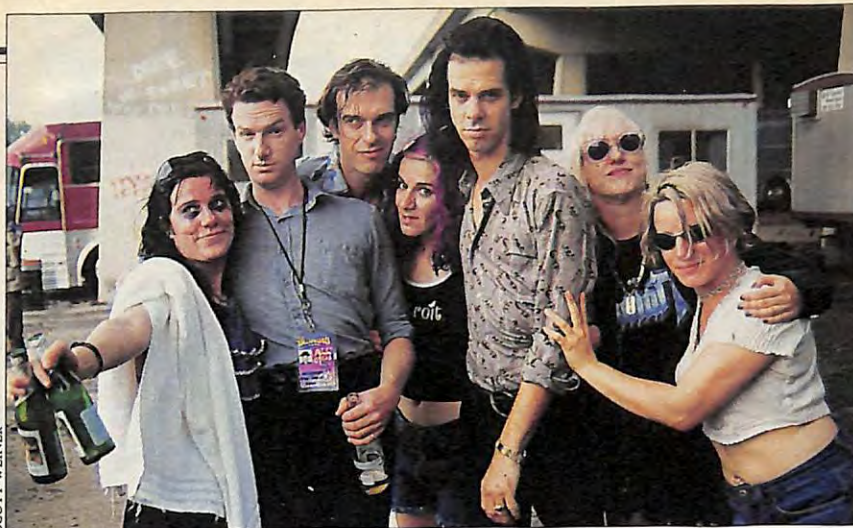


ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK BLACKWELL

**A**t the weekend-long *Garlic Festival* in Arlington, Wash. (a rural community north of Seattle way), **NIRVANA**'s **KRIST NOVOSELIC** and longtime Nirvana amigo **EARNIE BAILEY** performed for an overjoyed crowd of about 250 folks. They also hosted an illustrious drop-in guest: recent newlywed **EDDIE VEDDER**. Novoselic was trying out new material and ad-libbing some of the titles (calling one "Knights in White Satan") and began calling for Vedder to hop onstage near the end of his 45-minute set. Vedder obliged and lent his talents to a cover of "I Am the Walrus."





At Philly's Lollapalooza: L7's Donita Sparks (left), Dee Plakas, Suzi Gardner and Jennifer Finch with Bad Seeds Mick Harvey, James Johnston and Nick Cave

It was the largest single-day attendance on the Lollapalooza summer tour (45,000-plus) and a chance for Philadelphia — recently named the most hostile of American cities in a Duke University research project — to live up to its reputation. When the main-stage

festivities got under way with eight Tibetan Buddhist monks chanting in the rain, the crowd responded by pelting the orange-robed holy men with empty water bottles and fruit-drink cartons. The monks, added at the insistence of the **BEASTIE BOYS**, cut their opening prayer short but bore no ill

will. "We love the kids, and we love the chance to give them some Buddhist teaching," said monk **TENZIN JAMPA**.

SCOTT WEINER/RETNA



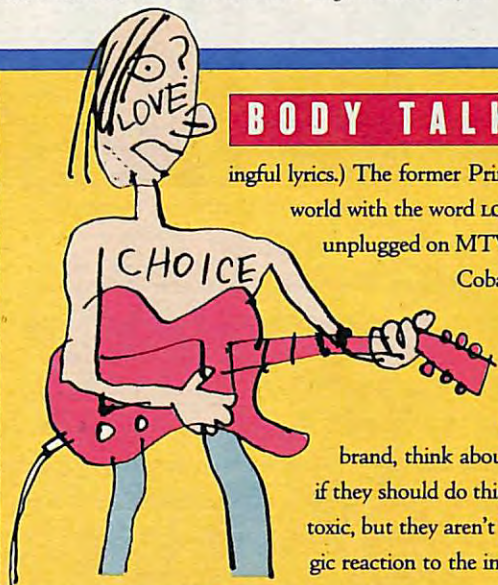
Mellow monks chill with Beastie Boy Adam Yauch.

## RANDOM NOTES

### BODY TALK

Read any good rockers lately? Recently, musicians have been stating what's on their minds by writing on their bodies. (It's easier than writing meaningful lyrics.) The former Prince made a rare appearance on *Today* and rocked Bryant, Katie and Willard's world with the word LOVE written on his royal cheek (face, not butt). Before that, when Eddie Vedder unplugged on MTV, he took a big black marker and printed PRO CHOICE!!! on his arm. After Kurt Cobain's suicide, Blind Melon's Shannon Hoon did *Letterman* with a question mark on his forehead. Extreme's Nuno Bettencourt appeared in a *Creem* fashion layout with BREATHE ME above his wee-wee. Riot grrrls do it, too. One appeared sassily in *Newsweek* with MEDIA SCAM and PROPERTY WRITTEN on her arm and tummy. So what does Sharpie, America's top permanent-marker brand, think about such epidermal expression? "Oh, we've had a lot of calls from people asking if they should do this," says spokeswoman Rita Radloff, "and we discourage them. Our inks are non-toxic, but they aren't FDA approved, and a person could end up in the hospital if they have an allergic reaction to the ink or alcohol." So, those about to write, read the darn label! — C.D.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK BLACKWELL



**Siouxsie Sioux and John Cale** — an inspired combination, yes? The Velvet Underground violist-bassist-vocalist produced Sioux's latest offering, *The Rapture*. "The record company is being its usual cooperative self, and they want to sit on it until January of next year," says Sioux. "They've got every excuse imaginable. Something to do with Christmas. This is interminable for me." She has warmer feelings for Cale. "Recording was good fun," she reports. "John likes to work really fast, and so do I. The rest of the band wasn't so keen on working so quickly, so they had to buck up a bit."

Those dope-smokin' **BLACK CROWES** turned up for a surprise midnight gig at Atlanta's tiny Dark Horse Tavern, preview-



Chris Robinson lets his freak flag fly.

ing their *America* LP and subjecting the crowd to Allmanesque jams. "If I fall over or pass out, somebody drive me back to the hotel," said heavy-lidded singer **CHRIS ROBINSON**. The boys drew even larger numbers when they played Lollapalooza's second stage the next night.

RICK DIAMOND





**Good God! He's smiling! Yes, that apple-cheeked lad on the right is Nine Inch Nails' Trent Reznor, who, along with his band mates, hung out with Larry "Bud" Melman backstage at Woodstock. Shockingly, Melman and Nine Inch Nails didn't have a whole lot to say to each other, but Melman let loose with his trademark laugh, which produced a chuckle from members of the band. Before Reznor and company marched onstage and proceeded to destroy five sets of keyboards, the fun-loving group had asked Melman (real name: Calvert DeForrest) to include the slogan "Punch your balls off!" when Melman introduced them to the crowd. Why, you ask? Seems when NIN toured Europe, they would find themselves in places where no one spoke English, so for yuks they would end their sets with a crowd-confounding "Goodbye! Punch your balls off!" Ouch.**

## RANDOM NOTES

JOSEPH CULTICE



Strange bedfellows: Iggy Pop (left) and Killing Joke's Jaz Coleman

**K**ILLING JOKE and musician about town **IGGY POP** shared the bill at the Beach Festival, in Zee-

New York for a pair of raucous, last-minute shows. Joined at the Academy by **JIMMY CLIFF**, actor-**LOUNGE LIZARD JOHN LURIE** and, in the mosh pit, **ANTHRAX's SCOTT IAN**, the Peppers sketched a tentative take on Cliff's classic "The Harder They Come" and unleashed a greatest-hits set on a crowd that had snatched up tickets in five minutes that very morning.

brugge, Belgium (playing to 40,000 fans), and the Phoenix Festival, at Stratford-Upon-Avon, in England.

**W**hat in Sam Hill did **JON BON JOVI**, **RICHIE SAMBORA** and **JODIE FOSTER** chat about at the AmFar benefit where Bon



Bon Jovi, Foster, Sambora (from left)

Jovi and Sambora performed at New York's Lincoln Center? "We talked about how crummy the food was," says Bon Jovi. "I asked her what she was doing filmwise, because I'm finally going to do a film." He didn't reveal details but did say his band has a greatest-hits CD out this month.

**O**n the muddy heels of their Woodstock assault, the **RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS** stormed into



Peppers roast: Flea, Anthony Kiedis, Dave Navarro, Chad Smith (from left)

## NOTABLE NEWS

**Upon pleading no contest to drunk-driving charges, DR. DRE was sentenced by an L.A. judge to eight months imprisonment for a probation violation stemming from a 1993 battery conviction. . . . ELVIS COSTELLO's reissue of 1981's "Almost Blue" boasts unreleased live outtakes (including JOHNNY CASH's "Cry, Cry, Cry") and British B sides like CONWAY TWITTY's "My Shoes Keep Walking Back to You." . . . The BENZEDRINE MONKS have entered the lucrative Gregorian-chant market with "Chantmania," which includes hymnlike covers of "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?" and "(Theme From) The Monkees." . . . NIRVANA's hotly anticipated "Unplugged" album is slated for an early November release.**



# VIRGINIA SLIMS

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# DOOR TO FILA



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# ROCK & ROLL

BY FRED GOODMAN

## THE PRICE IS NOT RIGHT



### IS TICKETMASTER TAKING THESE PEOPLE FOR A RIDE?

**M**ARLA HOICOWITZ SITS IN A CRAMPED MAKESHIFT OFFICE IN A Manhattan tower. All around her, construction crews are laying in wire and hanging drywall, enlarging the New York offices of Ticketmaster.

Hoicowitz, one of the company's vice presidents and a New York general manager, is used to expansion: She's been with Ticketmaster long enough to see it grow from a small firm into the leading national ticket distributor. And while Ticketmaster likes to portray itself as a relatively small company turning a tiny profit, it has become an outsize player in the rock & roll concert business.

Just how much power and influence Ticketmaster wields became an issue earlier this spring, when Pearl Jam filed a memorandum with the Justice De-

partment charging that the corporation has "a virtually absolute monopoly on the distribution of tickets to concerts." Pearl Jam's filing was the result of the band's inability to get Ticketmaster to agree to reduce its service charges — frequently \$5 or more for rock concerts — to a level where fans could purchase tickets for the group's proposed summer tour for less than \$20. Pearl Jam further charged that when they tried to get arenas and promoters to sell tickets without Ticketmaster, they were effectively blackballed from the concert circuit by a "group boycott" organized by Ticketmaster.

Ticketmaster has vigorously denied Pearl Jam's charges, labeling the memorandum sent to the Justice Department "a work of fiction," but Ticketmaster



# FOR TICKETMASTER AND FOR ROSEN, ROCK & ROLL IS REALLY BREAD AND BUTTER.

has done little to endear itself to the public. While stung by the criticism that it is gouging ticket buyers, Ticketmaster has been anything but contrite. "Maybe we should shut down for a week or two," says Hoicowitz, reflecting Ticketmaster's stance that the concert-going public doesn't know how good they've got it.

While Ticketmaster — through its outlets and telephone ordering service — has made it easier for people to obtain concert tickets, the company's per-ticket charges are virtually never part of the advertised price of a ticket. Consequently, Ticketmaster's success has meant that unless you go directly to a venue's box office, buying tickets for a rock concert is like buying a new car: You can't really get it for the price advertised. Nor is Ticketmaster particularly consumer friendly: Despite prominent advertising that Ticketmaster accepts American Express and Discover cards, its outlets will take only cash. Anyone wishing to pay by credit card must make his or her purchase by telephone — and pay a second round of service and handling charges.

Additionally, Ticketmaster CEO and president Fred Rosen has been an outspoken proponent of higher ticket prices for rock shows, a trend that is sure to bulge his company's coffers, since Ticketmaster generally figures its fees on a percentage. Although the firm also handles tickets for sporting events and theme parks, for Ticketmaster and for Rosen, rock & roll is really bread and butter.

Last year, Ticketmaster sold about 51 million tickets — and more than 60 percent of those were for concerts. Despite reporting a surprisingly small after-tax profit last year — \$1.4 million on revenues

of \$190 million — Ticketmaster looked like a good bet to Paul Allen, one of the country's savviest new-technology entrepreneurs. The co-founder of Microsoft paid \$300 million in cash for a controlling interest in Ticketmaster.

Like Pearl Jam, Allen hails from Seattle. He is also a rock & roll devotee who takes his guitar with him when he travels on business by private jet. His

plunked down \$4 million for the then foundering ticket service. Begun in 1978 by two Arizona State University computer students, the money-losing Ticketmaster sold \$1 million worth of tickets in 1981, while Ticketron, then the industry leader, chalked up \$100 million in sales.

Under Rosen, Ticketmaster aggressively went after the concert market with a twofold strategy: Raise the \$1 surcharge that Ticketmaster collected on each transaction and split it with the venues and promoters. By combining a well-run service with deep pockets, Ticketmaster was able, in market after market, to win exclusive contracts with key arenas and rock promoters. In 1991, Ticketmaster absorbed many of the assets of what remained of Ticketron.

Ticketmaster and other automated ticket services have been a huge advance

to promoters and venues. That's because the vast majority of the money from tickets goes to the performer — in most instances, an established rock headliner commands 90 percent or more of the gate. In the case of pop singer Barbra Streisand, who was able to command \$350 per ticket, promoters were rumored to receive no percentage of the ticket sales.

While promoters have traditionally fought for their piece of the ticket pie by charging acts for such in-house services as security and catering, they have also developed new streams of revenue by building and owning their own facilities, where they are able to make money on such accommodations as parking or concessions. Ticketmaster, which reportedly pays back as much as 30 percent of its surcharge to the venues and promoters, represents a way for them to earn significant amounts of money on ticket sales.

As a result, the concert business is extremely protective of the money it produces and its contracts with Ticketmaster. For its part, Ticketmaster has aggressively defended itself, both behind the scenes — a letter from the North American Concert Promoters Association to its members intimated that Ticketmaster would sue any promoter or venue that violated Ticketmaster's exclusive ticket-distribution deal and helped Pearl Jam — and in public. Larry Solters, a spokesman for Ticketmaster, characterizes Pearl Jam's action as "a brilliant marketing ploy" aimed at promoting the band's next album. "I don't understand how Eddie Vedder and Pearl Jam can factually challenge a price or service charge without knowledge or regard to what it costs to provide that service," says Solters. "If they're so concerned with the public and what it costs to hear Pearl Jam, I don't know why they can't just go to Sony and lower the price of their next CD."

Ticketmaster has taken particular umbrage at the way Pearl Jam's lawyers have characterized their payments to arenas and promoters as "kickbacks." In defending the propriety of Ticketmaster's arrangements, Rosen repeatedly testified before Congress that the corporation's contract with the Meadowlands, for example, is a public document. John Samerjan, director of public affairs for the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority, says, however, that the facility would not release its contract with Ticketmaster for the perusal of *ROLLING STONE*. "Our lawyers say that if Mr. Rosen thinks it's public, he can release it to you," says Samerjan. Ticketmaster did not respond to repeated requests to see the contract.



Pearl Jam's Ament (left) and Gossard testify.

Interval Research Corporation underwrote the Electric Carnival, a \$3 million video and computer exhibit that was part of the Lollapalooza tour. Back in Seattle, Allen is helping to finance a museum honoring hometown hero Jimi Hendrix. A major shareholder in the popular computer information network America Online, Allen seems poised to move Ticketmaster onto the home-shopping frontier. And when four record companies banded together last winter to announce plans for a new worldwide music-video network, Ticketmaster was the fifth partner. Allen, who has not commented on Pearl Jam's Justice Department memorandum or on subsequent congressional hearings focusing on Ticketmaster, declined through a spokesman to be interviewed.

Rosen also declined to speak. According to a Ticketmaster spokesman, Rosen has been instructed not to comment by the firm's lawyers. Normally brash and talkative, Rosen — a lawyer himself — is the prime architect of Ticketmaster's success and reportedly holds 5 percent of the company's stock.

In 1982, Rosen became chairman and CEO of Ticketmaster when he persuaded billionaire investor and Hyatt Hotel Corporation owner Jay Pritzker to



Ticketmaster CEO Fred Rosen

for the concert business from the old method of selling and accounting for pre-printed tickets. But while touting itself as "providing an inventory-control system for the use of our clients," Ticketmaster is now much more than that to the rock & roll concert business: It has become a de facto bank. In the New York metropolitan area, for example, its five-year exclusive deal with the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority guarantees the Meadowlands venue about \$6.5 million — including \$1 million for signing. In New England, Ticketmaster's arrangement with the area's dominant concert promoter, Don Law, reportedly pays Law \$500,000 a year in ticket fees.

Despite revenue gathered from high prices for concert tickets, services like Ticketmaster's are extremely important

IN S I D E

**24 Kyuss** set off a desert storm with their sun-baked, Blue Cheer-fueled riff & roll. Also, **Pearl Jam** make a big change in the drum seat. **26 CD prices** go up. Again. **27 Robbie Robertson** returns to his American Indian roots on a new album. **28** Let the spirit move you as the **Rev. Horton Heat**, the pope of Texas longhorn psychobilly, plugs in. **30** Getting frank and intimate with **Sandra Bernhard**. **35 Stone Temple Pilots** in performance.



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Retrodelic generator parties breed an electric genre

# KYUSS THE SKY

By Jon Wiederhorn

**I**F ONE WERE TO BELIEVE Kyuss guitarist Josh Homme, his band would probably be playing bars and bar mitzvahs if not for Jimi Hendrix, desert canyons and electric generators. According to local lore, when Hendrix played a rowdy Palm Springs, Calif., festival in 1969, a riot ensued, which prompted officials to put a halt to loud rock shows. As a result, many groups migrated to local

and Danzig. But members Homme, John Garcia (vocals), Scott Reeder (bass) and Alfredo Hernandez (drums) aren't about to let the pressures of impending stardom spoil their fun. "We're not one of those bands that walks around feeling alone and depressed," says Homme.

Kyuss' desert parties started small but soon grew into huge hedonistic celebrations where up to 1,000 folks would bask in decadence all night long. "We played on Halloween at this old abandoned nudist colony," Homme recalls, "and there were all these skinheads on mushrooms painting their faces. A guy fell from the

tape, it would definitely sound like us."

Nowhere is this more evident than on *Sky Valley*, a disc with vast, sprawling music filled with tense, jagged rhythmic peaks, sun-parched riffs and expansive solos. At times, songs like "Space Cadet" and "Asteroid" roam a decidedly psychedelic domain that surges with guitar effects and dramatic vocals, but Kyuss aren't a drug-rock band. "I think we just like to jam a lot," says Homme, "and part of that ends up being in a very drunk and confused state, so it turns kind of psychedelic. But that's not the focus. Really, we're trying as hard as we can not to have a focus. We're at a point in our lives where we have no direction and no goals, so there's no guidance for the music we play."

Kyuss formed in 1986 (the name is a Dungeons and Dragons reference) when longtime school chums Homme and drummer Brant Bjork began jamming with original bassist Chris Cockrell. A short while later, they invited their friend Garcia to watch them practice. The next time the four got together, Garcia made an unexpected declaration. "He was taking a leak in the bathroom, and he looked over and said, 'I'm singing for you today,'" says Homme. "We were like 'OK, whatever.' The thing was, he sucked so bad in the beginning, but we didn't have the guts to throw him out."

Just before Kyuss recorded their first album, *Wretch*, in 1991, the band fired Cockrell and replaced him with Nick Oliveri. He lasted through 1992's vastly improved *Blues for the Red Sun* but was ultimately kicked out, Homme says, for being "too fucking crazy." Ex-Obsessed bassist Reeder replaced Oliveri; Bjork quit shortly after recording *Sky Valley*, possibly due to the band's increasing popularity. "He was kind of on a negative trip," Homme says.

For Kyuss, rock & roll is a giant party overflowing with irresponsibility and perverse humor. The songs on *Sky Valley* were arranged in a triptych, with three songs filling each track — not to preserve some grand sense of epic-rock elitism but because the band thought it would be funny if listeners couldn't skip over cuts they don't like. "Basically, everything we do is based on a joke," says Homme. "Every day I get up and laugh at our situation. We're a couple of guys that had no clue we were going to be making records or playing concerts. We had no plans, and then all this weird shit started to happen." 🎵



Desert storm: Kyuss' Homme, Reeder, Garcia and Hernandez (from left)

canyons, where they plugged into generators and performed open-air concerts, blasting hundreds of watts of power into the clear desert sky.

While the details of Homme's story are questionable, one thing's for certain: Twenty-five years later, Kyuss (pronounced KYE-us) are the first generator band with a shot at mainstream success. Their third album, the heavy, retrodelic *Sky Valley*, sold more than 10,000 copies in its first month, and the group has toured with Metallica, Faith No More

top of a building and rolled all the way down this hill. It was really fucking wild."

Such incidents invariably shaped Kyuss' music, which blends the leaden insurgency of '60s heavyweights like Blue Cheer and Black Sabbath with the meandering explorations of Cream and Deep Purple, then infuses it all with a dry, scorched and gritty texture born of the California desert. As Homme says, "If you could possibly put all the sand and dirt and lizards and rocks and canyons and isolated, open space on a



Pearl Jam, with Abbruzzese (left)

## PEARL JAM DRUMMER BEATS IT

**I**N LATE AUGUST, PEARL JAM DRUMMER Dave Abbruzzese issued a statement claiming he was fired by the band, contradicting an earlier communiqué released by Pearl Jam that had described the split as "mutual and amicable."

"There are different philosophies and personalities that make up Pearl Jam," Abbruzzese said on Aug. 26. "For reasons that I don't completely understand, the other members decided it was necessary to fire me in order to pursue a philosophy which they perceive as incompatible with mine. I was not involved in their decision, nor do I agree with their decision, but I accept it and am proud to have been a part of what Pearl Jam was."

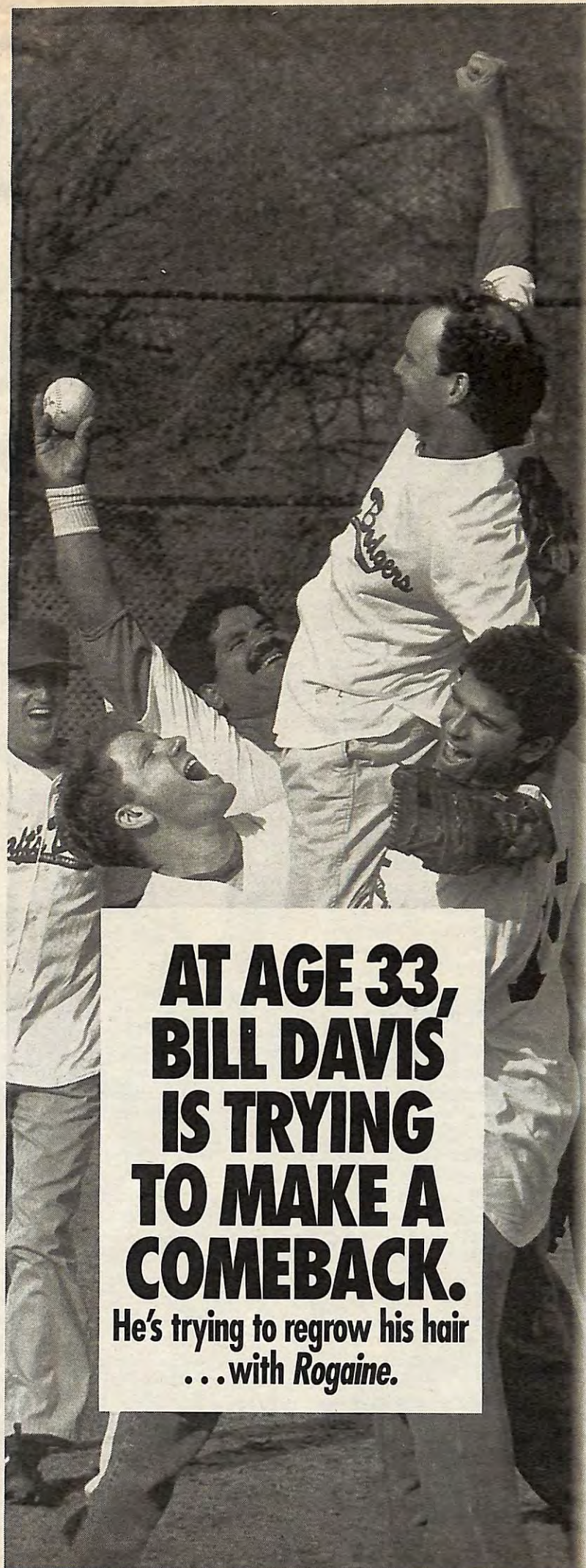
Abbruzzese, who joined Pearl Jam in 1991, says he was uncomfortable with the euphemistic spin his former band mates put on the split. "When I heard everyone saying I left the band to 'study music' or whatever, it hit me wrong," says the drummer. "It made me feel like I was the one who had felt no responsibility to what the music meant to people. And I just felt I'd rather have the truth out."

Pearl Jam manager Kelly Curtis confirms that Abbruzzese had been fired. "I was hoping not to have to say anything about it," says Curtis of the band's initial statement, "because it's no one's business. It was a band decision — it wasn't Eddie Vedder, it wasn't any one person. Everyone thinks Dave is a great drummer and a great person, but it wasn't happening."

Pearl Jam's third album, tentatively titled *Vitalogy*, is scheduled for release this fall. Curtis says the band has no immediate plans to replace Abbruzzese and laughed off rumors that the band is eyeing Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl.

Asked about his plans, Abbruzzese says: "I just want to gather up my friends and make music with no focus on *why*. Rather than feeling like I have to rush out and do anything, I want to enjoy the process, have a good time and put the emphasis on the enjoyment of relationships and communication." Meanwhile, he adds, laughing, "I guess I'll just gather up the nest egg, climb in a mobile home and get *Lost in America*." — KIM NEELY





**AT AGE 33,  
BILL DAVIS  
IS TRYING  
TO MAKE A  
COMEBACK.  
He's trying to regrow his hair  
...with Rogaine.**



Accepting loss on or off the field was never Bill's style. So when he saw he was losing his hair, Bill couldn't just accept it. He had to do something about it. But toupees and weaves, hair transplants and scalp reductions weren't for him. That's why Bill was pleased when he found out about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%). For male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair.

### How *Rogaine* works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that *Rogaine* works, in part, by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolong the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage. Bill liked that. He wasn't looking for miracles. Just having even a little more hair could make a difference in how he wore and styled his hair.

He also liked the idea that if he responded to treatment with *Rogaine*, the change would be gradual. Since natural hair grows slowly, over time, the change in his appearance wouldn't be instantaneous the way a toupee or a hair weave can be.

### Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

*Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated). *Side effects?* About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritations.)

### Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth*. If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. If you respond to *Rogaine*, you'll find it's easy to make it a part of your daily routine.

### The facts are free.

Want to try making your own comeback? Call **1-800-554-3939** right now and we'll send you a free, confidential Information Kit to help get you into the game. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine***, we'll also include a list of local dermatologists and other doctors who may be able to offer you a free, private hair-loss consultation.\*

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Call 1-800-554-3939 today  
for a free Information Kit on**

**Rogaine**  
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%



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\*Not available in all areas.  
See next page for important additional information.



# Rogaine® minoxidil 2% TOPICAL SOLUTION

The only product ever  
proven to regrow hair.

## What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia; hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

## How effective is ROGAINE?

**In men:** Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

**In women:** A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

## How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

## How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

## What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

## How much ROGAINE should I use?

You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. Please refer to the Instructions for Use in the package.

## What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

## What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

## What are some of the side effects people have reported?

ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

**Dermatologic:** irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendonitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostaticitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

## What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

**Increased heart rate:** some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.  
**Salt and water retention:** weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.  
**Problems breathing:** especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.  
**Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris:** brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

## What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

## Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

## Should any precautions be followed?

People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

## Are there special precautions for women?

Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

## Can ROGAINE be used by children?

No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

**Caution:** Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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CB-5-S

CDs hit \$17.98 in record biz's banner year

# GREED OR NEED?

By Al Weisel

**W**ITH RECORD-INDUSTRY sales going through the roof, Geffen Records has decided to test the

upper limits of what consumers will pay. The label announced that the new Eagles LP, *Hell Freezes Over*, and Aerosmith's upcoming *Big Ones* greatest-hits album will be list priced at \$17.98, \$1 more than other so-called superstar releases and \$2 more than most new CDs. Geffen spokeswoman Bryn Bridenthal says, "Now that \$16.98 has become the industry standard for established artists, we felt that \$17.98 was appropriate for superstar event releases." She cited Frank Sinatra's *Duets* album, list priced by Capitol at \$17.98, and Atlantic's new *Three Tenors* album — coming out at a whopping \$19.98 — as other examples of this trend.

While some record-company sources cite the spate of superstar mega-contracts and increasing artist royalties as a factor in the increase, others see the price hikes as purely strategic. "It's a continuing process," says Russ Solomon, president of Tower Records. "The record companies will take a starring artist and release it at a higher price. They have been pushing up prices for years. The only thing that will ever make any difference is if the public responds to it in a negative way. But chances are they won't, because the leader of these price rises is always something desirable."

A random survey of record buyers at Tower Records in lower Manhattan seemed to support Solomon's view. Linda Klein, 44, who was buying the Rolling Stones' *Voodoo Lounge*, says: "When I want something, I'm going to get it. A dollar more wouldn't dissuade me." Jeremy Bierbach, 19, says: "I look for the best price," but he concedes that he would buy a record he really liked even if the price were higher. But Don Weber, 41, says: "I think it would affect whether I would buy it. I find myself being more particular about how much and when I buy, because prices are kind of high."

In the carnival-mirror world of CD

pricing, however, nothing is exactly as it seems. Retailers pay \$10.65 for a \$16.98 list-price CD. Few stores actually sell new CDs at the list price. While Geffen's move will increase the cost to retailers, it remains to be seen whether higher prices will immediately be passed on to consumers, since retailers usually sell new releases at a discount. "Something strange about this system is, the most desirable items get cut priced the lowest," says Solomon. "It's masking what the real prices are, and the dealer takes it in the shorts."

For the last year merchants have also suffered from bloody competition spearheaded by electronics chains hawking top-

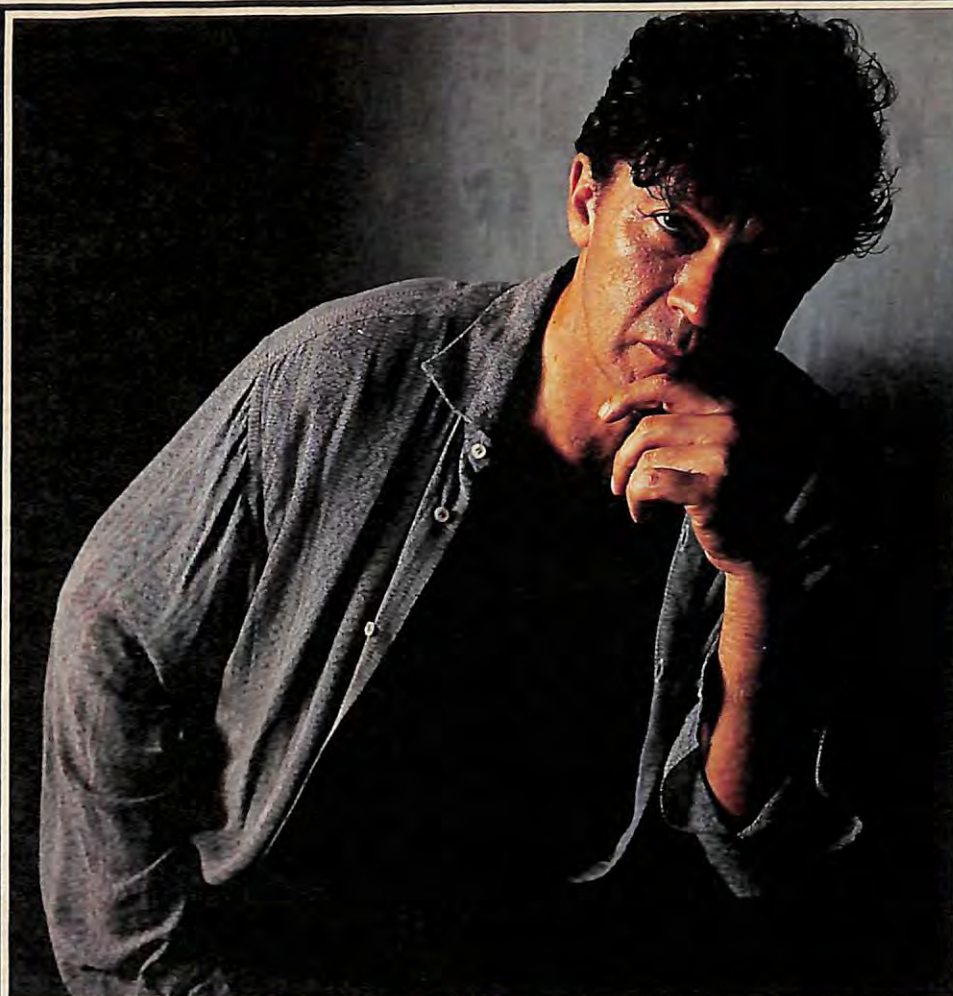


selling CDs below cost. By taking a loss on certain CDs, they hope to attract customers who make other purchases. Recently, PolyGram tried to stop this practice by refusing to ship product to retailers that sell its CDs at deep discounts. Best Buy, the Minneapolis-based chain that instigated the price war, says it will stop pricing PolyGram releases below cost, but Best Buy president Brad Anderson says, "We don't plan on stopping it on other titles unless we believe other retailers will."

Although RIAA chairman Jay Ber-man says, "I never talk about pricing," he wasn't so reticent about the record companies' banner year. "The record business is doing very well. Unit sales for the first half of 1994 were up 12.4 percent over the same period last year. We've been on a steady increase over the past decade, but an increase of this magnitude is unusual." So far, at least, consumers seem willing to take whatever the record companies dish out.

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER KUPER





**ROBBIE ROBERTSON finds a common bond between his heritage and his music**

# NATIVE AMERICAN SON

By Steve Hochman

**A**S A SONGWRITER, Robbie Robertson is probably best known for chronicling the European experience of late-1800s America through his work with the Band: It's Virgil Kane's Reconstruction-era rebel resilience in "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," the westward expansion of "Across the Great Divide" and so on that got Robertson into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame.

But when Robertson got a call early this year asking him to provide music for a Turner Broadcasting Service (TBS) TV documentary series, *The Native Americans*, he didn't think twice. "I was just the right man for the job," he says, dragging on a cigarette in the Spartan office he keeps at the Village Recorder, the Los Angeles studio that he has used for years.

It wasn't just a chance to balance the historical content of Robertson's catalog

that appealed to him, it was also to restore his personal balance: Robertson is himself half-Mohawk. Though he grew up in Toronto, in the summers his mother took him back to the rural Ontario reservation where she was raised. "When this came up," he says, "I was way ahead of where most people would be if they were called."

Indeed, Robertson had been a follower of modern American Indian music for years and on taking the TBS assignment immediately put out calls around North America, recruiting everyone from the duo Kashtin from North Quebec to the three New York-based female singers known as Ulali. Robertson's intent was to produce soundtrack music and an accompanying album that would show the scope of talent and artistry that exists among American Indian musicians today. That didn't mean that he knew what the result would sound like.

"I had nothing to compare this to," Robertson says. "There are no other records I can play that will tell me whether I'm on track or not."

Robertson had no interest in making a collection of ethnomusical sessions. Much of the work was done right in the Village Recorder. The homey coziness of his setup — one small room filled with recording equipment separated from another room by a glass partition — gives the studio a sitting-room feel, with a couple of sofas, a weathered upright piano and 20 or so guitars hanging on the walls.

It's a place where Robertson is clearly comfortable — and that's the key to how he made the recordings work. He wasn't the boss but a facilitator, letting the sessions take their course based on the styles and backgrounds of the participants.

"This one guy, Douglas Spotted Eagle, who I worked with on the song 'The Vanishing Breed,' he's an Indian flute player, and he has this sound that just tears my heart out," says Robertson. "But this guy comes in with his computer and keyboards, and he's patching and programming rhythms — he's a very modern musician who also plays the flute, a very primitive instrument. He wasn't trying to be anything other than what he is."

The selections collected on the album *The Native Americans* credited to Robbie Robertson and the Red Road Ensemble present an impressive range of styles. "Mahk Jchi (Heartbeat Drum Song)," sung by Ulali, could almost be mistaken for an Irish melody, while "Ghost Dance" is driven by the pulse of ancient tribal drumming. Another approach is represented by Kashtin's "Akua Tuta": The band, singing entirely in its native Innu language, mixes traditional elements into a blend of country, folk and rock.

"We don't want to impress anyone but us," says Kashtin's Claude MacKenzie in

a thick French Canadian accent, noting that he and partner Florent Vollant first met Robertson when he attended a performance of theirs two years ago in Vancouver, British Columbia. "We just want to share our music and culture, just to maybe say we're still alive, you know, we are not only in the museum. We want to share that."


Complementing these numbers is the forceful majesty of several Robertson songs that build on his impressions of American Indian history and legends. Writing those was particularly tricky. "One thing I really didn't want to do on this record was write sympathetic, feel-sorry-for-me music — 'You took my land, you mistreated me,'" Robertson says. "We all know that. But what is much more powerful is to praise these great poets and spokesmen and warriors."

That, Robertson says, goes back to his own childhood experiences visiting the reservation. In fact, he says, he traces his interest in music to those summers. "My cousin Herb was a guitar player," Robertson says, his eyes shining. "He was the first person I ever saw play guitar. I heard his fingers moving on the strings, and it gave me a whole other feeling about music."

"He showed me how to play my first chord," Robertson continues. "It turned my life around. I didn't get into music because of Elvis. I got into music because of Herb, because I heard him singing a Lefty Frizzell song, and I just thought, 'I gotta have some of that.'"

Robertson hopes that the album — his first since his return to Capitol Records, the longtime home of the Band — will help stimulate interest in American Indian music, the availability of which is growing. Kashtin, for instance, after selling 350,000 albums in Canada as an independent, were signed by Sony's TriStar label, with a new album due in October.

Perhaps the biggest surprise about Robertson's *Native Americans* project is that save for "Broken Arrow," a song from his 1987 solo debut, *Robbie Robertson*, he'd never before directly addressed his American Indian background in music. Asked why he'd avoided it, Robertson just shrugs and says, "Isn't that the way it is? When I was with the Band, I felt like I couldn't really impose my heritage in that situation." Now that he has done this LP, though, he has found that there's a common bond between this and his past work.

"All the impressions that are made come from somewhere long ago," Robertson says. "They're old, like stuff I'd done over the years, writing stories of the past. And so it was ideal for me to do something that I have somewhat of a knack for. And these people that I worked with were all in that place, too." 





**REV. HORTON HEAT** lets the spirits move him

# LOSING THEIR RELIGION

By Jancee Dunn

**F**OR THE REV. HORTON Heat, every hour is happy hour. And as he and his band mates lurch haltingly into the Old Homestead restaurant, New York's premier red-meat trough (it's what's for dinner!), they look very happy indeed.

"I'm so stoned," announces the Rev. with a throaty (well, phlegmy) chuckle, slumping into a chair and putting his head on the table. "Lemme just rest here for a minute."

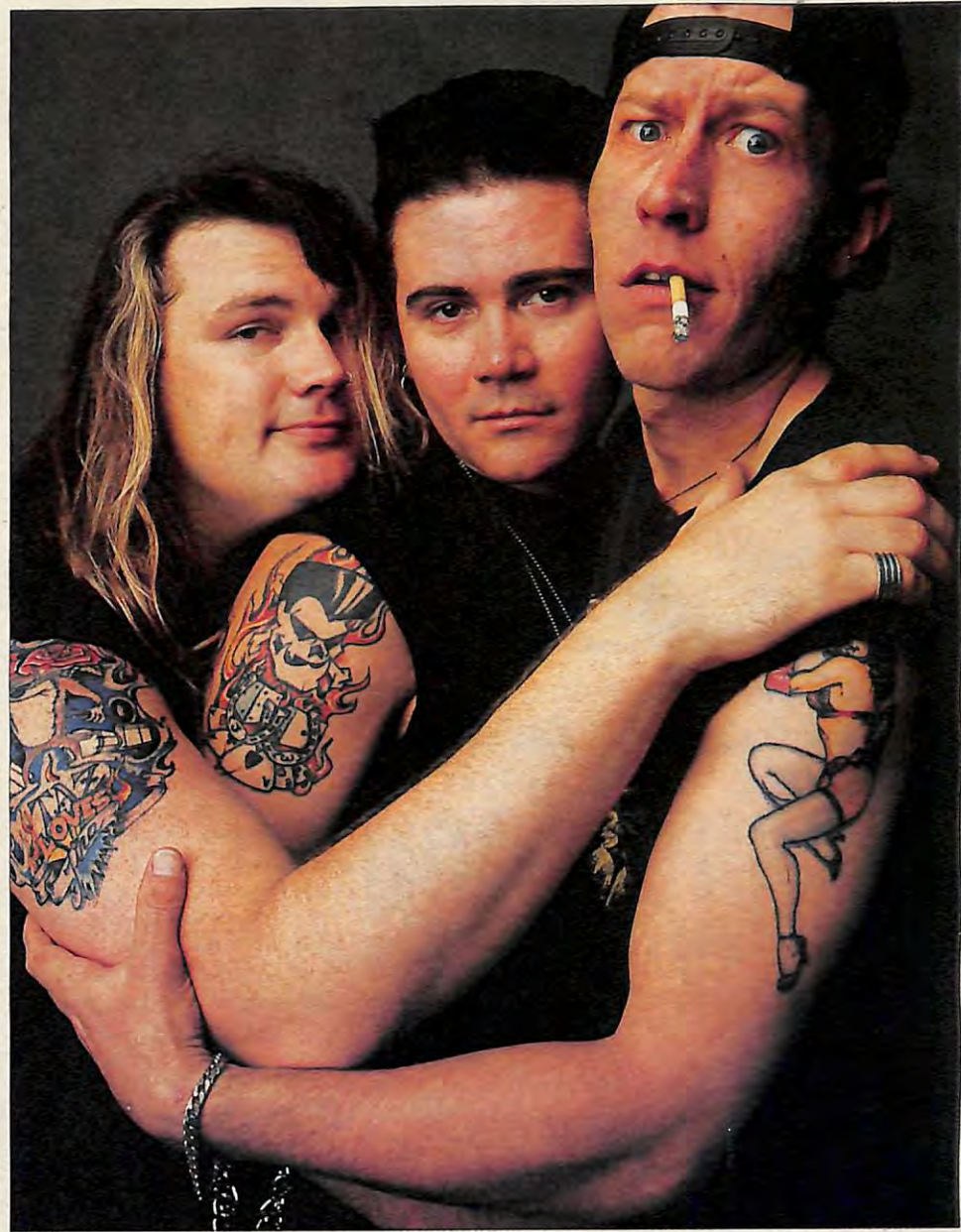
Uh-oh. Turns out the Rev. (known to his mama as Jim Heath), his drummer, Taz, and his guitarist, Jimbo, took a little tour of *High Times* magazine, where it appears they were given free samples. Maybe some drinks will help. After all, it's — what is it, 6 already? Somebody order some gin and tonics! Waitress!

Cocktails arrive, the fog lifts, and the fun begins. The band, unsurprisingly, lives the way it plays: at warp speed. Tonight's myocardial-infarction-themed dinner is a gear-up for a pool tournament and gala at Julian's Pool Room ("Beer! Lil' eats! Get it while the gettin's good!"). The bash has been put on to unleash the Sultan of Psychobilly's third album, *Liquor in the Front*, which was skillfully produced by Ministry's own Al Jourgensen in the time-honored Heat tradition: loud and raucous — or as the Rev. terms it, "fast drinking music."

"In some ways, I think this album is harder and faster than our other records yet more romantic," says Heat. "I don't know how that happened exactly, but I like it." This time around, the tunes reveal the Latin-music influence of Heat's youth. Songs range from the hilarious "I Can't Surf" to the gentle ballad "In Your Wildest Dreams" to the country-fried "Liquor, Beer and Wine" to the Rev.'s personal favorite, a twangy cover of the Golden Gate Quartet's "Jezebel." Also included is a boozy rendition of "The Entertainer," with sound effects (well, belches) dutifully supplied by Jourgensen.

"That song was out of pure boredom," says Taz. "We were waiting around while they were rewinding or something, and we were just like 'Yaaaah!' Jim played drums, I played piano, and they got it."

The steaks arrive, unadorned by so



Country-fried rock: Taz, Jimbo and the Sultan of Psychobilly, the Rev. Horton Heat

much as a sprig of parsley. Just meat, pure and simple. "I'll tell you what," says Heat, picking up his fork. "This is the biggest filet mignon I've ever seen in my life."

This is no mean feat, considering Heat is from Texas, land o' beef. He grew up in Corpus Christi and first picked up a guitar at about 6 years of age. His first high-school band was called Chantilly Lace, which did — you guessed it — '50s covers. "This whole life that brought me here started out when I was about 13," says Heat. "Hanging around the bowling alleys where people were playing foosball, smokin' cigarettes

and tryin' to get the older guys to go buy you some Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill." He hooked up with Taz and Jimbo in 1987, put out the well-received *Smoke 'Em If You Got 'Em*, followed by *The Full-Custom Gospel Sounds of the Reverend Horton Heat*. In between releases, the band tours tirelessly, playing more than 200 live shows a year.

The nonordained Heat was once given to preaching onstage, but now he finds that a tad tiresome. "More than a tad," he sighs, draining another drink. "Let's say a whale load. We're a band, not a novelty act." He is often asked by friends to officiate at weddings, but he

turns them down flat. "Why would I want to marry somebody? I tell 'em, 'I'll do your divorce.' They look at me like 'You cynical old bastard.'"

Heat shovels in a hunk of steak, orders another round and unspools some Jourgensen yarns. "When we were recording," says Heat, "these video producers in Dallas thought they were getting the biggest break in their career when MTV called 'em up to film us. They show up, and we're so drunk." There is plainly a theme here. "They say, 'Let's get video of you guys actually recording.' So they pan to Al, and he's standing up on the console with his pants down and a pencil up his ass!" The band busts a gut laughing. "They left disgusted," says Jimbo.

Heat claims the most surprising discovery he made about his producer was "how well he could play pedal steel guitar. He also loves Buck Owens." Heat was introduced to Jourgensen by the Butthole Surfers' Gibby Haynes, the producer of Heat's last album. "Al was kind of out of it when I met him, but that was a pretty wild day," says Heat. "I think that was the night after Ministry set off that huge fireworks display inside their bus." Later in Chicago, Jourgensen got down and licked the band's shoes after a show, and a partnership was born.

Al stories give way to Heat's special brand of slightly enhanced "I'm just tellin' you what I heard" stories: Frank Sinatra's hotel-room parties, in which golf balls were putted into women's... well, you get the idea. "We were all on acid, and we're about to walk onstage" stories. "We're gonna do a rock opera next. It's gonna be called *Homie*."

The story well eventually running dry, Heat draws stares throughout the restaurant as he wobbles to his feet. Once up, he gropes for his cigarettes. "You got me drunk," he slurs approvingly at his inquisitor as everyone heads toward Julian's Pool Room, where members of Paw, Boss Hogg, the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and others will file up to him and profess their love.

And shoot some pool. And while being liquored up is a hindrance to some, it's not to the Rev., a renowned pool hustler (PLAY AT YOUR OWN RISK! warns the party invite). He handily beats everyone, one by one. ♪





The Jesus and Mary Chain's Jim Reid croons to Mazzy star Hope Sandoval.

# THE JESUS & MAZZY CHAIN

By Matt Hendrickson

**I**F IT HAD BEEN UP TO WILLIAM and Jim Reid, the brothers who front the Jesus and Mary Chain, they wouldn't have chosen "Sometimes Always" to be the first single off their new album, *Stoned and Dethroned*.

"It was a surprise to us that people thought it should be a single, because the demo was so bleak," says William. "Even after we recorded it, it still didn't seem like a single."

"I've given up guessing what could be a single or what couldn't be," says Jim with a sigh. "Whatever song we think will be a big hit, it never is. What we do now is just make the record and listen to other people's opinions."

"Sometimes Always" features the hypnotic voice of Mazzy Star lead singer Hope Sandoval. She's rumored to be the girlfriend of William Reid, to which he curtly replies, "We're just good friends." The song is a gripping tug of war between Sandoval (the jilted girlfriend) and Jim Reid (the repentant boyfriend).

The Reid brothers had been waiting for more than three years to record with Sandoval. "We always really liked her voice," William says. "But we didn't have the song that could work until 'Sometimes Always.'"

"They sent me the song, and I thought it was really good," Sandoval says. "[Mazzy Star] were in London, touring, and I went to their studio and met them for the first time. The recording took two days, and it was really difficult. They

produce their own records, so they were really picky, which is totally understandable. The fun part was having wine and talking and laughing."


"Originally when we conceived the record, we were going to have many more guests on it," says Jim. "But for various reasons, it didn't work out, so we just asked people we really liked." Former Pogue Shane MacGowan also appears, handling the vocals on the harrowing lament "God Help Me."

*Stoned and Dethroned* is the Jesus and Mary Chain's sixth release (counting 1988's B-sides compilation, *Barbed Wire Kisses*). It was originally planned as an all-acoustic album, but the band scrapped the idea after a few months of recording.

"Everyone thinks the band is all guitar and feedback," Jim says. "It's quite easy to plug a guitar into a fuzz pedal and make some interesting

sounds. We were trying really hard not to use electric guitars, and it got to the point where we said, 'This is silly. Let's just make a record.'"

The band is hitting the road with Mazzy Star this October and is looking forward to a tour more suited to its tastes than its difficult stint on 1992's Lollapalooza tour. "Lollapalooza was a big, big mistake," William says with no hesitation. "Aside from the fact that we hated playing in the daylight, it was supposed to be a meeting place for people who were different. But we felt different from all the people who were supposed to be different. It was like everyone was trying to be a professional freak or weirdo."

"We are freaks and weirdos," Jim states matter-of-factly. "But we don't make such a big deal about it." 

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Q

FADE IN. EXTREME close-up of your life. You're an equally famous, talented and acerbic 39-year-old star. In the first act of your

very public life, you have upstaged Jerry Lewis and Robert DeNiro in a film, Roseanne on her show, Letterman on his show, supermodels at their show (the runway) and the Artist Formerly a Part of Your Life in her show (that woman's own mad, mad life). What's next?

Cut to your new album, titled *Excuses for Bad Behavior, Part I*, on which you sing a cover of the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" and include excerpts of your own actual phone-sex conversations.

Camera pulls back slowly to reveal you, Ms. Sandra Bernhard, wearing a giant sneer, sitting atop a massive globe. *Work.*

**A lot of people will be surprised that *Excuses* is a serious album — there's a lot of heavy shit on it.**

Well, I think my work has always dealt with heavy shit. It's not always through music, or it doesn't hit you over the head, but I think my work has always been layered with a lot of ideas and concerns about where we're headed as a race. I mean, it's not like an Eddie Murphy album. I'm not taking myself seriously — I'm taking my work seriously, which has evolved into a musical format.

**Evolution is important to you.**

If you follow performers and you see somebody who's really continuously evolving and experimenting, chances are they're a Gemini, 'cause it's in our nature. We can't fight it. I mean, I'm not a dime-store stand-up comic, some desperate, self-effacing, fucked-up victim. I'm a survivor, and I love my work. I have everything I want because I continue to evolve and explore myself. That's all I really look for. And an audience to get into it.

**That sort of relates to the perception of you being famous for being famous.**

I think the only really good thing about taking advantage of the late-night shows and stuff is to go on and do things that kind of play against it and into it at the same time — use it as a forum to do a performance piece, as opposed to just going on and going, 'Oh, Dave, you're fabulous,' and promoting your work. So I tried to do that, I tried to make it an event. But for a

long time I, for some reason, didn't have the opportunities to do the actual work, so I was using that as a replacement. People mistook that for me just wanting to be on the show because I was a celebrity.

**Why aren't you doing *The Late Show* with Letterman anymore?**

Because I don't get to do what I wanna do. He won't let me go on and sing or perform. I'm not there to serve him. I'm there to serve myself at this point. He's already made it. I'm still struggling. Why should I go on and make him look good if he's not willing to let me make myself look great?

when you leave a can of soup open and leave it in the can. It gets tainted. The only time it stays fresh is either when you eat it or leave it sealed. So I'm kinda, like, at the point where I'm eating it, but I left a little in the can, so I don't want it to go bad.

**Well, for people who aren't quite ready for canned food but are thinking about being gay, what advice would you give?**

I think that we're all torn. I think people who really live in the world and have a certain amount of openness are always conflicted, and I think that you always just have to follow your heart. But before you get to that level, you have to make a decision and say, "Fuck it, I'm gonna go to this bar or that club and see who's there." And getting people to go to that bar is very hard.

I don't think it has to be so black and white as having to go to a bar and try and meet somebody. I like a little something left to the imagination, some mystery about it. To meet somebody in an unexpected situation and have some sensuality and just go for it. Are you unsure of your own sexuality? Is that why you're asking?

**No. Some people think that I'm gay, but I'm clear on where I am.**

Listen, baby, when I was 23, there was always some drama happening. *Really bad drama.* And it usually involved a guy, a girl, two girls, a guy — all these weird combinations. And you were in the middle of some intrigue. But you know what? When you're ready and you find some-

body, that all becomes history.

**Are you on line?**

No, I'm off line and I plan to stay there.


**Don't you want to be plugged in?**

I'm plugged in to the universe, baby.

**You said you would talk about anything, and earlier you sort of danced around this subject that has surrounded you for years.**

Something that I would prefer to keep dancing around and not discuss any further. Let it just fade away. . . . fade away.

**All right. What's next for you?**

Oh! My least favorite question in the world! I'd like to flog it and hang it from the gallows. What's next? I'm gonna meet my friends for dinner, dammit. That's all you're getting. 



SANDRA BERNHARD

BY TOURÉ

**What do you want?**

I want to go on and sing, which I did on *The Tonight Show*.

**And Dave was, like, no?**

No, he wouldn't let me sing.

**I don't understand that.**

Neither do I. I'm sure I'll do his show again, but when I need to do it, or they're willing to let me do what I do — which is do my work. But until then I like to go where I'm welcome, where I'm treated with respect. I'd rather reach Roseanne's audience than just go on Letterman and jerk off. Because at least I have the opportunity to present sexual options and a sense of fun and explore a character that most people wouldn't normally deal with.

**I saw you with your girlfriend last night.**

**Do you want to talk about her?**

I wanna keep it private just because it's like

**K**ING-SIZE ERROR? TENNESSEE state officials have called for a review of **Elvis Presley's** autopsy, 17 years after his death. The government is trying to determine if Elvis died of drug complications and not heart disease, as his death certificate reads. If the former is true, Jerry Francisco, the medical examiner who signed the death certificate, could be prosecuted for willfully misrepresenting data. Meanwhile, ticket holders for a '77 Elvis concert scheduled to take place on Long Island, N.Y., six days after the King's death were offered refunds for their \$12-\$15 seats last month. Though allowed to keep their tickets as souvenirs, only 75 of 27,000 eligible would-be concertgoers have requested reimbursement from the New York State

comptroller's office. ■

**The Price:** A federal-court judge dismissed the bulk of a \$750 million lawsuit filed by **Curtis Mayfield, Sam Moore** (of Sam and Dave) and other

'60s R&B musicians against 12 major record labels and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists union. The artists had claimed they were cheated out of health benefits and pensions, but Judge Clarence Cooper ruled that they did not exhaust opportunities to settle their disputes directly with the defendants. The only significant claim remaining is a racketeering charge against 10 of the record labels for withholding those benefits. ■ **Rock Block:**

Not only the ticket-distribution business has been under government scrutiny lately. The music-video cable channel being developed by Warner Music Group, Sony, EMI, PolyGram and Ticketmaster is also the subject of a Justice Department anti-trust investigation. MTV has argued that the four labels, which supply two-thirds of its videos, will be able to fix the licensing fee that the network pays for exclusive rights to certain clips. Spokespeople for the new channel had not commented at press time. ■ **Sneaker Company Gets Socked:** **The Jesus and Mary Chain** have filed a federal lawsuit against Reebok. The British band has accused the footwear manufacturer of using its song "Reverence," from the 1992 album *Honey's Dead*, in a television commercial without permission. Although BMG, the group's publisher, says the band has "vehemently resisted any commercial use of their songs," JAMC did give Budweiser rights to use another 1992 song, "Sugar Ray," in an ad. A spokeswoman for Reebok declined comment on the ad, which she said is no longer being broadcast. — NEIL STRAUSS

IN THE NEWS

A



"Mr. Jenkins reminded the blues crowd  
that the brighter side of life is more  
visible through a crisp Tanqueray martini  
than a tumbler of bourbon."



How refreshingly distinctive.



## SHARA NELSON

**O**FTEN, MEMBERS OF GREAT bands strike out on their own only to offer mediocrity. But in the case of singer Shara Nelson, brilliance has begotten brilliance. After all, she was one of the leading voices in Massive Attack, the widely influential Bristol, England, beat collective. Where Nelson delivered gems like "Unfinished Symphony" with her former band, her solo debut goes a step further. On *What Silence Knows*, Nelson aggressively fuses writerly observations, highly detailed melodies,

classics. Then she was lucky enough to meet a producer, Michael Peden, who helped the songs gain force and dimension instead of waltzing in and, as Nelson puts it, "wanting to rip everything to shreds."

This '60s-to-'90s American-English continuum is a key part of Nelson's self-conception. "We're in the '90s now," she declares. "People are harder in the way they look at things. Music is harder. I had to relate to the time we're living in but also remind us of another time. I love the old Motown records.

But there were a lot of other things happening, in London particularly, that needed to be fused with that."

A formidable singer who can turn understated phrases into explosive confessions, Nelson exudes self-confidence in the usual English soul manner. Yet where many of her peers in dance music seem content just to flawlessly groove and glide, Nelson adds that crucial drama — like a Sade trained in hip-hop.

It's a tough time to be a full-on soul singer, Nelson maintains. "It's not quite fashionable," she says. "Some people don't think that's important now. But I think that if you really sing to listeners, then they re-examine themselves as well as the music." She suspects it's a little like the way most people reject opera. "People go in thinking it's going to be painful. The opposite happens."

There's a surprising folkie slant to Nelson's music, too. She's a fan of Joni Mitchell and Joan Armatrading as well as Aretha Franklin. Nelson doesn't always layer tracks house style; she composes gorgeous songs like "One Goodbye in Ten" with a piano or guitar, or "when I'm in the right mood, just a drum machine."

"While people are actually dancing," she says, "if there's enough of a warmth to the music, they're actually drawn to lyrics. They like something that's going to hit them. Because that's how they live now, with loads of challenges. People don't live their lives to bubblegum." — JAMES HUNTER

*British soul singer Shara Nelson speaks out.*

no-nonsense symphonics and brute dance power.

The twentysomething Nelson used to sing in church as a kid in London, yearning to bend the proper Anglican hymns with American soul. She started work on her solo songs long before leaving Massive Attack. "I felt a tiny bit stifled and like a robot," Nelson says. "You can only do that for so long."

She speaks with the same easy clarity and passion that characterizes her music. Her initial demos for *What Silence Knows*, she says, began as cool-headed redesigns of warmblooded Motown



*She's no diva: Atlanta-based singer Dionne Farris tends to her solo career.*

## DIONNE FARRIS

**"ALTHOUGH I HAD THE EXPERIENCE OF BEING IN ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT, I WAS CUSHIONED. I WASN'T IN THE PRESSURE SEAT. . . YOU HAVE TO MOVE ON."**

**W**HAT DIONNE FARRIS really wants people to know isn't how much her days singing with Arrested Development helped her develop as an artist. Neither is she yearning to talk about what the cross-pollinated funk rock on her solo debut, *Wild Seed - Wild Flower*, means. What she really wants to express is the fact that deep down, she's a Jersey girl. "Born and raised — I'm a proud New Jerseyite," says Farris.

She moved to Atlanta four years ago. It was there that she became a member of Arrested Development's extended family; it's her voice that drives the chorus of AD's first hit, "Tennessee."

"Although I had the experience of being in Arrested Development," Far-

ris says, "I was cushioned. I wasn't in the pressure seat. I definitely learned from watching people change that if your head is not on straight, then the ego can grow, like, whoaaa! I saw it in my own house, and it's scary. Don't get me wrong; we had camaraderie in AD, but I had to move on. I was engaged to one of the guys in the group — not Speech — and when we broke up, I thought I would die. I know what I'm focused on now — my work."

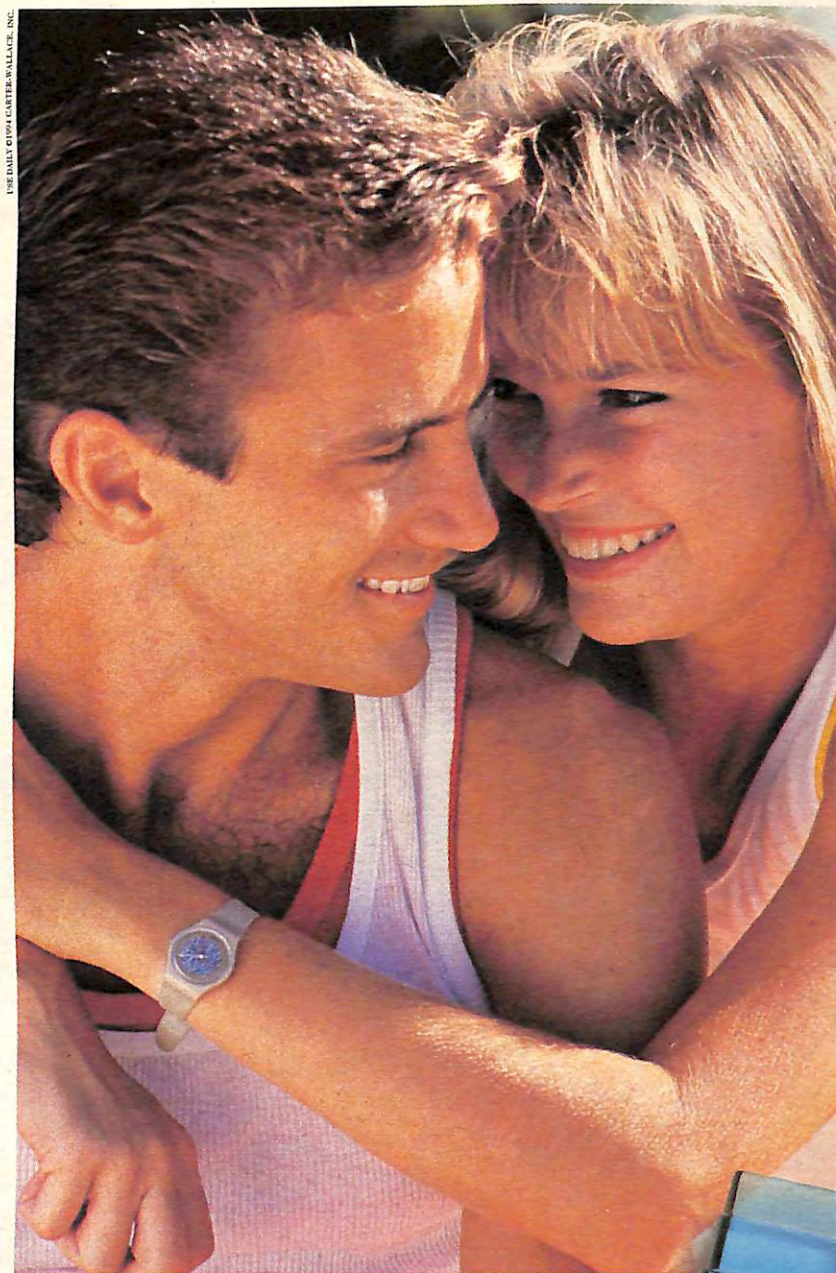
As a singer, the 25-year-old Farris has an earthy vocal presence. "People are quick to throw the *diva* term around now," she says. "Don't label me as such. Because to me, Aretha Franklin is a diva. Diana Ross is a diva. Chaka Khan is a diva. They've earned the title. 'Oh, yes, this is a new pop diva.' Don't put that shit on me."

*Wild Seed - Wild Flower* is a mad dash through the history of black music in the 20th century, touching gospel, rock and blues. "People say black people aren't gonna get with this music because it's different," she says. "Don't sell us short like that."

— DIMITRI EHRLICH



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# PERFORMANCE

## STONE TEMPLE PILOTS

PHILADELPHIA

Mann Music Center, Aug. 27, 1994

**R**IGHT UP UNTIL THE SET CHANGE THAT divided their show into two roughly equal segments, Stone Temple Pilots sounded convincing. For a few minutes there, it was like hearing a band with something to prove.

Tension built nicely: STP began a 70-minute set at the amphitheaterlike Mann Music Center with "Vaseline" and then pummeled through faintly embellished renditions of material from their second album, *Purple*. After spending two years as suburban-rock darlings (and whipping boys of the rock press), the band appeared poised to junk its pretensions and shut everybody up. Its hard, howling and surprisingly spare songs of anger and disconnection are sure to captivate anyone who's ever been 14 and at odds with the world.

Then out came the *Unplugged*-style living-room furniture, including a Victorian sofa and a well-upholstered rocking chair for lead singer Weiland, and that avenging energy quickly evaporated. The flashes of brilliance that illuminated "Big Empty" grew dimmer, and the grunge scholarship shone through: "Pretty Penny," the first acoustic selection, was a scattered hybrid of sweet Beatles melody, Nirvana brooding and Extreme's overweening earnestness, while an incantatory reading of David Bowie's "Andy Warhol" was somber enough to suggest unintentional parody.

When the musicians returned to amplified instruments, the intensity of the opening segment was a distant memory. Though street-savvy drummer Eric Kretz anchored the set with a consistent backbeat, STP never seemed to connect as an ensemble. First, Weiland did his tortured-vocalist demonstration, then guitarist Dean DeLeo unleashed his distortion-fueled solo assaults. By the end, the shout-along anthem "Interstate Love Song" was pretty much carried by the crowd; its enthusiasm easily eclipsed that of the automatic pilots who occupied the stage.

— TOM MOON



Take me to the Pilot: Weiland lands in Philly.



Foreigner's Lou Gramm (left) and Mick Jones

## FOREIGNER/ THE DOOBIE BROTHERS

MANSFIELD, MASS.

Great Woods, Aug. 23, 1994

**W**E NEED TO WARM UP," FOREIGNER guitarist Mick Jones mumbled to 6,000 fans who came to see his band split a shed bill with their fellow '70s-rock recyclers the Doobie Brothers on this cool August night. "It's chilly. We need some heat."

The return of lung-busting lead singer Lou Gramm has given Foreigner some renewed vitality, but he surely needed to warm up at Great Woods. At times, the frizzy-haired frontman seemed a shadow of his former self; reportedly he was nursing a sore throat. His weakened voice was most exposed in the airy keyboard cradle of "Waiting for a Girl Like You," which was followed by a straight-ahead (and familiar-sounding) new song called "White Lie."

The heat arrived with "Urgent," thanks to a show-stealing solo by squealing saxman Scott Gilman, who unfortunately didn't know when to stop. The slower, steamier hits like "Feels Like the First Time" and the soulful power ballad "I Want to Know What Love Is" were far more involving. By the time Foreigner got to "Hot Blooded" at the end, the hard-rock sparks finally started to fly.

More rootsy by comparison, the Doobies' 75-minute set was pleasant and nearly smooth, if not exactly flawless. Except for departed crooner Michael McDonald, prime players were still in place. Guitarists Tom Johnston and Patrick Simmons split lead vocals, while John McFee juggled guitars and violin (though his solo in "Black Water" was humorously negated by a sound glitch).

But such newer songs as "I Get Excited" (which echoed Stevie Ray Vaughan's "Crossfire") and "Music Is the Doctor" fell flat, and the tandem drumming of Michael Hossack and Keith Knudsen was clunky on the neoblugrass shuffle "Steamer Lane Breakdown." It took obvious crowd pleasers like "Long Train Runnin'" and "Listen to the Music" to put this chugging nostalgia machine back on track.

— PAUL ROBICHEAU

## THE BRAND NEW HEAVIES

NEW YORK CITY

Academy, Aug. 25, 1994

**T**HE BRAND NEW HEAVIES RELY HEAVILY on '70s grooves for inspiration, and the call for that decade's near-oblivious good times was one heeded by everybody here tonight. By the time the band took the stage, the overcapacity crowd was primed, screaming loud enough to almost drown drummer Jan Kincaid's disco-inspired beats. When lead singer N'Dea Davenport made her entrance, launching into the insistent funk of "Have a Good Time," the audience exploded.

The Heavies incited further dancing (well, jumping) madness when they kicked into a heated "Dream On Dreamer," their R&B chart hit and the third song into the concert. Grooves from their first LP — instrumentals like "BNH" and the hard-funk "Shakedown" — were deepened and improved. Bassist Andrew Levy and guitarist Simon Bartholomew jammed nonstop, shaking their bell-bottoms and stoking the fervent vocals.



Boogie nights: The Brand New Heavies' Davenport

The sensibly dressed Kincaid (you can't minister to crazy beats in flouncy shirts) confidently anchored the set. Kincaid revealed a mellow singing voice on "Back to Love," a funky but sweet duet with Davenport.

Davenport was hard to ignore in her sexy '70s mini-dresses and a Diana Ross quasi-frizz; she worked the music and the audience. She sang purposefully and joyously — shaking, jumping, strutting, bumping, sashaying and posing. Her yelps of disgust pushed the guitar-driven "Fake," and her vocal power lifted inspirational show stoppers like "Brother Sister" to new heights.

The crowd echoed Davenport's every move, merely swaying when there was no more room to maneuver. The balcony was a study of energy in motion: Heads bumped up and down, bodies swayed and jerked. By the last encore, a room-pleasing "Dream Come True," the place was a roiling mass, and not one person was seated. "Damn," I thought, as I shook my booty with abandon, "it doesn't get any better than this."

— MARIE ELSIE ST. LÉGER



OCTOBER 1994

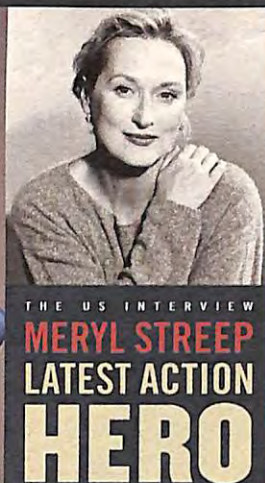
# US

THE ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



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AND 40 OTHER TALENTS ON THE MOVIES THAT INSPIRE THEM, THE  
ROLES THAT ENRAGE THEM, AND THE PARTS WORTH FIGHTING FOR



THE US INTERVIEW  
**MERYL STREEP**  
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**Meryl Streep** talks about shooting those rapids in **'The River Wild'** and keeping an eye on the children. Our **Women in Hollywood** section covers motherhood, **sex** and careers in the movies. The **Stone Temple Pilots** beat the backlash. **Plus: Marisa Tomei, Green Day, Dana Delany and Collective Soul.**

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Robert Plant and Jimmy Page were secretly reunited Aug. 25 and 26 at the London Weekend TV studios on the South Bank. Accompanied by Charlie Jones on bass (Plant's son-in-law and no relation to John Paul Jones) and drummer Michael Lee (ex-Little Angels) along with various orchestral, mandolin, flute and percussion players, the pair rattled through acoustic and electric performances of Led Zeppelin classics, including "Since I've Been Loving You," "Kashmir," "Four Sticks," "Gallows Pole" and "What Is and What Should Never Be." The shows were recorded as part of a forthcoming MTV special with the working title "Unledded." ■ As British as bangers and mash, **Denzil** is



*Denzil squeezes out a spark.*

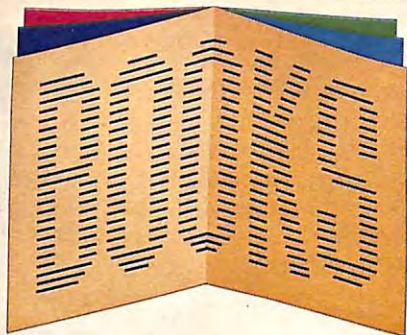
a new group that has already earned ecstatic notices and a small but firm following stateside. The quartet, led by singer/songwriter Denzil, comes from Bournemouth, on England's south coast. Denzil sound a bit like **Squeeze**, and their debut album, "Pub," is crammed with references to English culture - from the pint glass of lager pictured on the cover to songs about winning the pools (our equivalent of the national lottery). Funny thing is, no one over here has heard of them. Their album has not been released in Britain, and they are still playing in their local pubs. Denzil, who's only just given up his day job as a graphic artist, tells me he would never dream of leaving England to go to live in America. All the same, the band is packing its bags for yet another tour of the States - a six-week swing starting Oct. 1.



*Echobelly: Heaven-sent pop*

■ This month's really groovy debut is "Everybody's Got One," by **Echobelly**. The London-based group is led by Anglo-Asian singer (and former kick boxer) **Sonya Aurora Madan** and Swedish guitarist **Glenn Johansson**, who between them have translated some faint **Morrissey-Siouxsie** influences into a supple pop-rock sound for the 1990s. While Johansson nails down the riffs, Madan brings her sparky personality and a gorgeous sense of melody to bear on songs that start off all tense and edgy, then break into some wonderful soar-away choruses. It's heaven. — DAVID SINCLAIR





## BABES IN TOYLAND: THE MAKING AND SELLING OF A ROCK AND ROLL BAND

By Neal Karlen  
Times Books, \$22

**T**HREE YEARS IN THE MAKING, Neal Karlen's *Babes in Toyland* guides us through the star-maker machinery of the alternative '90s with hip authority. Karlen offers a well-researched account of this female power trio's bumpy rise to prominence; the fast-paced book reflects his access not only to Babes in Toyland but to the corridors of corporate power. He captures the poverty-line parameters of punk rock, a male bastion where the scrappy Babes hold their own, touring ceaselessly in ramshackle vans.

A veteran entertainment reporter, Karlen possesses an acute eye for detail. Digging beneath the hardcore surface of this alternative scene, he unearths the fragile egos of musicians who sleep together in single hotel rooms, play on borrowed equipment and scrape together cash and emotional capital — against all odds of making it. Karlen focuses on Babes guitarist Kat Bjelland. A former high-school cheerleader from small-town Oregon, she befriended "a troubled trust-fund kid from California" — Courtney Love — and the two relocated to Minneapolis in the late '80s. They became entwined in a rivalry that led them to mutual wardrobes and rock dreams — until Bjelland kicked Love out of an early version of Babes in Toyland.

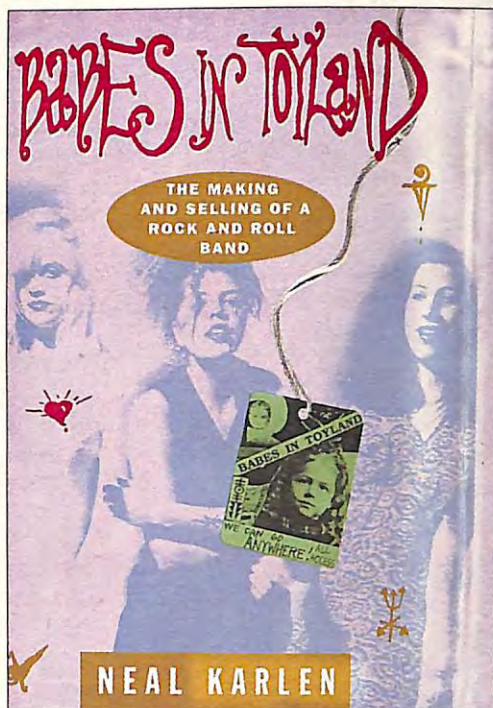
A couple of years later, Warner Bros. scout Tim Carr stumbled onto Babes at a dingy Manhattan nightclub. "He seemed positively captivated by Kat," writes Karlen, "... it was lust — a professional pining to find and develop a star."

Carr had to hustle just to keep the newly signed band from getting lost in the shuffle. He stormed his label's Burbank, Calif., offices, buttonholed Warner's chieftain Lenny Waronker and barraged publicity and marketing departments with Babes hype. "It felt like Carr was trying to do some performance-art number on the people in the

company," one Warner's exec tells Karlen. "It's a very ticklish thing to do at a big label."

Meanwhile, Carr struggled to keep Babes in Toyland on track during the recording of *Fontanelle*, their major-label debut. Carr wanted commerce and art, of course: He installed Sonic Youth guitarist Lee Ranaldo as producer and even acquired a photo by Manhattan art star Cindy Sherman for the album's cover. Babes in Toyland frittered away expensive studio time, weathering a brief breakup and near-constant emotional breakdowns.

Karlen comically depicts the rising tension as producer Ranaldo wrestles with drummer Lori Barbero. Ranaldo suggested Barbero play along with a "click track" — a beat-keeping metronome — which affronted Barbero's vaunted sense of punk integrity. (When Ranaldo later botched the final mix of *Fontanelle*, he was fired and his credit was reduced to co-producer.) And Karlen's tale veers toward unintentional pathos



when he details Kat Bjelland's showing up at the studio all but joined at the hip with a leeching Aussie punker named Stuart Spasm. Eventually, Bjelland and the clueless *Spinal Tap*-esque character were married (and then divorced).

All of Carr's manic machinations couldn't quite push Babes out of their punk ghetto and into the mainstream, however. Though MTV initially rejected Babes' "Bruise Violet" video, *Beavis and Butt-head* latched onto the clip a few months later. (The video brilliantly takes aim at the Kat vs. Courtney feud via an army of baby-doll look-alikes.) Ironically, that's when *Fontanelle* finally took off, with sales to date reaching 200,000 copies. Karlen's straightforward reporting suggests that pop success relies equally on timing, talent and dumb luck.

— MATT DAMSKER

# Nanci Griffith Flyer



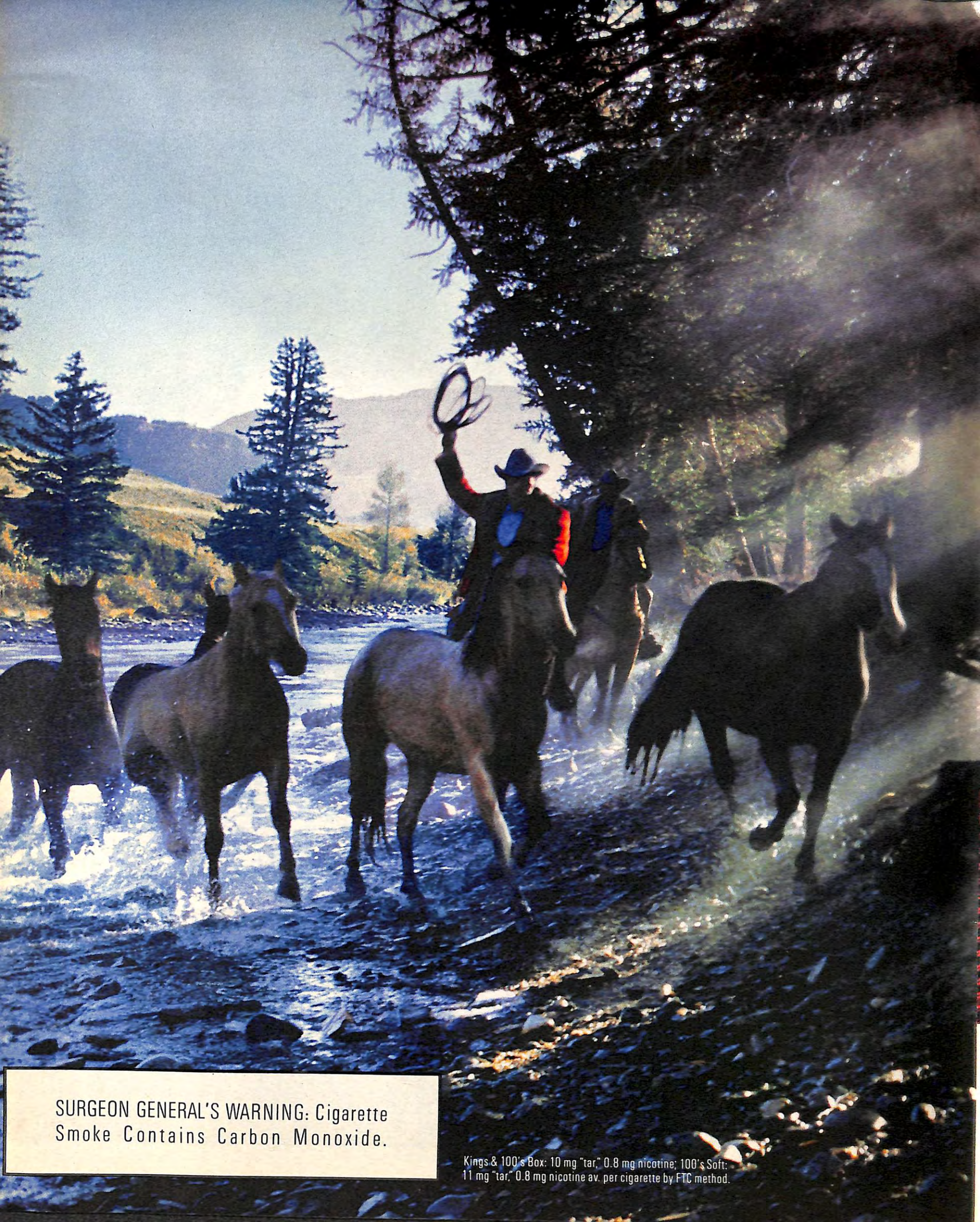
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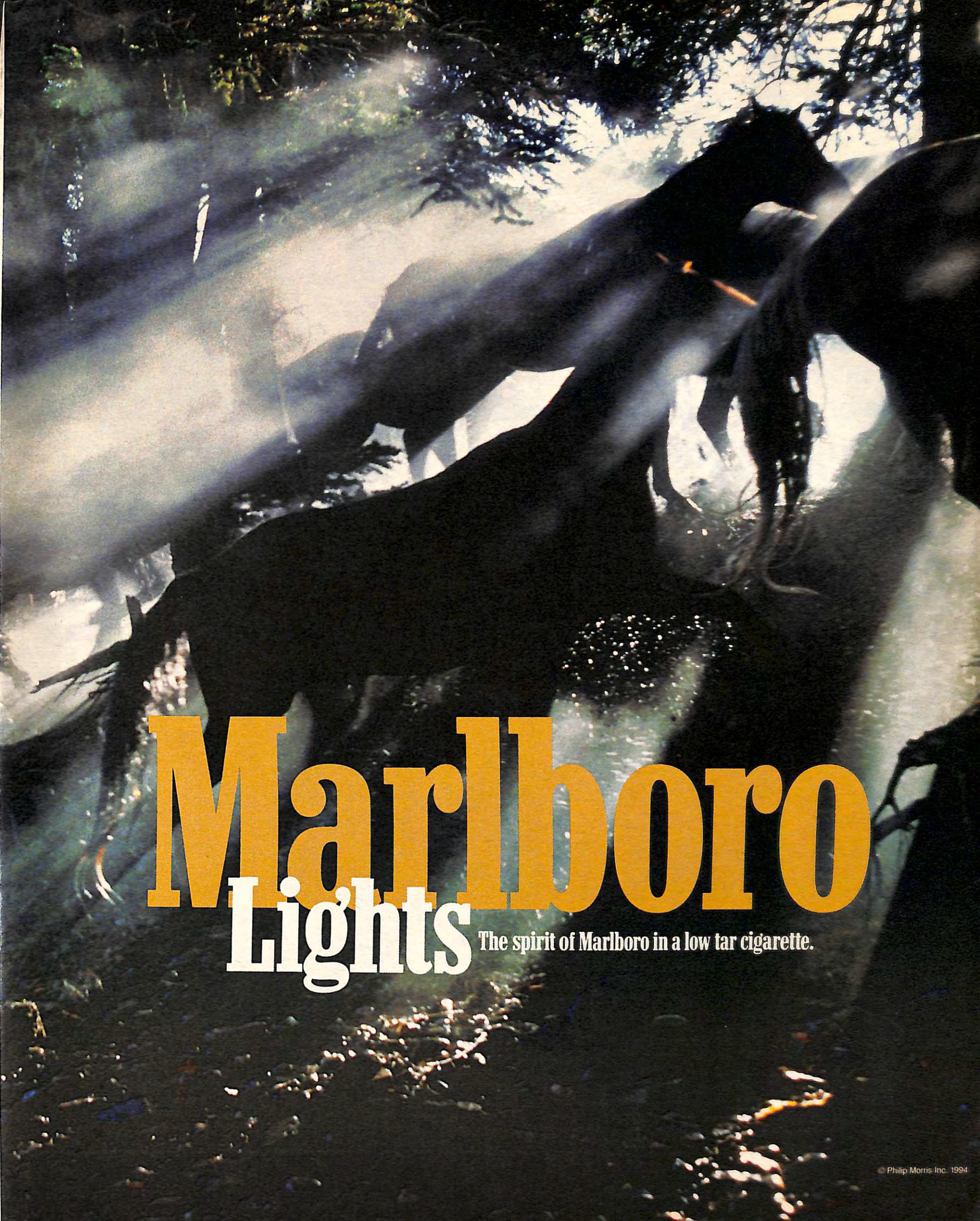




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# National Affairs GEORGE BUSH'S HEROIN CONNECTION

BY ERIC NADLER

*"I will never bargain with drug dealers on U.S. or foreign soil."*  
— GEORGE BUSH, MARCH 1988

**W**HILE WASHINGTON ponders the vagaries of White-water, a more mysterious — and more recent — political deal continues to escape attention, a curious intrigue from George Bush's presidency that raises questions about the former commander in chief's commitment to his war on drugs and threatens to embarrass his party. This fall whenever Democrats are accused of being soft on drugs, they would be wise to tell this story.

On Jan. 18, 1993 — two days before the end of his administration — George Bush signed a paper granting executive clemency to a heroin trafficker serving time in a North Carolina prison. It was one of the most puzzling mercies bestowed by a chief executive in the 206 years of presidential clemencies. Several days later, the inmate, a slight 32-year-old Pakistani named Aslam P. Adam, was taken from Butner Federal Correctional Institution by U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service agents and brought to Atlanta for deportation proceedings. The next day, he was chauffeured to an airport, where he boarded the first of a series of flights that eventually took him home to Karachi, forever banned from re-entering the U.S. It was a joyous family homecoming for Adam, who had already served nearly eight years after federal narcotics detectives caught him holding approximately \$1.5 million worth of heroin. "God bless Bush, God bless Bush," Adam's elderly mother gushed to visitors after her

youngest child's return. "God bless Bush."

The shortening of Adam's sentence — he had about 47 years left but was eligible for parole in 1995 — took place without fanfare, lost among a dozen other final days' mercies bestowed upon mostly white-collar criminals, four of them banking-law violators from Texas, one of Bush's home states.

These presidential blessings were bestowed quietly. Unlike the controversial Christmas Eve pardons of former defense secretary Caspar Weinberger and five other Iran-Contra figures, this clemency was not accompanied by a White House press release. And the Justice Department made no announcement this time around, releasing information only after a reporter inquired.

The strange affair got two lines in the *Washington Post*. The TV networks and the *New York Times* were silent. Yet this kind and gentle maneuver raised eyebrows in other quarters. In North Carolina prosecutors fumed; in Washington drug-war liberals voiced astonishment; and everywhere in the world Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents openly wondered what it was that Bush was smoking. Insiders familiar with the presidential-pardon process said that this executive action — opposed formally by federal prosecutors and the DEA — was unusual, to say the least. "It's one of the most bizarre things I ever heard," says William von Raab, the former head of the U.S. Customs Service, whose agents had snared Adam. "I was absolutely shocked when this fellow got out," says

a former official of the U.S. Parole Commission. Even then Pakistani ambassador to the United States Syeda Hussain was taken aback at Adam's commutation. "I wish I had been as effective with President Bush as Mr. Adam," she told the *Charlotte Observer*, the only media outlet to ask a few questions.

Adding to the mystery is the fact that George Bush was not free and easy with his clemencies. To the contrary, the 41st president was almost a Puritan in this arena. He issued far fewer pardons (criminal record expunged) and commutations (jail terms or fines reduced) than any president before him had in this century. He averaged a niggardly 19 clemencies a year, compared with Ronald Reagan's 51, Jimmy Carter's 142, Gerald Ford's 169, Richard Nixon's 166 and LBJ's Texas-size 229. Bush turned down more than 1,000 requests for clemency during his term. Adam's was only the third commutation he granted. But this one was by far the hardest to rationalize. After all, George Bush was a cheerleader for "zero tolerance," a heated anti-drug crusader given to labeling drug pushers "domestic terrorists" and their wares "the gravest threat facing our nation." Indeed, during Bush's four years in office, more than 400,000 Americans were sent to federal, state and local prisons for drug-related crimes. Right now, 655 people are serving life sentences in federal prison for drug-



## Why did the president grant a last-minute commutation to a Pakistani drug smuggler? A political mystery



related offenses. And this was a crime involving heroin, a drug that Adam's sentencing judge, a Reagan appointee nicknamed Maximum Bob Potter, called "poison" seven years earlier when he denied Adam's attempts to get his sentence reduced.

Obtaining definitive answers in the case of Aslam P. Adam is not easy. First off, George Bush has refused to answer any questions about the Adam affair. Neither would the man who formally pushed the release, former White House counsel Boyden Gray. Also refusing comment is the attorney in Gray's shop who handled pardons, Mark Paoletta. Only the pardon attorney's office over at the Justice Department has gone on the record, arguing — against common sense — that this case was routine and that clemency was justified (first-time offender, harsh sentence). Asked whether she encountered any behind-the-scenes politicking, Margaret Love, the U.S. pardon attorney, huffed, "Not a trace; not a whiff."

I went to Pakistan for some answers. I found the Adam residence in Clifton, a fashionable section of the sprawling port city of Karachi. A servant answered the door of a comfortable two-story dwelling surrounded by a small garden. She calmly took my card and asked me to wait. After several minutes she returned to tell me that Adam "doesn't want to talk to any reporters." Adam refused to answer my correspondence as well, telling acquaintances later on that he was "amused" by an American magazine's interest in his case. Pakistani police sources I contacted checked his record and reported that the American bust was his only offense and that Adam was not a well-known figure among the nation's drug barons. One U.S. official stationed in Pakistan told me that American narcotics cops stationed there are keenly aware of the case, but they say Adam himself was a pawn in a larger game. As the official puts it: "This guy was not a heavyweight, but he sure as hell had some pull somewhere."

Indeed. Back in the United States, documents obtained by ROLLING STONE from the Justice Department under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) confirm that Adam had some significant political juice behind him. His early release was endorsed by his warden, J.T. Hadden, as well as by Michael Quinlan, then the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Coincidentally or not, these unusual recommendations to free a convicted dope trafficker were issued around the time that the office of North Carolina Sen.

Jesse Helms took an interest in the case. Such endorsements are "rare," says an executive-branch source with direct knowledge of the matter. "The precedent of releasing heroin pushers is not something that cautious corrections bureaucrats usually push, and they did it in writing, for God's sakes." Hadden told me that his position was based solely on the merits of the case, but he felt compelled to add, "During my tenure as warden, I rarely have been asked to provide a recommendation for executive clemency."

Is it a citizen's right to know why the president released a convicted heroin supplier? The Justice Department doesn't think so. It still refuses to release many pages of material that would explain the decision, citing "intra- and interagency confidential deliberative communications pertaining to agency and presidential decision making."

Given the silence, tales of political shenanigans are a natural. After all, this is George Bush, the first director of the Central Intelligence Agency to become president, a devout fan of covert action, a key player in the Iran-Contra and Iraqgate imbroglios. And this is Pakistan, one of the world's largest producers and exporters of refined heroin. A 1992 report commissioned by the CIA quotes one source as estimating the Pakistani share of the world's narcotics trade at about \$120 billion a year. The intelligence study noted that "heroin is becoming the lifeblood of Pakistan's economy and political system. Those who control the production and international transport of heroin are using their resources to purchase protection, gain access to the highest political circles in the country and to acquire a substantial share in the banks and industries sold to private investors. . . . Narcotics money now fuels the political system."

Evidence has emerged over the past few years that suggests a connection between Pakistan's narcotics barons and the funding of the nation's renegade nuclear-weapons program. "The fact that heroin dealers can have a tremendous amount of influence on a corrupt government with nuclear weapons is very, very disturbing," notes Jack Blum, a former investigator for the Senate foreign-relations committee and an expert on the international drug trade. "Bush's pardon sent the wrong signal to the wrong people at the wrong time."

Even the prosecutors in the Adam case don't have a clue about why he got off. "It is certainly mysterious," says Ken Andre-

sen, the assistant U.S. attorney who prosecuted Adam. "This move by President Bush as he was on the verge of leaving office strikes me as exceedingly peculiar, given his strong rhetoric regarding his efforts to fight crime in general and drugs in particular. There must be something more at play here than is readily apparent."

Another law-enforcement source speculated in the *Charlotte Observer* in March of 1993 that "the Drug Enforcement Administration or the CIA wanted something from Pakistan — and what they

Adam's hometown into a violent and lawless metropolis, one of the most dangerous cities on the planet. In the spring of 1985, Adam, who said he was learning how to make gold jewelry from a friend who owned a jewelry shop, decided to visit his sister Roshan Parekh, a resident of Charlotte, N.C. It was his third trip to the United States in seven years.

It was also his last. Adam's misfortune began on April 30, 1985, when U.S. Customs mail specialist Barton Flax, working at JFK International Airport, in New York, discovered 506 grams of 72 percent pure heroin in a tubular package addressed to "Mr. John, P.O. Box 668086" in Charlotte. The DEA was notified. Authorities sent the package on and staked out the Charlotte post office. On May 7, Adam walked into the sting, removed his tube from his post-office box and was heading away when the narcs moved in and arrested him. Adam had been in the United States less than a month. He told the police that he had no idea what was in the package, that he was a jeweler and thought this was a jewelry catalog.

The cops told him to tell it to the judge, who in this case was Robert D. Potter, the man who sentenced evangelist Jim Bakker to 45 years. A profile in the *Charlotte Observer* described Potter as "a gentleman who dispenses justice with a heavy hand — especially to drug offenders." His average sentence in drug cases was 10.6 years, twice the national average, according to federal statistics unearthed by the paper. Potter listened to Adam's plea and on Aug. 14, 1985, gave him 55 years. (Potter refuses all comment on the Adam case today but told the *Observer* last year that "I didn't know anything about [the commutation]

until I saw it in the paper.")

Adam began his appeal almost immediately. He pursued several different tracks: First his lawyers argued that the evidence was insufficient to convict, but his appeal was turned down in April 1986. Then Adam contacted the DEA and told them that yes, he was a willing smuggler who was promised \$25,000, half of which he would get from a "Mr. Farooq" in New York for delivering the heroin. He said he withheld the identity of his Pakistani connection out of fear for his parents' safety back home.

His team marched back to court, asking Judge Potter for a sentence reduction, claiming he had given up the name of his connection. But on Feb. 6, 1987, Judge Potter — after conferring with the DEA — ruled that Adam's [Cont. on 96]

## Executive Grant of Clemency

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING:

WHEREAS Aslam P. Adam was convicted in the United States District Court for the Western District of North Carolina on an indictment (Doc. No. 85-48-21) charging violation of Section 2, Title 18, and Sections 841(a)(1), 846, 952(a), 960(b)(1)(A), 963, and 843(b), Title 21, United States Code, and on August fourteenth, 1985, was sentenced to 55 years' imprisonment, followed by three years' special parole; and

WHEREAS the said Aslam P. Adam commenced service of the sentence on August fourteenth, 1985, and will not become eligible for parole until May sixth, 1995; and

WHEREAS it has been made to appear that the ends of justice do not require that the said Aslam P. Adam serve the aforesaid sentence in its entirety or remain incarcerated until becoming eligible for parole;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT KNOWN, that I, George Bush, President of the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, divers other good and sufficient reasons me therunto moving, do hereby commute the aforesaid prison sentence and three-year special parole term of the said Aslam P. Adam to expire at once, upon the condition that the said Aslam P. Adam voluntarily shall submit to deportation from the United States and shall remain outside the limits of the United States, its territories and possessions. If any of the aforesaid conditions are not fulfilled or the said Aslam P. Adam ever shall be found within the United States, its territories and possessions, this commutation shall be null and void in its entirety and the said Aslam P. Adam shall be recommitted under the aforesaid original judgment of conviction to a penal institution until he is otherwise released in accordance with law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the Department of Justice to be affixed.

DONE at the City of Washington this

Eighteenth day of January

in the year of our Lord One Thousand

Nine Hundred and Ninety-Three and of

the Independence of the United States

the Two Hundred and Seventeenth.

George Bush  
President

ADAM'S COMMUTATION: A KINDER, GENTLER DRUG WAR?

**Tales of political shenanigans are natural. After all, this is George Bush, a former director of the CIA.**

wanted will never see the light of day."

Who is Aslam P. Adam? The Justice Department has refused to release a photograph of him, but prison records say that he was born Nov. 19, 1960, in Karachi, where he lived most of his life. He stands 5 foot 5 inches, weighs 125 pounds and has brown eyes, black hair and a scar over his right eyebrow. Adam is the youngest son in a middle-class family. His father owned the Sind Flour Mills, the largest in town, and his mother's uncle had an interest in a large tea plant. Adam told his jailers that he completed high school and worked six years for his brother, who ran an auto dealership. His pay was between \$35 and \$40 a month — a pittance compared with the cash being tossed around by members of the drug mafia who, during the 1980s, turned

ERIC NADLER covers international affairs for PBS' "Frontline" and has written for "The Nation." The Fund for Investigative Journalism assisted in the research for this story.



**LIZ PHAIR** HAS WHAT IT TAKES

TO BE ROCK & ROLL'S WOMAN OF THE YEAR:

SMARTS, GREAT SONGS AND

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SOME VERY FRANK IDEAS ABOUT SEX

BY JANCIE DUNN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAX VADUKEL

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# LIZ PHAIR

IS DOING HER DAMNEDEST TO GET PAST THE SECURITY GUARD. "PLEEEASE?" SHE WHEEDLES AS A PARTICULARLY SIMIAN MAN BLOCKS HER WAY. "WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL, HMM?" SHE BATTS HER EYES AT HIM, GIVING HIM THE FULL-ON PHAIR CHARM, BUT THE GUARD, MEATY ARMS CROSSED OVER HIS BARREL CHEST, IS UNMOVED. "SORRY, MISS," HE SAYS A TAD TOO HAPPILY. "THE SHOW'S ALREADY STARTED. CAN'T LET YOU IN."

The show that will not grant Phair entrance, let alone backstage privileges, is not Woodstock '94, nor is it Pavement, whose *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain* Phair, 27, often jogs to. It's not even the Rolling Stones. No, it's slightly more alternative: It's *Coral Reef Dreaming*, the nature movie playing at Chicago's Shedd Aquarium. She strains to look past the guard's Refrigerator Perry-size shoulders and tries another let's-all-be-adults-about-this grin. The fact that Phair's normally crackerjack oratory powers are a bit dim doesn't help matters — earlier, she and her companion got baked, high-school style, in the parking lot. "All right then," she tells the guard haughtily as she spins on her heel. "We'll look at the fish."

We shamble over to the Animals of Warm Fresh Waters and commence two hours of pot-addled fish gazing. Scintillating dialogue ensues along the lines of "Look. Look at that one. It has a wart on its nose. Ha." And "Check this little guy out. See? He's smiling. See?" We lose steam near Animals of the Indo-Pacific and head back to the parking lot. She sees a look of doubt pass over her visitor's face as she reaches for the keys. "I'm fine," she says with a soothing tone in her voice. "Just get in the car."

Phair pulls out of the lot . . . and smack into six lanes of traffic barreling head-on toward her blue Toyota Corolla. *Isn't it funny how life works out? I'm going to die here in this car with Liz Phair. She seems like a nice enough person. There are certainly worse ways to go.* "Fuck! Fuck!" yells Phair as she throws the car in reverse and stomps on the gas. We shoot back into the parking lot and gulp a few deep breaths.

"Usually I'm a great driver." She grins shakily. "No, I'm serious."

**F**OR ELIZABETH CLARK PHAIR, THE PAST YEAR has been a similar rush of adrenalin. Seemingly appearing out of nowhere, the then 26-year-old bestowed *Exile in Guyville* — the demos for which were recorded on a four-track in her Chicago bedroom — upon a been-there-done-that world in 1993, which caused an instant

furor, selling more than 200,000 copies, phenomenal for an indie-label debut. It's debatable as to what element of *Guyville* received the most attention. Was it the fact that it was one woman's 18-song answer to rock's Holy Grail, the Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street*? Perhaps it was that the word *guyville*, lifted from a song by her pals Urge Overkill, was a retort to the sometimes stifling Chicago indie-music scene?

Could be. But likely it's that Phair's lyrics were, to put it mildly, not for the timid. Lyrics that gave new meaning to the question "Can I be frank for a moment?" Lyrics that brought forth a collective *ooh-weee* from a titillated rock press, which seized upon her generous use of the word *fuck* and phrases like "I'm a real cunt in spring/You can rent me by the hour" and the oft-repeated "I want to be your blow-job queen." Heady stuff for a girl hailing from a wealthy Chicago suburb.

**SHE TALKS SWIFTLY AND ARTICULATEDLY AND OFTEN PUNCTUATES HER SPEECH WITH IMPROBABLE PHRASES LIKE "YOU RETARDO!"**

Whatever the reason, indie-rock gurus buried her under a landslide of praise (New York's astute if overly analytical *Village Voice* named *Exile* Album of the Year for 1993, the first time a woman had captured that honor since Joni Mitchell reigned in 1974, when Ford was in the White House), which means that all eyes — no pressure here! — are eagerly cast upon Act 2, *Whip-Smart*. As it turns out, the new album is a stunner — and, dare we say, better than the first — a perfect progression from *Guyville*, carrying over all of the DIY feel of her first offering but with greater accessibility and tighter arrangements. "The first album is for Your People," says Phair. "The second is for the People; the third is for Everybody. Your People hate your second album because it isn't for them, but you have to attract the attention of the People, who will get a sound, get an idea, digest and spit it out. And the next time you can get revolted by that and go back to the original Your People mentality, which is more intimate."

On *Whip-Smart*, Phair once again unflinchingly

examines the rocky terrain of romantic relationships, but on this go-round, a notable thread snakes throughout the lyrics: gender reversal, a subject that has been on Phair's mind as a result of being in a serious relationship for more than a year. As for the album's sound, Phair's guitarist, Casey Rice, says it's "more rocking. It sounds more like a band record than a studio record." Bass player LeRoy Bach agrees. "The new album is a lot better than the first. Better songs, less what would be rambling, introspective, self-indulgent things."

And again, Phair has complete control of the project, from cover art ("It's a Russian constructivist propaganda poster") to production (assisted by her drummer, Brad Wood) to the video for the frothy guitar pop of the album's first single, "Super Nova," a jubilant salute to a lover's prowess. Phair will be sitting in the director's chair.

Which brings us, on this sun-dappled day, to the Bank, home of Urge Overkill's Blackie Onassis and general headquarters of the band. The Bank, a gutted structure in the slightly seedy Chicago neighborhood of Humboldt Park, is a decadent, cavernous place — very Vincent Price. It's a custom-made setting for the video shoot, which is about Phair's current obsession, the supernatural.

A propman lugs in a stuffed owl, which blends in seamlessly with the surroundings. The director is simultaneously applying makeup to herself and issuing directions. "The lamp needs to flutter more," she tells a techie. "LeRoy," she tells her bassist and video star, "as it flutters, you look at it like 'What the fuck?'" Phair, clearly in her element, is enjoying herself immensely.

"I'm just nuts about ghost stories right now," Phair says on a break. "Maybe because entering the rock world kind of bashed a lot of pop-culture illusions I had. It was the last bastion of mystique for me as a kid." Up close, Phair is petite — your grandmother would call her a slip of a girl — with enormous blue-green eyes and clean, tawny skin. Contrary to her lyrics (and her shiny pink dress), her sexual presence doesn't reach out and grab you by the lapels; instead, she radiates a low-grade sexuality (or is it confidence? or both?). She laughs easily and often and punctuates her speech with improbable phrases like "You retardo!" She talks swiftly, purposefully and articulately, with an easiness suggesting that this is a woman who views conversation as an art form.

She is genuinely interested in what she has to say and is stimulated by the things that come out of her mouth.

Phair is also hyperobservant, prone to near-obsessive analysis. "I grew up in dialogue," she says. "My family table always had discussions that ended up in verbal wars. Whenever the extended family came over, it was sort of a verbal power play. I remember being a young girl at these tables with my dad and my male cousins and my uncle, who was very loud. I didn't know anything, but I wanted to talk really loudly." It's easy to picture her theorizing at a coffeehouse, arguing late night at a bar about politics, the male-female dynamic, art vs. commerce. Hell, about Astroturf vs. grass. "Let's talk about Cher," she announces at one point before launching into a discourse that is as damned stimulating as it could possibly get about a woman who shills for Lori Davis Hair Care Products.

Phair's analysis, however, extends to her own work. There is a calculated veneer to her dissection of her own

In her spare time, Associate Editor JANCEE DUNN writes *Random Notes* for ROLLING STONE.



albums — so much so that at times they seem more like a college thesis than like music. Phair has denied that she manipulates the media, but her keen awareness of the music machine and her deconstructive tendencies point to a different conclusion: She is all too aware of her role. "You're there to be a salesperson, a model spokesperson," she says about the music biz. "It's consumerism."

Phair has thrown herself into all things occult for this video. "Oh, man, I went to graveyards, haunted houses, I quizzed everyone I knew," she says. "I'm real-

touches on a strong fear of disfigurement that began in her early years. "Because my father's a doctor, I've always known about the foibles of the body," she says. "I had access to those medical textbooks." Two images in particular terrified Phair — before-and-after shots of a boy with leprosy. "In one picture he looked cute in a teen-age way, standing there, bored. Next to him was a picture of him a year and a half later, and he was a monster, a freakish thing. You could see his eyes in the first portrait, and to think those same eyes were there in the second portrait

Wood, Phair let drop the idea of a female answer to *Exile on Main Street*. "When she first brought it up, I was like 'Oh, really? You mean you can't get into that album like I do?'" says Wood. "Because it is a real guy thing. Her logic started to make sense." The result wasn't so much a song-by-song response to the Glimmer Twins' he-man posturing — it was more in the songs' sequencing and thematic content. Phair and Wood's low-fi production was entirely on purpose. "We didn't want it to sound like a retro record, and we didn't want it to sound real '90s," says

Wood. "I wanted it to sound really personal, trademarked like the Stones record sounded, so that as soon as you heard a note off it, you said, 'That's the Rolling Stones.'"

Wood and Phair succeeded, aided, of course, by Phair's remarkable lyrics — an intimate, conversational meld of longing, sex, strength, power struggles, asshole guys and humor — sung in a voice that isn't entirely different from *Everywoman's*.

Beverly Sills she's not, but that's OK. Phair does nothing the conventional way — she deliberately didn't fall within her given range, didn't bother with traditional song structures (she has a legendary aversion to verse chorus verse) and didn't even attempt to play traditional guitar chords. "She just comes up with goofy chords because she makes them up herself," says Wood.

"People never talk about her guitar playing," says Bach. "But she's brilliant on guitar. The work that she puts into this shit is not discussed like someone else's

## "JULIA ROBERTS WAS TALL AND BOSSY AND FUN AT CAMP. WE STOPPED SPEAKING BECAUSE SHE'D ALWAYS CALL ME COLLECT. IT PISSSED ME OFF."

ly into it, because the phenomenon itself is never any less interesting for the mind to play with than things like astrology or birth and death or mythology." She says these interests are decidedly female. "I'm always reawakening and realizing I'm not a guy. What I really like are things like intuition, freaky experiences, coincidences, fatalism.

"I believe in ghosts," Phair says. "I used to think I was a witch when I was little. I had a lot of magic in my life when I was a kid. And I refuse to lose it, because it isn't something that was just a game. It was how I knew my place in the universe."

**P**HAIR'S UNIVERSE WAS FERTILE TERRITORY for a bright, inquisitive child. She was adopted at birth by a physician father (he's chief of infectious diseases at Northwestern Hospital) and an art-instructor mother (she teaches at the Art Institute of Chicago). Phair will not be embarking on a quest for her birth parents. "The only thing the adoption did was make me feel a little more liberated from my background than most people," she says shrugging. "I can invent my own legacy, because I don't really have one."

Phair was raised in the upper-middle-class suburb of Winnetka, Ill. (Lest a visual picture need be painted: Remember the house where Ferris Bueller took his day off? That was in Winnetka.) It was a galaxy far, far away from the angst-ridden upbringing of your stereotypical rock star. Phair's parents were nurturing and supportive. "They loved me to death," she reports. "Maybe because I'm adopted, they didn't want to mold me. They encouraged me, they were interested in me. I always had a weird net of safety around me."

Phair is seated at a picnic table outside the Lincoln Park Zoo. It's late afternoon, and a balmy, animal-scented breeze lifts her hair. Pressed for dirty laundry, she says, "They've got a little bit of WASP, appearance-oriented, academic prejudices, stuff like that. In a way, it's not a normal cross section of a family." She has an older brother, also adopted. She went to summer camp with Julia Roberts (cited in *Whip-Smart's* "Chopsticks") when she was 13. "She was tall and bossy and fun. I always had tall, bossy friends." Alas, the friendship waned. "We stopped speaking because she was always calling me collect, and it pissed me off. I'm like 'What are you fucking calling me collect for? Your parents are rich enough.' She only did it a few times, but she was enough of a power player. Tall, bossy friends get you in the best kind of trouble, though."

In high school, Phair endured an awkward stage, but it passed. "I got my glasses and braces off and got my hair cut. Suddenly I was like 'Hell, yeah! I can do this!'" Transformation intrigues Phair — it's a subject that also

— it freaked me out." Throughout college, Phair's art projects consisted of charcoal drawings of diseased faces.

Phair's original calling, in fact, was art. At Oberlin College, in Oberlin, Ohio, however, she walked into a thriving band scene. Bands from there that went on to greatness (and near greatness) include Codeine, Bitch Magnet, Seam and Come. "Everyone had a band," says Phair. "It was exactly like Chicago — in fact, a lot of them moved there. There was a lot of rock & roll spirit, but it was an intense place. Neurotic overachievers who want to be hip." It was there that she began writing songs.

Chris Brokaw, Come's guitarist, first met Phair at Oberlin but grew close to her on a jaunt to San Francisco, where Phair had drifted after college. "I was visiting a woman she was rooming with," Brokaw says, "but I ended up mostly sitting around playing guitars with Liz. I had been sort of unaware that she played or wrote songs. Then she plays me these amazing tracks. I think one was called 'Fuck or Die,' and one was 'Johnny Sunshine,' which ended up on *Exile in Guyville*."

When Phair decided to head back to Chicago, Brokaw urged her to make him a tape. "A couple months later she sent me this tape of 14 songs that she had done on four tracks, then a month later, she sent me 14 more equally amazing songs." The tapes, dubbed *Girly Sound* by Phair, began circulating on the East Coast underground tape scene. "I started telling people, 'I've got this friend named Liz from Chicago, and she's like the great new American songwriter,'" says Brokaw. "Everyone was like 'Yeah, yeah.'"

Phair, who has been making up songs "since I was little," will not release the tapes anytime soon. "I go in there and rip stuff off — it's like a library," she says. "There's about 50 songs. A lot of it is juvenile cleverness. There's verses, there's choruses, there's subchoruses. It just goes on and on. There's a certain naive sound, more breathy. It's more me." Nonetheless, the collection proved enough of a treasure trove to pique Matador Records' interest, which nabbed her in the summer of 1992. *Exile in Guyville* was soon under way.

In the studio with her drummer and co-producer



WINONA RYDER, PHAIR AND ROSANNA ARQUETTE IN SANTA MONICA, 1994

work method might be discussed. She does a lot of normal things that famous guy musicians do, but that's not part of the Liz Phair conception."

The conception started forming in mid-1993 when *Guyville* was released. Critics were beside themselves (picture the Chimp Gone Wild scene in *2001: A Space Odyssey* and you'll get the idea), heaping her with accolades and comparisons to Polly Harvey, Chrissie Hynde and Madonna. Rock scribes were less kind when Phair faced an audience, something she had never done in her life. At early shows, she suffered from debilitating stage fright, which made her voice crack like a 13-year-old boy's. It didn't help matters when famous faces started dotting the audience at her shows. ("God, I was so tongue-tied when Winona Ryder and Rosanna Arquette came to one show," moans Phair. "I was a complete dweeb.") Although she used to claim that she would never attend one of her own shows, she seems, lately, to be conquering her fears. "I actually enjoy myself onstage now," she says, although she hasn't yet seen her tour schedule out of "total avoidance."

What calmed Phair were the adoring faces, especial-



ly those of women, in the audience. "It's weird, though, when 12-year-old, cute, happening girls want to be introduced to me, because talking to me would be a coup," she says as she walks toward her car. "The objectification of your person is very bizarre. You become the same thing as the right pair of shoes." Still, droves of other women are die-hard fans, quaveringly asking for hugs backstage, whispering that she has saved their lives, mouthing every word to songs like "Fuck and Run" ("Whatever happened to a boyfriend/The kind of guy who tries to win you over?") and "Flower," with lyrics that would make Rick James blush. ("Every time I see your face/I get all wet between my legs.")

A word here, if we may, about the flurry of attention Phair has received due to her strident focus on her naughty bits. She rightly maintains that her songs are directly reflective of conversations that most young women are having across this great land right now and that those chats are as frank, casual and often clinical as those of men. "It scares guys," she says cheerfully. "I've had more male friends freak out."

Phair has been accused of being a shockmeister, using sexual bluntness as an attention-getting device both in her lyrics and in her conversation. She's certainly not shy. "Women dissect," she says. "About giving blow jobs, for example — you talked to your friends like 'What are you supposed to do? Where? How do you know if he's going to come?' Then women will have really sexual names like 'old purple dick' or something."

**T**HE BLUEBERRY PANCAKES HAVE JUST arrived at the Bongo Room, a favorite Wicker Park hangout with an earthy, crunchy feel. There is a problem: "The blueberries are on top of the pancakes," Phair tells a waitress. "I want them in the pancakes. I eat here all the time. They have never been on the pancakes." The offending flapjacks are promptly replaced.

The subject of sex comes up, as it is wont to do. Phair has been keenly aware of her sexuality since she was young. Her earliest erotic memories were triggered by the illustrations in *Alice in Wonderland*. "Can I confess something really gross?" she says. "Those men were slightly erotic to me. The skinny legs, the big noses. I don't know." She also got an unexplained charge out of "Darth Vader, big time. Until he had his head taken off." Mr. Green Jeans (Captain Kangaroo's neighbor) also provoked a reaction. "He was such a peripheral character," she says, analytically, waving a fork. "There was something about him. Kinda quiet, always doing something. He was the male, busy like Dad, but he had the time to come fuck you."

Phair's personal supernova is Jim Staskauskas, a film editor and her constant companion of more than a year. The two met when he edited her first video, "Stratford-on-Guy." Phair had a dual reaction to him: "I'm thinking, 'Who is this dick?'" she says. "He had the whole editor, bigger-better-older-than-you thing going. But I also had an immediate physical reaction to him. I don't get those reactions anymore." Staskauskas, a genial regular Joe with his girlfriend's coloring, took his time asking her out ("He played me like a goddamn fiddle"), but now the two are inseparable.

Phair, in fact, is primed and ready to get married. She may be part Marilyn Chambers, but she's also part Sandra Dee. "I'm up for it," she says with gusto. "I don't see marriage anymore as the end of my life. It's not a step down, it's a step over." She shrugs. "It sounds exciting." She has the scene — who knew? — fully envisioned, complete with dress and a small ceremony by the beach. Staskauskas is more cautious, having been married before and being the father of one 15-year-old son

named Aidan. The three live together in an apartment in Wicker Park. "It's weird for Aidan, and it's weird for me," Phair concedes. "But luckily, we get along."

Phair's relationship has had a measured effect on her writing. "The whole attitude of *Whip-Smart* is affected by him, affected by my new way of seeing myself," she says as the Bongo Room's proprietor stops by to say hello. "But I really couldn't say. I've never been able to write about people. In fact, I wrote some songs that were directly about him, and they didn't make the album." One tender love song "came out sounding like Don Ho. It was supposed to be the ultimate light-rock Carly-forever love song, and here I am making, like, 'Tiny Bubbles.'"

Surprisingly, Phair says she doesn't often write about people she's involved with, which begs the question: Wasn't one specific former relationship addressed on *Exile in Guyville*? Phair has been cagey about this in interviews. Pulling an answer out of her recalls the Whitewater hearings. "I tend to write more about imaginary scenarios," she says carefully. "Or scenarios that aren't actualized but could have happened. In a way that's my infidelity. Or I code them up, so that only the people that I want to hear them do. It's like a little secret garden." Meaning *Guyville* was not about one person? "It's not that simple. I answer this a lot of different ways, because I don't want it to be known one way." She pauses and fiddles with her napkin. "That situation just naturally defused. It was never real in some way. That's why I could write a whole album about it." It, meaning one person? "It just pulled out of focus, and my life changed. You can have personal tragedy and not remember it very well in five years." All right. Meaning you had a personal tragedy with one person? "I did *Guyville* for myself, because I wanted him to know who I really was." Phair 1, interviewer 0.

**I** HAVE TO WARN YOU, I HAVE A RAT," PHAIR says calmly as she rounds a corner on two wheels of her car. So call an exterminator, her companion suggests helpfully. "It's a pet," she says. "It's actually cute. Honestly. Yes, its teeth look like staple removers, but it's in a cage. His name is Willard." We're on our way to her house after breakfast. She blithely heads (honest to God) the wrong way down yet another one-way street. A vast collection of McDonald's cups in the back seat shifts with the direction of the car.

As she bursts into the kitchen, the phone is already ringing. Aidan is home, but he is sleeping, teen style, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. She checks in on Willard, who is also asleep, in what appears to be a three-level rat con-

tude I like. *Exile in Guyville* was a more sexual album. This is the opposite, an emotionally based album that ended up being more sexual."

To the point where Phair appropriated Staskauskas' role by the end of the album. "I made a rock fairy tale," she says. "A little myth journey — from meeting the guy, falling for him, getting him and not getting him, going through the disillusionment period, saying, 'Fuck it,' and leaving, coming back to it." There is a real entrance and exit to the album, with each song rolling on to the next one. To wit: "Crater Lake" illustrates when "you think [the relationship is] done, but it isn't really done." The following song, "Alice Springs," is saying, "I guess it will never work"; the subsequent song, "May Queen," says, "Work? Who wants it? Like, I got over and out. It's a real encapsulated thing. It's almost more representational, like 'Here are the songs that mark my journey,' instead of 'These are the songs I sang on my journey,' which is more *Guyville*. So in a sense, it's more removed."

With this album thrusting her further into the public eye, Phair has been reflecting a lot on fame. "It's been on my mind a lot, I must say," she sighs, distractedly flipping through a pile of mail. "There's nothing special or magic about the pop star anymore. Everybody knows how it happens, everybody knows what toll it takes. The magic isn't in the rise, the magic is in the disintegration, like Kurt Cobain. We know how they got there, let's see how they fuck up. This is my most harried subject, because I'm constantly changing my mind about it."

She considers her contemporaries to be women such as Polly Harvey, the Breeders, Juliana Hatfield — women who have surpassed the conventional roles women are handed in rock. "Juliana's a great song maker," Phair says. "I think the personality she presents is what bugs people. I have the same problems. When all these women suddenly show up in the media, and we're having to grapple with the whole of women's personalities instead of the half of objectification, and we're actually taking that whole humanity and looking at the pretty face, the weird words, the unsettling activities — people come down way too hard. They judge harshly. And so do I. But I totally respect her."

The phone rings yet again. It's a magazine, and Phair fires off a quick phone interview. "We should get out of here," she says, eyeing the phone. "I'll drive you back." Heading downtown, she is goaded into listing men's fashion crimes. "Overalls on guys, man," she groans, spotting an Oshkosh-clad schlub wolfing down a hot

## AS A CHILD SHE GOT AN UNEXPLAINED CHARGE OUT OF MR. GREEN JEANS AND "DARTH VADER, BIG TIME. UNTIL HE HAD HIS HEAD TAKEN OFF."

do. The apartment is not particularly rock & roll — except for the bathroom reading: *The Encyclopedia of the Occult*. Instead, it's a cozy domestic nest for Liz, Jim, Aidan and Willard. Phair settles into a couch. "Life got a lot more open-ended for me lately," she says. "I thought that once you hit adulthood, you settled into your mold. It's not really true. It's almost a reincarnation. It makes me believe in reincarnation, because if you can shift as much as you can in a lifetime, I don't see why you can't shift as naturally after a lifetime."

Phair says her lyrics in the new album's title track are "kind of like the values that I recently reaccepted into my life. Whip smart is something that I respect in people. It implies education through trial, an atti-

dog. "It would be like fucking the Pillsbury Doughboy." We tool around another corner and spot another victim of a sartorial crime. "Colored socks," she says, shaking her head. "It's such a nasty mess." We pass a man unfortunate enough to be wearing a business suit at this particular moment. "Ugh. Shiny business shoes. Hate that." We head downtown, where she gets the eye from a slick-looking male on the street. "I loathe coiffed hair on men," she says, rolling her eyes. She pulls up in front of her inquisitor's hotel. "Don't you put in there that I'm a bad driver," she calls over her shoulder as she takes off, singing to the radio. There is a moment of tension when she hits a crossroad. Then her car disappears down the street, traveling in the right direction. ■



# IF YOU GET IT, GET IT.

(The Black Diamond says it all.)

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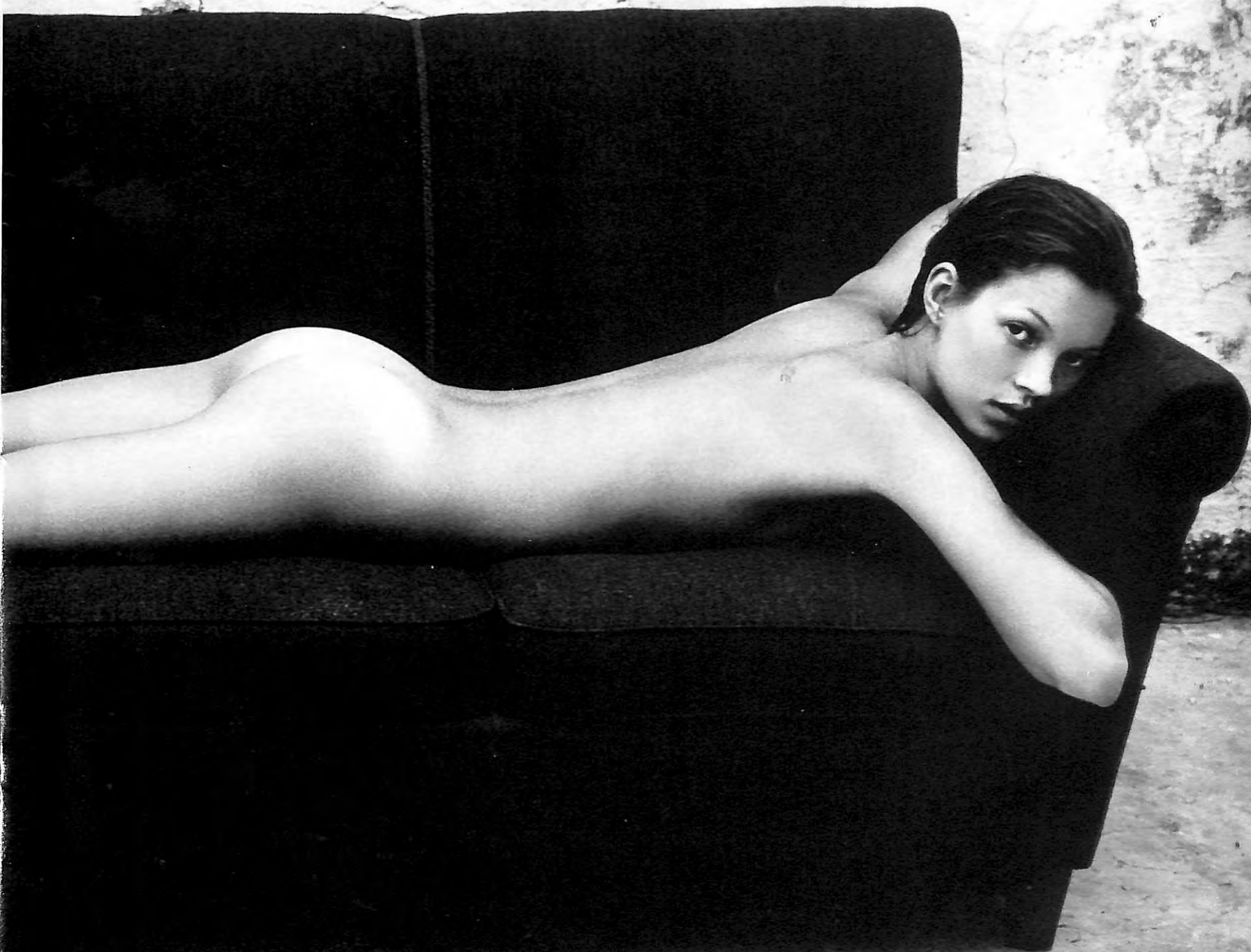
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WOMEN IN ROCK TALK ABOUT SCENTS, SENSIBILITY AND SEXISM

# MOTHERS OF

BY MIM UDOVITCH

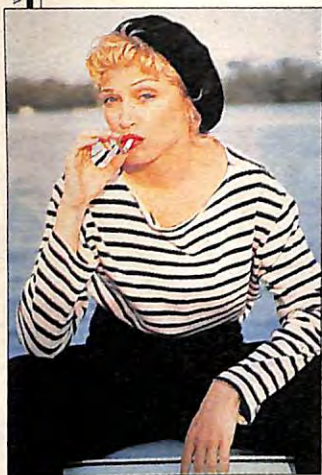
**T**HERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T COVER UP WITH LIPSTICK AND POWDER, AND ONE OF THEM IS THAT IF THERE IS A SUBJECT FEMALE MUSICIANS DO NOT WANT TO DISCUSS, IT IS, PRECISELY, THEIR CONDITION AS FEMALE MUSICIANS. SOME, LIKE L7, DISLIKE IT SO VERY, VERY MUCH THAT THEY DECLINE TO BE INTERVIEWED ON THE TOPIC AT ALL. OTHERS, SUCH AS LUSCIOUS JACKSON DRUMMER KATE SCHELLENBACH, ARE WILLING BUT EQUIVOCAL. "SOMETIMES IT'S ALMOST LIKE YOU SHOULD BE 'AND DON'T FORGET TO WRITE THAT WE'RE AN ALL-FEMALE BAND!'" SAYS SCHELLENBACH. "WE GET A LOT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT THE WOMEN-IN-ROCK THING, WHATEVER THAT THING IS THAT EVERYONE ASKS ABOUT, AND I'M TRYING TO THINK WHO THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT. AND THEN I'M THINKING FURTHER BACK, AND I'M



CHRISSIE HYNDE



TORI AMOS, KIM GORDON, JOAN JETT (FROM LEFT)



MADONNA

# INVENTION

WYATT: COUNTS/OUTLINE; LAURA LEVINE/VSAGES; MICHAEL LAVINE/OUTLINE (FROM LEFT); BOTTOM: VSAGES

TOP: IAN MCKELL/RETNA; CENTER:



**THINKING, 'GOD, THERE WERE SO MANY MORE BANDS WHEN I WAS GROWING UP.' THERE WERE THE SLITS, THE RAINCOATS, DELTA 5, THE MO-DETTES, KLEENEX. IT'S A MARKETING PLOY; THE TREND OF WOMEN IN ROCK IS JUST A PIECE OF SHIT." IN SHORT, THE MERE EXISTENCE OF THEIR OVARIES DOES NOT NECESSARILY UNITE THESE ARTISTS IN OTHER WAYS. SOME,**

like Tori Amos, feel that they write from the womb rather than the head. Others, like Me'Shell Ndegé-Ocello, wonder, "If you write from the womb, where do you put the pen exactly?" Some, like Schellenbach, Courtney Love, Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon and Kat Bjelland of Babes in Toyland, were inspired by the anarchic integration of punk; others, like Velvet Underground drummer Moe Tucker, Chrissie Hynde and Joan Jett, were raised in the less gender-categorical age of '60s flat-out rock & roll. Still others, like the incomparable Madonna, are simply unprecedented.

The fact of the matter is that there has always been an enormous female presence in popular music: lyrically, in the work of male artists, as any girl who grew up with the Springsteenian ideal of leaving ghosts in the eyes of all the boys she sent away can tell you; artistically, as girl groups

ROLLING STONE Contributing Editor MIM UDOVITCH is glad no one ever asks her about being a woman writer.

from the Supremes to Bananarama could attest; and culturally, as muses from Anita Pallenberg to the GTO's to Brit Ekland.

Although there are currently more women with guitars, there have always been some of those, too, ever since the Duchess played guitar for Bo Diddley. Nevertheless, in rock as in life, what is male continues to be perceived as known, normal and natural, whereas what is female is taken to be a mystery in need of explication. In other words, to most of these female artists, to be classified as women in rock is not so much recognition as a cleverly disguised attempt to prevent them from speaking for themselves as themselves.

"Life has always been divided into what's a man's job and what's a woman's job," says Madonna. "And rock music has always been a man's world. And now women

are coming up, and they're calling the shots — they're people and artists in their own right, and that's very frightening because it affects everything."

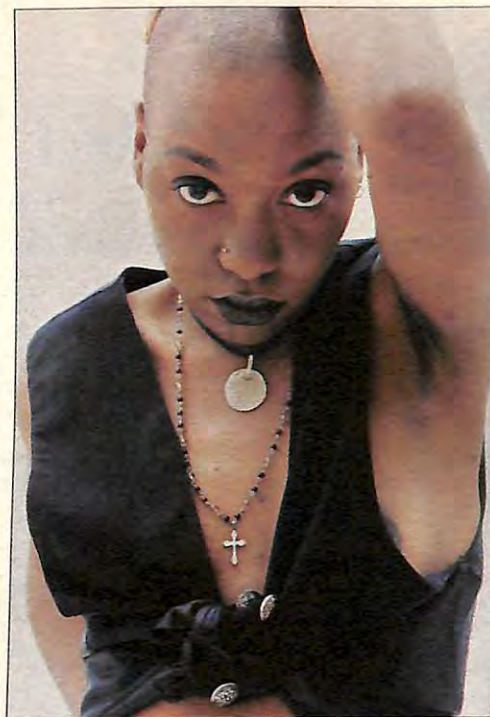
Herewith, 10 of today's notable female artists take back the talk.

#### ADDRESSING THE WOMEN-IN-ROCK THING, WHATEVER THAT IS

**HYNDE:** I speak for 42-year-old ex-cocktail waitresses, divorcees and single parents. And if anyone else is interested, they're welcome to listen.

**BJELLAND:** I remember reading "Midol rock" once, and it was kind of funny, but it's also like "OK, just because we're screaming, they think we're bitches, and we're on our periods 24-7, 30 days."

**GORDON:** I would be interested, but nobody writes any real intellectual, semiotic overviews of it. I used to study — sort of — masculinity when I was writing articles about art. And when I started getting involved with music, I was in the audience, and I was drawn to the male guitarist. I was a voyeur in a way, just fascinated by the power of the sexuality. And I have always thought if you



ME'SHELL NDEGÉ-OCELLO

wanted to find out about female sexuality in rock, you had to first look at male sexuality in rock.

**TUCKER:** Actually, ironically, things were more open 30 years ago.

**AMOS:** I don't really feel labeled. I don't respond to it — let's put it that way. When you get a letter from a 14-year-old girl that says to you, "I'm coming to your show tonight, can I just come by and say hi, because I know that when I'm finished here, I know I have to go

1945



**DINAH WASHINGTON**

reigns as the new decade's queen of the blues.



**BILLIE HOLIDAY** lights a torch with the instant standard "Lover Man."

**SUPREMES** Five consecutive No. 1 singles in 1964 and 1965

1950



**RUTH BROWN**

"(Mama) He Treats Your Daughter Mean"

**GOLDIE AND THE GINGER BREADS**

Pioneering all-female band that plays its own instruments

1952

**MAMA CASS ELLIOT**

(nee Ellen Naomi Cohen). Mamas and the Papas' "Monday, Monday" tops the charts for three straight weeks.



1952

**KITTY WELLS**

stands up for barflies everywhere with "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels."



**ARETHA FRANKLIN** earns the title Lady Soul with "Respect" after recording bland middle-of-the-road pop for six years.

1955

**ETTA JAMES**

issues a sexually frank challenge with "The Wallflower" (a.k.a. "Work With Me Henry").



1955

**WANDA JACKSON**

tours with Elvis Presley in 1955 and 1956.

**MAUREEN TUCKER** invents the minimal beat of punk rock with her drumming on the Velvet Underground's "Sister Ray."

1964

**LESLEY GORE**

asserts herself with "You Don't Own Me."



**TAMMY WYNETTE** Both sides now: "DIVORCE" and "Stand by Your Man" hit No. 1 back to back on the country & western chart.

1964

**THE SHANGRI-LAS**

"Leader of the Pack," the tearful plea of 16-year-old lead singer Mary Weiss, still reverberates.

**BUFFY ST. MARIE**

A protest singer and a Cree Indian

1964

**MARY WELLS**

pushes the Beatles out of the No. 1 spot with "My Guy."

**GRACE SLICK**

Singer of Jefferson Airplane says, "Good morning" to Woodstock Nation.



1964

1965

1966

1967

1967

1968

1968

1969

1969



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# LOVE: "NO ONE WOULD TELL ME HOW TO PLAY GUITAR. I'D BE LIKE 'WHY CAN YOU DO THIS, AND I CAN'T?' I'M SMARTER THAN YOU."

prison somewhere, and you never hear from them again? I'm serious.

**NDEGÉOCELLO:** To say that because you're a woman you are more sensitive is bullshit. Because I can be an asshole, I am an egomaniac. If I dated a woman, I wouldn't want her to work. I have my own misogyny.

**BJELLAND:** I don't think about male-female, I think assholes/cool people or closed-minded/open-minded people.

**GORDON:** There aren't any all-female bands in the mainstream, and maybe to go Top 40, you do have to be more like Heart. It's just too extreme, contentwise. People really don't want to hear women talking about their scars and stuff.

**SCHELLENBACH:** Being gay — it's the same thing as being a woman musician: You'll always be tagged, and you are that and don't want to deny it. But I would say it's more of a challenge being a woman musician than being gay, so far. Yeah, we are four girls, but we don't want to be models, whether you believe it or not. Some guy bands must enjoy getting dressed up, but I can't see them telling Helmet to wear a Gianni Versace miniskirt.

## PROGRESS, NOT PERFECTION

**MADONNA:** Maybe it's easier for people now because they are more used to hearing about [female musicians], or maybe it's because I have more power, and when someone has more power, they're more of a threat. Or maybe it's because my titties are bigger. I fucking don't know.

**HYNDE:** I've been resisting this idea of women in rock for a long time, and I've always been like "No, leave it out," but I suppose... let's face it, it is a phenomenon. I no longer want to be the anti-feminist, because I love people, I'm not one of these animal people who doesn't like people. It's easy to love animals. It's much harder to love people. And I like to rise to the challenge.

**BJELLAND:** I think the press is coming around in general after three or four years of all the girl bands saying, "Hey, shut the fuck up."

## AND SPEAKING OF THE PRESS...

**SCHELLENBACH:** We've had some bad experiences with female rock journalists, where the interviews have been really, you know, "Your keyboardist is a bimbo," which is a really odd thing to say, especially to another woman.

**AMOS:** Look, no bullshit: The worst are the women journalists, because they are much harder than any other women that I've ever run into in my life. If you don't get into your heart place for 10 minutes, then you are cutting out a part of yourself. It's about the balance of the head, the heart and the spirit and all that stuff. And I can be very hard-ass. Do you think I can't push your ass against the wall right now? Of course I can. But we're talking about vulnerability here.

**JETT:** I'm not directing this, obviously, at you, but I just have to say it: It's the media that always tries to pigeonhole.

**LOVE:** Excuse me, but the last three women on the cover of *ROLLING STONE* have had their tits out. And I can practically see Winona Ryder's nipples on her cover.

## MUSIC AND SELF-IMAGE, IN WHICH THE SUBTEXT OF A BILLY JOEL SONG IS REVEALED, AND ROBERT PLANT LEARNS OF A MISSED OPPORTUNITY

**MADONNA:** I used to dance in front of my mirror to the Isley Brothers, to "Who's that lady, beautiful lady, sexy lady," but I just assumed I was that sexy lady. Of course, I was desperate for that to be the truth.

**SCHELLENBACH:** The only song that comes to mind is Billy Joel: "She's Only a Woman to Me" or "Always a Woman" or whatever it is.

**AMOS:** Well, Zeppelin are my biggest influence. I wanted to give my virginity to Robert Plant when I



COURTNEY LOVE

home to my stepfather. He molested me last night, he's gonna molest me tonight." When you read this stuff, you don't think about labels anymore, you just think, "Get her backstage, and put on the kettle."

## SUGAR AND SPICE, ET CETERA

**MADONNA:** No one talks about the sex lives of these rock stars with 20 groupies lined up to give them blow jobs after a show, and they have a wife and kids and a mistress in every town, but my sex life is absolutely the centerpiece of everything that's ever written about me, and I probably have a lot less sex than other people — that's the final irony of it all. Does anyone talk about the women that Prince has sex with, you know, his harem that he makes records with and then puts in

1969

**FANNY**  
become first all-female rock band signed to a major label (Warner Bros.).

**THE GTO'S**  
Girls Together Outrageously



**LORETTA LYNN**  
celebrates reproductive freedom with "The Pill."

1969



**YOKO ONO**  
unleashes her rock & roll primal scream on the second side of Plastic Ono Band's *Live Peace in Toronto*.

**LABELLE**  
Patti LaBelle and her cosmic vocal trio invent glitter soul with the bilingual, seductive entreaty of "Lady Marmalade."

1971

**JONI MITCHELL**  
perfects the confessional singer/songwriter stance on her widely influential album *Blue*.



**TINA WEYMOUTH**  
plucks a funky bass with Talking Heads.

**HEART**  
Ann and Nancy Wilson reel in "Barracuda."

1971



**CAROLE KING**  
The pianist's *Tapestry* ushers in the platinum era, topping the LP chart for 15 weeks.

**SIOUXSIE SIOUX**  
invents goth-rock style.



1971

**CHER**  
flouts good taste with her immortal "Gypsys, Tramps and Thieves"—"Half-Breed"—"Dark Lady" trilogy in 1971-74; divorces Sonny in 1974.



**X-RAY SPEX**  
release the punk classic *Germ Free Adolescents*, featuring lead singer Poly Styrene.

1971

**LAURA LEE**  
stands up for "Women's Love Rights."



**CHAKA KHAN**  
tops R&B chart with Ashford and Simpson's "I'm Every Woman."



1972

**HELEN REDDY**  
roars the No. 1 hit "I Am Woman"; later refers to God as "she" at the Grammys.



**DONNA SUMMER**  
introduces rock to disco with *Bad Girls*.

**THE RAINCOATS**  
turn the tables on "Lola."

1974

**SUZI QUATRO**  
crosses the glam-rock gender line.

**SHIRLEY BROWN**  
confronts her husband's girlfriend on "Woman to Woman."



**DEBBIE HARRY**  
introduces Studio 54 to CBGB on Blondie's "Heart of Glass."

1975



**PATTI SMITH**  
seizes the possibilities on her LP *Horses*.

**CHRISIE HYNDE**  
The Pretenders kicks off New Wave decade.



1975

1976

1977

1977

1978

1978

1979

1979

1980



was 10 years old. I was bleeding, babe, I was bleeding. When I would listen to their music, I would feel passionate. I would get wet, and then it all dried up as I got older. It made me feel like a hot girl. "Black Dog." Yummy. Put it on, throw that head back. Rrrrowwww. But my commitment is to being wet.

### WHEN DO YOU FEEL THE MOST WOMANLY?

**MADONNA:** When I'm around a real man.

**NDEGÉOCELLO:** Uh, I guess when I take a bath, a nice bubble bath. You know, you're washing your body, it's a sensual act.

**SCELLENBACH:** Every time I start PMS-ing, and my breasts start killing me. It's a kick in the ass constantly, or a kick in the breasts — like a reminder: *You are a woman*. Maybe it's a drummer thing because you're always throwing yourself around.

**BJELLAND:** Right before my period, when nature makes you really aware of your breasts. Most of the time, I don't think of myself as a woman. I mean, I don't go around saying, "Oh, I can't do this, and I just know it's because you're oppressing me." I think I can do whatever the fuck I put my mind to. Sorry.

**AMOS:** When I'm playing.

**TUCKER:** I guess when I'm doing the damn dishes.

**GORDON:** Now that I'm a mother.

**JETT:** I don't ever think of it like that. I always just feel human.

**GORDON'S PERFUME:** When I wear it, I wear Joy. But most perfumes give me a headache.

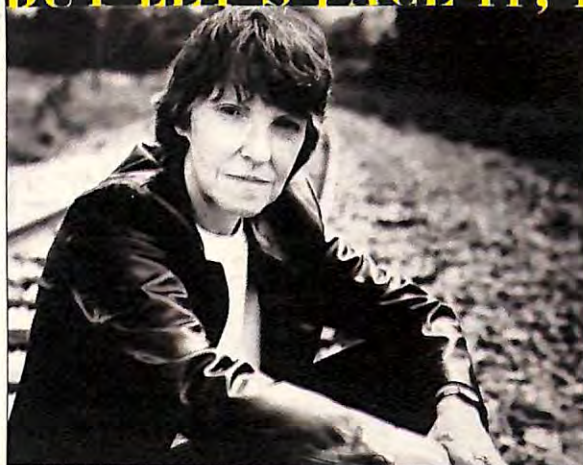
### GIRLS TOGETHER OUTRAGEOUSLY, OR SISTERHOOD IS HARDER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK

**MADONNA:** I'm forever finding myself in this position where I'm a fan of somebody's, and I'm rooting for them, and I'm thinking that we're, like, in this sort of mutual agreement about life, and then I'll read something they wrote about me, and it'll be the biggest slap in the face. Much more so than some old fart writing about me and saying shit — I could care less about that, and I expect it. But it happens to me all the time, where I think I have a solidarity with somebody, and then they think I'm an idiot.

**SCELLENBACH:** I hate to say it's coming from women, but it's almost turning out that way, although we've also met so many cool women. But coming from women, it's just that much more upsetting, because it's like "My God, this is another woman who's putting you down."

**AMOS:** I run into women who can't handle it as much as guys. It's much more gutting from the women — it just is. Because I think there's that sense of betrayal when you look at another woman going, "OK, hang on a minute, how can you not be supportive of healing?"

## HYNDE: "I'VE BEEN RESISTING THE IDEA OF WOMEN IN ROCK FOR A LONG TIME, BUT LET'S FACE IT, IT'S A PHENOMENON."



MOIE TUCKER

**HYNDE:** I have to admit I met this band in Cleveland called the Vivians. I never heard them, but I could tell they could rock just by meeting them. They were out of their minds, and it was obvious they were a rock band. And they were real badass girls, and they said, "Chrissie, we wouldn't have been in a band if it weren't for you." And I said, "Aw, bullshit, what the hell else would you have done?" And they all kind of stopped and looked at each other and said, "No, you're right, we would have." But you know, I took it as a compliment.

**LOVE:** I wore this gown at a video shoot — like a

prom gown — and I got some tits in it. And there was like this whole PC contingent, this riot-grrrl contingent, that was there, and I was like "Oh, my God, one of these falsies is gonna pop out in front of one of these PC feminists."

**TUCKER:** In the mid-'70s women's songs were usually pretty sappy. Like, oh, God, what was that horrible song that was No. 1 by Whitney Houston? Oh, God, give me a break. I haven't listened to Hole or L7 or Babes in Toyland, and this is a bad thing to say, but from their pictures I assume they're not singing sappy songs.

**BJELLAND'S PERFUME:** Just oil stuff like frangipani.

### BORN ROBERTA JOAN ANDERSON

**HYNDE:** And what about Joni? Why is everybody forgetting about Joni? Hell, she's a fuckin' excellent guitar player, excellent. I don't know any guitar player, any of the real greats, who don't rate Joni Mitchell up there with the best of them. And I hope to God you talk to her and encourage her to do some shows. Because we want her. We want you, Joni. Get out there. Put down your paintbrush for five minutes, please.

**NDEGÉOCELLO:** It's just I'm tired of being, like, betted against one another. Like a woman in rock, a woman in music — I mean, Joni Mitchell is a hell of a guitar player, but she's not known for that, it's her sensitivity.

**AMOS:** Joni Mitchell. How great was she? What a great musician, and, you know, Zeppelin, all those guys listened to her. Jimmy Page told me. What an influence, what a musical genius she is.

**LOVE'S PERFUME:** Fracas.

### CHILD'S PLAY, WITHOUT CHUCKY

**NDEGÉOCELLO:** I was 15 when I started playing bass guitar — a friend of my brother's left it over at the house. I started fiddling with it, and it was love at first sight. Music was like "I walk, I talk, I breathe, I play music." And I don't talk very much. I just would hang in [Cont. on 81]

1980

**PAT BENATAR**  
Hits the FM airwaves with her best spandex shots.

**B-52'S**  
emerge with beehive hairdos and sexual democracy intact.



**SUZANNE VEGA**  
recalls Joni Mitchell with her "Luka."

1981

**STEVIE NICKS**  
stakes out her turf with "Edge of Seventeen (White Winged Dove)."

**THE GO-GO'S**  
"Our Lips Are Sealed" redefines the girl-group sound.



**SINÉAD O'CONNOR**  
asserts her right to be confused.

1981

**JOAN JETT**  
"I Love Rock & Roll" rules the jukebox just before the dawn of MTV.

**EXENE CIVENKA**  
merges punk and beat poetry on X's *Wild Gift*.



**TRACY CHAPMAN**  
echoes Joan Armatrading on "Fast Car."

1982

**JOAN ARMATRADING**  
updates the singer/songwriter tradition with her *Walk Under Ladders* LP.

**QUEEN LATIFAH**  
throws down *All Hail the Queen*.

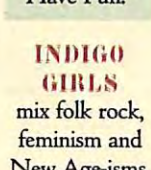
**NENEH CHERRY**  
adopts a "Buffalo Stance."



1984

**CYNDI LAUPER**  
ushers in the rock-video age with "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun."

**INDIGO GIRLS**  
mix folk rock, feminism and New Age-isms.



**SHONEN KNIFE**  
reinvent the wheel.

1984

**MADONNA**  
writhes in wedding dress while lip-synching "Like a Virgin" on the first MTV awards.



**BABES IN TOYLAND**  
riot-grrrl band signs with Warner Bros.

**BREEDERS**  
begin to multiply with *Pod*.

1984

**TINA TURNER**  
lives to inquire "What's Love Got to Do With It?"

**KIM GORDON**  
shouts down PE's Chuck D on "Kool Thing," from Sonic Youth's *CD Goo*.



1985

**KATE BUSH**  
"Running Up That Hill"

**ALISON MOYET**  
perfects the British pop-soul sound with her "Love Resurrection."

**L7**  
L.A. grunge group masters dumb-guy rock. Drops *Bricks Are Heavy*.

1992

1986

**BANGLES**  
hustle onto the charts with their timeless "Walk Like an Egyptian."

**SALT-N-PEPA**  
Hip-hop women talk it like they walk it on "Push It."



**COURTNEY LOVE AND HOLE**

1995

1987

1988

1988

1989

1989

1990

1990



# SKIP

the commitments

# GET

the music

Zinman: Górecki, Symphony No. 3 (Nonesuch) 00110

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Nine Inch Nails: Broken (Interscope) 00145 ‡

Neil Young: Harvest Moon (Reprise) 00208

Slouxsie And The Banshees: Twice Upon A Time-The Singles (Geffen) 00273

Erasure: Pop! The First 20 Hits (Reprise) 00328

John Lennon & Yoko Ono: Double Fantasy (Capitol) 00333

Silk: Lose Control (Keia/Elektra) 00353

Aladdin/Sdtrk. (Walt Disney) 00411

Sex Pistols: The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle (Warner Bros.) 00421 ‡

Genesis: We Can't Dance (Atlantic) 00423

Johnny Cash: Classic Cash (Mercury) 00595

Wreckx-N-Effect: Hard Or Smooth (MCA) 00627 ‡

Jackyl (Geffen) 00654 ‡

R.E.M.: Eponymous (I.R.S./MCA) 00701

Club MTV-Party To Go, Vol. 1 (Tommy Boy) 00754

Brooks & Dunn: Hard Workin' Man (Arista) 00857

Bon Jovi: Keep The Faith (Mercury) 00868

Madonna: Erotica (Sire/Maverick) 00879 ‡

Elvis Costello with The Brodsky Quartet: The Juliet Letters (Warner Bros.) 00885

Jethro Tull: Thick As A Brick (Chrysalis) 01023

The Cure: Disintegration (Fiction/Elektra) 01109

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Phish: Rift (Elektra) 01238

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Roxy Music: Avalon (Warner Bros.) 01246

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Shai: Right Back At Cha (Remix) (Gasoline Alley/MCA) 01610

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Jodeci: Diary Of A Mad Band (Uptown) 01615 ‡

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The Mighty Mighty Bosstones: Ska-Core The Devil And More (Mercury) 01842

The B-52's: Whammy! (Warner Bros.) 01853

Pat Benatar: Live From Earth (Chrysalis) 01857

David Bowie: Scary Monsters (Rykodisc) 01872

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## THE ESSENTIAL WHO

The Who was formed in 1964 when school mates Pete Townshend and John Entwistle joined with singer Roger Daltrey and drummer Keith Moon. From their first gigs in Britain's pubs, The Who roused audiences with high energy performances. By 1965, The Who had a string of popular singles that helped to establish Pete Townshend as a master guitarist and songwriter. The band made true rock 'n' roll history with "Tommy," in 1969.

The Who: Quadrophenia (MCA) 11107 ☆

The Who: Live At Leeds (MCA) 01253

The Who: Who Are You (MCA) 01255

The Who: Tommy (MCA) 03223

The Who: Who's Next (MCA) 70350

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790

Dwight Yoakam: This Time (Reprise) 01360

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Michael Franks: Dragonfly Summer (Reprise) 01427

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## THE ESSENTIAL EAGLES

Don Henley, Glenn Frey, Randy Meisner, and Bernie Leadon first came together in 1971 as part of Linda Ronstadt's backing group. Their 1972 hits, *Take It Easy* and *Witchy Woman*, gave the first taste of their polished brand of country-rock. They soon followed up with such top-charting albums as "Desperado," and the multi-platinum classic "Hotel California." 1994 marked their triumphant return to the concert stage.

The Eagles: Hotel California (Asylum) 30030

The Eagles: Desperado (Asylum) 00644

The Eagles: The Long Run (Elektra/Asylum) 00649

The Eagles: Grts. Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum) 23481

The Eagles: Grts. Hits, Vol. 2 (Asylum) 63318

The Eagles: Live (Elektra/Asylum) 00646 ☆





# SKIP

the hassles

# GET

the hits

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 Dokken: Back For The Attack (Elektra) 01918  
 Foreigner: Double Vision (Atlantic) 01938  
 Generation X: Perfect Hits (1975-1981) (Chrysalis) 01950  
 Golden Earring: The Continuing Story Of Radar Love (MCA) 01952  
 Jane's Addiction: Nothing's Shocking (Warner Bros.) 01967 #  
 Little Feat: Dixie Chicken (Warner Bros.) 01990  
 Little Feat: Sailin' Shoes (Warner Bros.) 01998  
 Don McLean: American Pie (EMI) 02005  
 The Steve Miller Band: The Joker (Capitol) 02019  
 Genesis: Live: The Way We Walk, Vol. 2 (Atlantic) 02034  
 Public Image Ltd.: The Greatest Hits, So Far (Virgin) 02041  
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 Ramones: All The Stuff (And More), Vol. 1 (Sire) 02045  
 The Replacements: Pleased To Meet Me (Sire) 02053  
 Rush: Grace Under Pressure (Mercury) 02057  
 Squeeze: Argybargy (A&M) 02070  
 The Very Best Of Talk Talk: Natural History (EMI) 02076

Ten Years After: A Space In Time (Chrysalis) 02082  
 Stevie Nicks: Bella Donna (Modern) 02148  
 Crowded House: Together Alone (Capitol) 02151  
 John Anderson: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (Warner Bros.) 02159  
 Joe Jackson: Night And Day (A&M) 02212  
 Joy Division: Substance (Qwest) 02222  
 Steel Pulse: Reggae Greats (Mango) 02278  
 The Best Of Joe Walsh (MCA) 02301  
 Big Star: #1 Record/Radio City (Stax) 02334  
 ZZ Top: Antenna (RCA) 02391  
 Alan Jackson: Who I Am (Arista) 34793  
 Ace Of Base: The Sign (Arista) 02354

Neal McCoy: No Doubt About It (Atlantic) 02395

John Michael Montgomery: Kickin' It Up (Atlantic Nashville) 02402  
 Hank Williams, Jr.: 14 Greatest Hits (Mercury) 02431

Mad About Mozart (DG) 02492  
 Shonen Knife: Rock Animals (Virgin) 02520

Yellowjackets: Run For Your Life (GRP) 02524  
 Elvis Costello: Brutal Youth (WarnerBros.) 02530

Opera's Greatest Moments (RCA Victor Red Seal) 02581

Grammy's Greatest Moments Vol. 1 (Atlantic) 02594

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The Cult: Love (Sire) 02651

John Hiatt: Bring The Family (A&M) 02668

Hüsker Dü: Warehouse-Songs And Stories (Warner Bros.) 02671

Love And Rockets: Earth Sun Moon (RCA) 02678

The Replacements: Tim (Sire) 02689

The Smiths: The Queen Is Dead (Sire) 02692

Soundgarden: Louder Than Love (A&M) 02698 #

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Enrico Caruso: Caruso In Love (RCA Victor Gold Seal) 02718

Phish: Hoist (Elektra) 02724

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Philip Bailey (Zoo) 02731

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The roots of the Grateful Dead lay in the 1960 meeting of Robert Hunter (later the Dead's lyricist) and Jerry Garcia. After joining with guitarist Bob Weir, bassist Phil Lesh, keyboardist Ron "Pigpen" McKernan and drummer Bill Kreutzmann, Garcia named the group Grateful Dead after a song about a pauper's funeral. The band soon became the premiere psychedelic group of the 60's Haight-Ashbury scene.

Best Of The Grateful Dead: Skeletons From The Closet (Warner Bros.) 83892  
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 Grateful Dead: Shakedown Street (Arista) 01640

Grateful Dead: In The Dark (Arista) 01642  
 Grateful Dead: American Beauty (Warner Bros.) 34539  
 Grateful Dead: Europe '72 (Warner Bros.) 53931 ☆

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The brainchild of Donald Fagen and Walter Becker, Steely Dan successfully fused rock and jazz into some of the most innovative albums of the '70s. The "band" basically consisted of the duo backed by various session players and guest artists, including Michael McDonald, David Sanborn, and Mark Knopfler. Their 1971 debut "Can't Buy A Thrill" spawned the Top 20 hits "Do It Again" and "Reelin' In The Years", setting the pace for a string of top-charting singles. In 1980 Steely Dan disbanded, reuniting in 1993.

Steely Dan: Aja (MCA) 00409  
 Steely Dan: Pretzel Logic (MCA) 00404  
 Steely Dan: Katy Lied (MCA) 00406

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(Novus) 02738

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**Anthrax:**  
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**Great White:** Sail Away  
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**Vince Gill:** When Love  
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**3rd Matinee:**  
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**Fabulous  
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(Chrysalis)  
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**Emerson, Lake &  
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**Paul Rodgers:** Muddy  
Waters Blues- A Tribute  
To Muddy Waters  
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(Polydor) 25249

**Jimi Hendrix Experience:**  
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(MCA) 25440

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Live MCMXCIII  
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**The Best Of The Georgia  
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**Don Henley:** The End  
Of The Innocence  
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**Best Of Devo-**  
Greatest Hits  
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(Chrysalis) 25357

**Air Supply:** Greatest Hits  
(Arista) 34424

**Allman Brothers Band:**  
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1979 (Polydor) 35031

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(Casablanca) 25149 ☆

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(A&M) 25246

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(Atlantic) 50248

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(Live At Red Rocks)  
(Island) 53598

**Damn Yankees:**  
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(Warner Bros.) 53663

**Melissa Etheridge:**  
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(Island) 35501

**The Mamas & Papas:**  
16 Of Their Greatest Hits  
(MCA) 80183

**Zapp & Roger:**  
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(Reprise) 80232

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**Rhythm, Country & Blues** (MCA) 02752  
**A Collection Of Alex Chilton: 19 Years** (Rhino) 02756  
**The Rodney Crowell Collection** (Warner Bros.) 02795

**Primus: Miscellaneous Debris** (Interscope) 03010  
**Frank Sinatra: Duets** (Capitol) 03039  
**Possum Dixon** (Interscope) 03045  
**Pam Tillis: Sweetheart's Dance** (Arista) 03050  
**Linda Davis: Shoot For The Moon** (Arista) 03051  
**Pat Metheny: Zero Tolerance For Silence** (DGC) 03052

**John Berry** (Liberty) 03095  
**Blackgirl: Treat U Right** (RCA) 03166  
**Repo Man/Sdtrk.** (MCA) 03169  
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**Sausage: Riddles Are Abound Tonight** (Interscope) 03208  
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**Frank Black: Teenager Of The Year** (Elektra) 03276  
**David Sanborn: Hearsay** (Elektra) 03279  
**Stuttering John** (Atlantic) 03287  
**SWV: The Remixes** (RCA) 03301  
**Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds: Let Love In** (Mute/Elektra) 03310

**The Groove Collective** (Reprise) 03319  
**The Jazzhole** (Bluemoon) 03329  
**Patti LaBelle: Gems** (MCA) 03338  
**Tracy Byrd: No Ordinary Man** (MCA) 03339  
**Primal Scream: Give Out But Don't Give Up** (Sire) 03361  
**Damion "Crazy Legs" Hall: Straight To The Point** (MCA) 03390  
**Beverly Hills Cop III/Sdtrk.** (MCA) 03396  
**The Flintstones: Music From Bedrock/Sdtrk.** (MCA) 03397  
**David Byrne** (Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.) 03414  
**Carpenters: The Singles 1969-1973** (A&M) 04393

**Pride & Glory** (Geffen) 05659  
**Blur: Parklife** (SBK) 05663  
**Dave Brubeck Quartet: Late Night Brubeck: Live At The Blue Note** (Telarc) 05665  
**Kim Hill: So Far So Good** (BNA) 05670  
**Ant Banks: The Big Badass** (Jive) 05790  
**David Ball: Thinkin' Problem** (Warner Bros.) 05791  
**Jane's Addiction: Ritual de lo Habitual** (Warner Bros.) 10020  
**Lyle Lovett: Joshua Judges Ruth** (MCA/Curb) 10508  
**Kathy Mattea: A Collection Of Hits** (Mercury) 10791  
**Vince Neil: Exposed** (Warner Bros.) 10893

**Bee Gees: Best Of The Bee Gees, Vol. 1** (Polydor) 15055  
**Nirvana: Nevermind** (Geffen) 15600  
**The Best Of Aretha Franklin** (Atlantic) 20078  
**Alabama: Greatest Hits** (RCA) 20247  
**Eurythmics: Greatest Hits** (Arista) 20611  
**ABBA: Gold-Greatest Hits** (Polydor) 20679  
**Violent Femmes: Add It Up (1981-1993)** (Reprise/Slash) 20680  
**AC/DC: Who Made Who-Greatest Hits** (Atlantic) 20774  
**Michael Crawford: A Touch Of Music In The Night** (Atlantic) 20917  
**The Very Best Of Connie Francis** (Polydor) 23434

## 1994 MTV VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS NOMINEES

**R.E.M.: Automatic For The People** (Warner Bros.) 00121  
**Toni Braxton** (La Face) 00420  
**Anthrax: Sound Of White Noise** (Elektra) 01517  
**US3: Hand On The Torch** (Blue Note) 02362  
**Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers: Greatest Hits** (MCA) 02390  
**Soundgarden: Superunknown** (A&M) 02515  
**Beck: Mellow Gold** (DGC) 02518  
**Green Day: Dookie** (Reprise) 02753  
**With Honors/Sdtrk.** (Sire/Maverick) 03163

**Nine Inch Nails: The Downward Spiral** (Interscope) 02767  
**Sheryl Crow: Tuesday Night Music Club** (A&M) 03061  
**Crystal Waters: Storyteller** (Mercury) 03263  
**Meat Puppets: Too High To Die** (London) 12069  
**Smashing Pumpkins: Siamese Dream** (Virgin) 15586  
**Aerosmith: Get A Grip** (Geffen) 20814  
**En Vogue: Runaway Love** (East West America) 20919  
**Tool: Undertow** (Zoo) 53661

**Bjork: Debut** (Elektra) 60021  
**R. Kelly: 12-Play** (Jive) 83815  
**Nirvana: In Utero** (Geffen) 90124  
**Dr. Dre: The Chronic** (Interscope) 01241  
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**Counting Crows: August And Everything After** (Geffen) 02409

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**Hammer: The Funky Headhunter** (Giant) 02509  
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**Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers: Hard Promises** (MCA) 02811  
**The Best Of Emmylou Harris: Profile** (Warner Bros.) 02832  
**Pavarotti: My Heart's Delight** (London) 02953  
**Dr. John: Television** (MCA/GRP) 02993

**Hole: Live Through This** (DGC) 03053  
**Elton John: Madman Across The Water** (Polydor) 03081  
**John Gorka: Out Of The Valley** (High Street) 03091  
**Lorrie Morgan: War Paint** (BNA) 03092

**Travis Tritt: Ten Feet Tall And Bulletproof** (Warner Bros.) 03244  
**Kathy Mattea: Walking Away A Winner** (Mercury) 03253  
**Roy Hargrove Quintet: With The Tenors Of Our Time** (Verve) 03273

## CLASSIC ROCK'S GREATEST HITS

**The Rascals' Greatest Hits: Time Peace** (Atlantic) 00357  
**James Brown: 20 All-Time Greatest Hits** (Polydor) 01342  
**Harry Nilsson: All-Time Greatest Hits** (RCA) 01630  
**The Best Of Canned Heat** (EMI) 01882  
**Best Of Dave Edmunds** (Swan Song) 02192  
**Allman Brothers Band: Hell & High Water-The Best Of The Arista Years** (Arista) 05781  
**Bryan Ferry/Roxy Music: Street Life - 20 Greatest Hits** (Reprise) 10490  
**Guess Who: Greatest Hits** (RCA) 34186  
**Bread: Anthology Of Bread** (Elektra) 63386  
**Alice Cooper: Greatest Hits** (Warner Bros.) 70296  
**Rod Stewart: The Mercury Anthology** (Mercury) 01161  
**Smokey Robinson: Anthology** (Motown) 02054  
**Diana Ross & The Supremes: Anthology** (Motown) 02055  
**Elvis Presley: The Top Ten Hits** (RCA) 43910

**The Very Best Of Cream: Strange Brew** (Polydor) 00468  
**Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing** (Warner Bros.) 00713  
**Fleetwood Mac: Greatest Hits** (Warner Bros.) 00796  
**Buffalo Springfield: Retrospective** (ATCO) 00844  
**The Best Of The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista) 00877  
**Lynyrd Skynyrd: Skynyrd's Inneryds** (MCA) 01150  
**Creedence Clearwater Revival: Chronicle: 20 Greatest Hits** (Fantasy) 01520  
**The Best Of Lou Reed: Walk On The Wild Side** (RCA) 02270  
**Roy Orbison: In Dreams-The Greatest Hits** (Virgin) 02888  
**Elton John: Greatest Hits** (Polydor) 03077  
**Elton John: Greatest Hits: Volume Two** (Polydor) 03078  
**Peter Dinklage: Shaking The Tree-16 Golden Greats** (Geffen) 11089  
**Styx: Classics (14 Greatest Hits)** (A&M) 14822

**Paul Simon: Negotiations And Love Songs 1971-86** (Warner Bros.) 20461  
**Eric Clapton: Timepieces-Greatest Hits** (Polydor) 23385  
**James Taylor: Greatest Hits** (Reprise) 23790  
**The Best Of The Beach Boys** (Capitol) 23946  
**The Steve Miller Band: Greatest Hits 1974-1978** (Capitol) 33199  
**Steve Winwood: Chronicles** (Island) 34501  
**Squeeze: Singles 45's & Under** (A&M) 35208  
**The Best Of .38 Special: Flashback** (A&M) 42864  
**David Bowie: Changesbowie** (Rykodisc) 43693  
**The Best Of The Doobie Brothers** (Warner Bros.) 43738  
**The Very Best Of The Righteous Bros.: Unchained Melody** (Verve) 44658  
**Bob Marley: Legend** (Island) 53521  
**Marvin Gaye: 15 Greatest Hits** (Motown) 53534  
**The Cars: Greatest Hits** (Elektra) 53702  
**Chicago: Greatest Hits 1982-1989** (Reprise) 63363

**Jimi Hendrix: The Ultimate Experience** (MCA) 01527  
**Parliament: Greatest Hits (The Bomb)** (Casablanca) 54237  
**Jethro Tull: Original Masters** (Chrysalis) 63846  
**Elvis Presley: The Number One Hits** (RCA) 72190  
**The John Lennon Collection** (Capitol) 73627  
**The Police: Every Breath You Take-The Singles** (A&M) 73924  
**Bill Haley & The Comets: From The Original Master Tapes** (MCA) 83879  
**Talking Heads: Popular Favorites 1976-1992-Sand In The Vaseline** (Warner Bros./Sire) 01414  
**Rush: Chronicles** (Mercury) 09829  
**Chuck Berry: The Great 28** (Chess) 64137

**Lush: Split** (Reprise/4AD) 04836  
**Bob Mintzer/Michael Brecker: Twin Tenors** (Novus) 04839  
**The Best Of Woodstock** (Atlantic) 04908  
**Marvin Gaye: What's Going On** (Motown) 04913  
**BLACKstreet** (Interscope) 04922  
**Boingo** (Giant) 04934  
**Boney James: Backbone** (Warner Bros.) 04935  
**Billy Dean: Men'll Be Boys** (Liberty) 04937  
**Hüsker Dü: The Living End** (Warner Bros.) 04940  
**Yes: Talk** (Victory) 04949  
**Pet Shop Boys: Discography-The Complete Singles Collection** (EMI) 05605  
**Soundgarden: Badmotorfinger** (A&M) 05637  
**Live: Mental Jewelry** (Radioactive/MCA) 05651

**Boyz II Men: Cooleyhighharmony** (Motown) 10930  
**The Best Of Stevie Nicks: Timespace** (Modern) 10940  
**Best Of Miles Davis-The Capitol/Blue Note Years** (Blue Note) 11000  
**Megadeth: Rust In Peace** (Capitol) 11053  
**The Best Of K.C. & The Sunshine Band** (Rhino) 11054  
**David Sanborn: Upfront** (Elektra) 11104  
**Red Hot Chili Peppers: Blood Sugar Sex Magik** (Warner Bros.) 11127  
**Donald Fagen: Reprise** 11330  
**Daryl Hall & John Oates: Rock 'N Soul, Part 1** (RCA) 13313  
**Deep Purple: Machine Head** (Warner Bros.) 13813  
**INXS: Listen Like Thieves** (Atlantic) 14468  
**Tom Jones: The Complete Tom Jones** (Deram) 14851  
**Inner Circle: Bad Boys** (Big Beat/Atlantic) 14867

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**F**EAR WAS OUR MOTIVATION for starting Rock for Choice," says L7 bassist Jennifer Finch, who along with her band mates founded Rock for Choice in 1991 in support of safe and legal abortion. "Just picking up the newspaper every day and reading about another piece of pro-choice legislation being put on the Republican chopping block was enough."

Anti-abortion sentiments by the Reagan-Bush administrations and their appointments of like-minded Supreme Court justices consistently chipped away at Roe vs. Wade, the 1973 Supreme Court decision making abortion legal. By 1991 legal abortion seemed one vote away from oblivion. It was the last straw for the Los Angeles punk band. The quar-



shit. That's not gonna work.' We suggested some friends we toured with before called Nirvana."

The first Rock for Choice show was in Los Angeles in October 1991 and featured Nirvana, Hole, L7 and Sister Double Happiness. It sold out the Palace, a 1,200-capacity venue, raising \$15,000. Judging from the number of signed petitions, it also proved more effective in reaching young people than a political rally would. "It used to bum me out as a kid when I would go to peace or ERA rallies with my mother, and there would be people singing, 'Kum Ba Yah, my sister, Kum Ba Yah,'" says Sparks. "It was so unmotivating. So we decided that we just had to rock the house. That was a good way to get more people to

album and an on-line bulletin board.

"The coolest part of Rock for Choice is we have satellite organizers who have their own subcultural offices," says current Rock for Choice organizer duVergne Gaines, who took the reins from L7 in 1992 and now runs the Los Angeles organization with partner Michel Cierco. "It's very grass roots. It makes the project infinitely more broad. People now do it themselves. Some even have their own fanzines dedicated to Rock for Choice."

While all this increased participation — on top of the actions of our first openly pro-choice president — has helped strengthen the pro-choice cause, it has also generated a deadly

# BAND

tet decided to mobilize the underground rock community by putting on shows that would benefit abortion rights and highlight pro-choice activism.

Though driven, L7 were clueless about how to organize it all until a friend hooked the band up with the Feminist Majority and its foundation. It was a perfect match, considering the Feminist Majority had been garnering support for abortion rights since 1989 but never in the form of a benefit-rock concert, and L7 had been doing benefit shows for about as long but

get involved, and if they didn't want to get involved, at least we had their money."

Rock for Choice has raised about \$150,000 for the Feminist Majority and its foundation. A good deal of that money goes toward clinic defense — including the purchase of bulletproof vests and surveillance equipment — and now proves invaluable, considering that radical anti-abortionists have murdered two clinic doctors and an escort over the past 18 months. Another chunk of Rock for Choice's funds goes toward the Becky Bell/Rosie Jimenez Campaign, which fights such repressive laws as parental-consent legislation and the Hyde Amendment. Consent laws require women under 18 to get permission from parents to have an abortion, while the Hyde Amendment blocks federal funding for women who can't afford an abortion on their own.

To date, Rock for Choice has spawned more than 50 shows, sent more than 15,000 pro-choice petitions to the White House and congressional leadership and registered 2,500 new voters. Artists now come out of the woodwork to play Rock for Choice shows: Pearl Jam, Joan Jett, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Salt-n-Pepa, Iggy Pop, David Byrne and Bikini Kill are a few of the dozens who've already participated.

Singer Selene Vigil, whose band 7 Year Bitch played a Rock for Choice show, says, "We all strongly believe in choice being the woman's choice, not the government's." Elizabeth Davis, 7 Year's bassist, agrees: "I think the shows demonstrate the strength we have in

numbers and our refusal to be quiet and passive when it comes to our rights over our bodies."

L7 now oversee Rock for Choice from a distance, letting the Feminist Majority work the day-to-day administration and concert planning. Fans also carry the flame by putting on their own local Rock for Choice shows, while the organization provides guidance, petitions and pamphlets. Future plans include a compilation

kickback from members of extremist groups like Defense Action and Rescue America. The recent double murder of James Barrett and Dr. John Bayard Britton by a pro-life zealot outside a clinic in Pensacola, Fla., as well as last year's murder of Dr. David Gunn prove that the work of pro-choice organizations is far from over.

Extremist groups often will use religion as a tool to recruit members; a Catholic priest in Alabama publicly broadcast his theory that killing abortion-clinic doctors is morally justifiable. "The level of terror surrounding women's clinics in this country now is unparalleled," says Gaines. "Who would have ever guessed that doctors and clinic workers would need federal marshals? We're trying to stem the tide of violence, and our job has only just begun."



DAVID GUNN JR. (CENTER), SON OF SLAIN CLINIC DOCTOR, BACKSTAGE WITH L7 AT A ROCK FOR CHOICE SHOW IN L.A. THIS YEAR

never for reproductive freedom.

"We were always asked to do benefits," recalls L7 guitarist Donita Sparks, "but there were none to defend abortion rights. Other musicians were also sickened by the right wing's abortion stance but didn't know what to do. We finally hooked up with the Feminist Majority. They were into it but didn't know jack shit about the music industry. They threw out names like Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt. Jennifer and I were just like 'Oh,



7 YEAR BITCH'S VIGIL AT A 1993 L.A. BENEFIT

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"WHEN I WAS A SECRETARY, DID I EVER THINK I WAS going to become chairman of a major record label?" says Sylvia Rhone, the chairman and CEO of the recently linked Elektra Entertainment and EastWest Records. "I would say the answer would have to be no." Like most successful women in the pop-music industry, Rhone, 42, started off answering phones and watching men climb the corporate ladder to success. Twenty years later, unlike most women, Rhone heads a corporate sphere that boasts nearly 200 acts and annual revenues estimated to be in the hundreds of millions.

Between the polar positions of secretary and CEO, women are working their way up the ranks of the music industry, breaking away from the terminal job of assistant and taking positions of responsibility previously reserved for men. Women can now be found signing new talent as A&R representatives, hiring and firing as vice presidents and boosting radio play as promotions people. But while considerable progress has been made during the past two decades, Rhone is still a rarity in the music business, where women fill only 3 percent of the senior positions available.

As of last year, only 25 percent of vice-president and department-head positions were held by women, yet when compared with the rest of the corporate world, the music industry is actually six to eight times more likely to elevate women to this level. But as women gain higher positions in the industry, the money is slower to catch up. According to the most recent figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, women in the entertainment industry make roughly 74 percent of what similarly employed men make. That isn't much better than the national average, which indicates that women earn 71 cents to a man's every dollar.

With those kinds of numbers, victories have been bittersweet. While celebration would seem in order for a promotion like Rhone's, it also illustrates how hard women have had to push for such major advancements to become more than just cork-popping, isolated incidents.

"A glass ceiling definitely still exists, but I think it's being shattered every day," says Rhone, a Harlem, N.Y., native who grew up listening to the music of Aretha Franklin and Marvin Gaye. As chairman and chief executive of EastWest, Rhone was largely responsible for the breakthrough of En Vogue and Pantera, as well as Snow and Das EFX, acts whose success nearly doubled the company's annual revenue. "Those of us as minorities who break through the glass ceiling do get some scratches along the way," she says. "But I think there is definitely social change and headway being made. Some companies may hold out for a time, maintaining that archaic view of women as unsuitable executive material, but those old philosophies are changing drastically."

Such changes haven't come easy. Many women who entered the business in the '70s, including Warner Bros.



East Coast A&R vice president Karin Berg, a former ROLLING STONE writer who has brought bands like the B-52's and New Order to the label, remember when there was literally one other A&R woman and only a handful of female execs to take cues from. "Women just did publicity, and that's pretty much all they did," Berg says. "It was very unusual to find a woman as the head of a department."

Since then, cracking the exclusive mind-set and slanted policies of the record business' good-ol'-boys club has been a constant struggle. Virginia native Polly Anthony, 40, also started out as a secretary back in 1978 and is now general manager of the Sony 550 Music label. Artists she oversees at the year-old label include Celine Dion, Social Distortion and the The. "I think every woman who is successful in this business had to work a lot harder than men," Anthony says. "I

think we've had to be patient, to turn the other cheek; we've had to prove ourselves time and time again. I think we've had to be incredibly tenacious."

Jenny Price, a 26-year-old Atlantic Records A&R rep, may represent a new generation of women entering the business, but her story isn't much different. "I've walked into meetings of all men where they acted like I wasn't even in the room," she says. "There was no conversation started with me; I didn't exist. So I had to step in and push extra hard to make way for myself, because there was nothing they were going to offer me as part of their group. It's just something I had to do."

Nancy Jeffries, one of pop's first A&R women, fell into the business end of rock almost accidentally when she took a job as a temp secretary at RCA in 1974. Jeffries, who had sung in the '60s psychedelic art band



A REPORT ON HOW WOMEN ARE FARING IN THE MUSIC INDUSTRY BY LORRAINE ALI



# "FEMININITY IN THIS BUSINESS IS SEEN AS A WEAKNESS," SAYS JENNY PRICE.

Insect Trust, would eventually end up discovering Evelyn "Champagne" King, Suzanne Vega and Lenny Kravitz. But regardless of her obvious talent, the New York native had to continually orchestrate her own plan of affirmative action in order to obtain well-deserved promotions or pay raises. Her MO: She would simply quit, only to be rehired with her demands met. "It seemed whenever I got a title anywhere, all the guys immediately had to have that title," says Jeffries, who is now senior VP of A&R at Elektra Records. "They would go crazy, pitch fits. It took over 10 years for the money to catch up, when I felt I was making the same amount as the guys."

Other women have taken greater steps to counter the injustices they have come up against in the industry. In November 1991, one month after Anita Hill testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee about Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas, Penny Muck filed a landmark sexual-harassment suit against Geffen Records. The 28-year-old secretary claimed her boss, Marko Babineau, then the general manager of Geffen's DGC label, had repeatedly harassed her, even to the point of masturbating on her desk. Muck also charged that previous complaints regarding Babineau made by fellow female staffers to Geffen execs had been overlooked. A year later, the case was settled for a reported \$500,000. Released from his job at Geffen, Babineau went on to work for another major label.

Bypassing the corporate structure of rock altogether, many women have started companies of their own. "I feel less compromised," says Rosemary Carroll, co-founder of the law firm Codikow, Carroll and Regis. The 38-year-old, who negotiates record deals, has represented some of rock's most talented and turbulent personalities, from Courtney Love and Hole to Kurt Cobain and Nirvana. Carroll, whose former husband is the punk poet Jim Carroll, worked as a music lawyer at Tri-Star Pictures before going off on her own in 1989. "The more I got into the business," she says, "the more I saw the odds were stacked against me, the more ambitious I got — if only just to show I could do it."

More and more women are going the route of Carroll and living off their own music-related businesses — from record labels to management and publicity firms. Most agree it's a more direct way to obtain their goals without the barriers or waiting periods created by sexist corporate policies. Lisa Fancher signed early L.A. punk bands like Circle Jerks and Suicidal Tendencies to her Frontier Records. Susan Silver manages Soundgarden and Alice in Chains through her Seattle company. Susan Blond, who says she became the first female VP at CBS Records in 1979, has been running her own publicity firm since 1987, representing artists like Janet Jackson and Pet Shop Boys. Sioux Zimmerman heads the street-level Formula A.D., an independent artist-development and public-relations company that launched Nine Inch Nails.

Women new to the business like Price seem less optimistic about the current climate than women who have already achieved higher management positions. Price went from working in a record store to eventually assisting label kingpin Irving Azoff before becoming an A&R rep. Newcomers like her are moving up the ranks faster but still feel women are not being promoted as

quickly as men. "A few years back I felt really disconcerted with the industry," Price says. "Seeing guys getting jobs out of nowhere and seeing myself and other women struggling as assistants was frustrating. That's not over; I still know women who are getting slighted."

Bryn Bridenthal, a 48-year-old VP of media and artist relations at Geffen Records, sees it differently. "There was a time when I looked around, and it seemed the women who weren't getting what they wanted were citing discrimination, but in truth, they weren't focused or working hard enough," says Bridenthal, who specializes in "difficult personalities and disaster," recently fielding the media's endless questions about Axl Rose's legal problems, Courtney Love's state of mind and the suicide of Kurt Cobain.



"The record business is survival of the fittest. If you're going to wait around for someone to serve something up on a platter for you, you're gonna go hungry, because there are way too many people like me who will do anything to get what they want."

Competition in any corporate situation is fierce, and with high-level positions for women still limited, women are often thrown into a heavy-duty dog-eat-dog environment. The question is, are women helping women in their wake or leaving them safely behind? "I think women were raised to compete against each other," says Anthony. "I think men were raised to play on teams together and have a healthy camaraderie and rivalry. We were raised with a different set of values when it came to relating to one another as young women. Some of the strongest bonds in the world exist between two women, but there also needs to be a constant reminder to extend a hand out." Rhone never questioned the camaraderie between her and her female associates. "Those of us who took on roles of increasing responsibility knew we had a lot to prove," she says. "I always saw us as real trailblazers. We were linked to each other. If one of us failed, we all failed."

Publicity departments have long been referred to as the female ghetto of record companies, where a woman's career comes to a no-future halt. Bridenthal says that that is a misconception the record industry used to discredit the hard work of the female-dominated sector. When she founded the publicity department at Geffen in 1987 — 10 years after she entered the record business

— Bridenthal sought to bust that "girly job" myth by infiltrating the record business with what she terms her kind of women. "What I meant by that was women who worked longer, harder, smarter and put work before anything else," she says, "who aren't here to get laid or get married but had what are traditionally thought of as more masculine goals."

The very need to assimilate to a man's frame of mind bothered Carroll, who once worked overtime in the masculinity department to counter being "blond" and "married to a rock star." "One thing I remember was that older male executives would treat me condescendingly, as if I were a glorified groupie," says Carroll. "That really surprised me. I went to Stanford Law School, I jumped through all the right hoops to be taken seriously. So to all of a sudden not be taken seriously surprised me. I went through a period of wearing those dumb pinstriped suits and putting my hair up in a bun, hoping that if I wore the right costume, people would let me play the role. Gradually they did, and I felt less pressured to play that role."

"I'm just starting to learn how to deal with men as an executive rather than as an assistant, and it's hard," says Price, who still finds her feminine side a risk. "Unfortunately the answer is sometimes not to act like a female, because femininity in this business is seen as a weakness."

Though femininity is often treated as counterproductive to good business, sometimes it also proves to be an asset in a world that's been male dominated since music was first pressed on vinyl. "It's less threatening to have a woman dealing with your creative aspects," says Jeffries. "It's much less confrontational and more cooperative. Women listen more. Men are more aggressive — more me, me, me."

Since the indie scene — a network of do-it-yourself record labels — was spawned by punk's rejection of traditional values, it has proved more accepting of women as decision makers and leaders and boasts more women starting their own labels and holding positions of responsibility. Female-fronted labels such as Simple Machines, in Virginia, Thrill Jockey, in Chicago, Candy-Ass, in Portland, Ore., Chainsaw, in Olympia, Wash., and Skinny Girl, in Minneapolis, indicate that the indie ethos is for real.

Candice Pedersen started out as an intern at the independent label K Records, in Olympia, seven years ago and is now co-owner. "When I talk to indie labels, I'm always speaking to women who make decisions, but at majors, the women I speak to are usually publicists or sales people," says the 28-year-old, who works with the bands Mecca Normal and Halo Benders. "One of the reasons the indie scene exists is because people don't want to follow the rules. One of the ways you don't follow the rules is to choose the best person to work for you and not base the decision on preconceived ideas of which gender knows more about rock. Or, as women, you start up your own company."

A lot of ground has been broken by women in the music industry over the past 20 years, but the toughest advances have yet to come across the board. "To really judge our progress, we should look at where we are in five or 10 years," says Anthony. "The commitments are being made, women are being promoted and recognized, but let's see how many company presidents or people in truly senior management positions there are by then. The promise is there. Let's see how wisely we all play it out."

LORRAINE ALI lives in Los Angeles and is a frequent contributor to the "Los Angeles Times" and ROLLING STONE.



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**KIM GORDON OF SONIC YOUTH**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARC HOM





**T**HEY STARTED MOVING INTO POSITION around 1 p.m. on a chilly April day. The low clouds were threatening. The models were cranky. The walkie-talkies cracked. Several blocks away from their headquarters on Wooster Street, in New York's SoHo, their spies – along with the most powerful people in style and pop culture – were exiting the Marc Jacobs show and heading their way. As the biggest names in fashion wandered toward Wooster, the X-Girl fashion guerrillas sprang into action.

To the strains of Bikini Kill on the beatbox, MTV's *House of Style* cameras began rolling. The X-Girl show's master of ceremonies, Donovan Leitch Jr., started barking through a megaphone from a windowsill, and the front line of photographers let loose their motor drives while unlikely models paraded down the impromptu runway. Victory! The fashion industry had been hijacked.

"We thought it was sort of appropriate just to do it in the street," says Kim Gordon, the bassist for Sonic Youth and a co-designer of X-Girl clothes. "The show was meant to be playful. We don't take ourselves seriously as designers." Gordon, of course, was one of the architects for the day's event.

IF YOU HYPE IT, THEY WILL COME. AND THEY DID. Linda Evangelista, Kyle MacLachlan and photographer Steven Meisel stopped to check out the action, as did Juliana Hatfield and artist William Wegman, with one of his Weimaraners in tow. A host of Gordon's friends showed up as well: Beastie Boy Ad-Rock and his wife, Ione Skye; Zoe Cassavetes and Francis Ford Coppola (His daughter, Sophia, summed it up like this: "You, too, can do a fashion show").

No Naomi, no Cindy, no Vendela on the sidewalk runway, and none of the usual three- and four-digit price tags. No stretch limos for the models – they were brought to the show in a U-Haul cargo truck with no seats. No elitist front-row seats where the front-row types get champagne (unless you count the champagne sprayed on them from the runway at the end of the show after the models had earlier given them the finger). The models, such as Pumpkin Wentzel, a member of the indie-label band Guv'ner, tended more toward alterna-types. And the clothes tended more toward the retrocasual: simple, straight dresses ("You can be Jackie O – like '62 – or if you wear it tighter, it could be like *Charlie's Angels*," says co-designer Daisy von Furth) as well as ringer shirts "like the T-shirts you

wore to gym class in seventh grade," says Von Furth. Everything in X-Girl's line is cheap: \$60 and under.

Offstage, Gordon is a surprisingly subdued version of a riot grrrl, wearing a floral-print maternity dress and tennis shoes, sipping iced coffee. Maybe it's because her baby is due in about two weeks (Gordon is married to Sonic Youth guitarist and vocalist Thurston Moore). Much of her conversation is about childbirth and its repercussions. ("Are my breasts going to get really big?" she asks anyone who will listen.)

Gordon and Von Furth met a couple of years ago. Both women had developed an eye for style by haunting thrift stores. Each has a detailed story about how they were both wearing flared cords from second-hand-clothing stores five years ago. And now, they sigh, everybody's wearing them. "I'd go to thrift stores a lot when Sonic Youth were on tour, but now I'm kind of burned out on that," Gordon says. "Now everyone shops in thrift stores. ... It's harder and harder to find new challenges and stuff, so I was happy to start doing our own clothes."

X-Girl was born last year when Gordon and Von Furth's friends at Los Angeles' X-Large store – including Beastie Boy Mike D, who's part owner – decided they could use a women's line. "They thought Daisy and I would be a good bet because we're constantly shopping and talking about shopping," says Gordon. Are her band mates in Sonic Youth interested in fashion? "No," she says. "Not at all. They're just boys. They're not into fashion at all."

With X-Girl's first season under its belt – and Gordon getting set for a Sonic Youth tour after having released *Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star* earlier this year (and having given birth to Coco Hayley Gordon Moore on July 1) – X-Girl is now looking for a store and an office. "One of the things that will be cool when we have our own store is that we can have an office and, like, do it up right," says Von Furth, who, in her apartment, keeps track of the company's daily paperwork. "I just got a binder," Von Furth says with pride in her voice.

Although there's already an X-Girl annex to the X-Large store in L.A., Gordon and Von Furth are still looking for a location in New York. "We're thinking about making an X-Girl mobile home that goes around the city," says Gordon. "We could park places like Prince Street, in SoHo, where the rent is too unaffordable. I like that idea a lot."

**PAGE 60: DAISY VON FURTH IN HER NEW YORK APARTMENT. BLUE COTTON SHIRT, \$54, BLUE COTTON SKIRT, \$24, AND WHITE TENNIS HAT, \$12, ALL BY X-GIRL. PAGE 61: KIM GORDON IN BED AT VON FURTH'S. WHITE COTTON T-SHIRT BY X-GIRL. THIS PAGE: GORDON IN MANHATTAN. X-GIRL CLOTHING AT X-GIRL, LOS ANGELES, AND X-LARGE STORES NATIONWIDE. HAIR BY SERGE NORMANT. MAKEUP BY BRIGITTE REISS-ANDERSEN FOR JACQUES DESSANGE. FASHION ASSOCIATE: VICKY MCGARRY.**



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PHOTOGRAPH BY DANA LIXENBERG



LEFT: AMANDA'S MOTHER,  
LINDA, AND STEPFATHER,  
STEVE, OUTSIDE THEIR  
SICKLERVILLE, N.J., HOME.  
BELOW: AMANDA AS A  
CHEERLEADER, FALL '91.

—  
*This fall the four Wenner Media  
magazines — ROLLING STONE, "Us,"  
"Men's Journal" and "Family Life" —  
will publish stories focusing on handgun  
violence. "A Boy and His Gun" is our  
contribution to this important series.*

ON THE MORNING OF OCT. 21, 1993, Kathy Kalobius got a call from her son's high school. A few days earlier she'd been asked to pick up Ernie because he had been in a fight. But this call was different. "Your son's life has been threatened," the vice principal said. "Please come and get him." ■ Her first reaction was incredulity. This wasn't New York City. It was the town of Sicklerville, a middle-class suburb of Camden, N.J. Overbrook Regional Senior High wasn't a crumbling inner-city school with metal detectors; it was a typically suburban school in a neighborhood of leafy streets, manicured lawns and tidy homes. There had to be a mistake. ■ Then her son got on

# A BOY AND HIS GUN

BY JOHN COLAPINTO



the line. "It's a matter of life and death, Mom," he told her. "You've got to come and get me." ■ Kathy got in her new Saturn and drove the four miles to school. "We've got to sneak out the back," Ernie insisted when she collected him from the office. She could tell he was serious. And so together, mother and son fled through the school's back exit. ■ Driving home, Kathy fumed over the school's seeming nonchalance about the incident. She hadn't even been able to talk to the vice principal — she'd been told that he'd gone to lunch. Kathy vowed immediately to pull her son from Overbrook, to place him in a private school. ■ She never got the chance. Just three days later, Ernie Kalobius became a statistic, his life forever linked to the mounting toll of deaths resulting from the lethal attraction of juveniles to handguns. The victim, however, was neither Ernie nor the boy who had allegedly threatened him. It was Amanda Grenier, a popular 13-

## AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY



# ERNIE WAS INSECURE, STATUS HUNGRY, SUBJECT TO PEER PRESSURE.

year-old Sicklerville girl whom Ernie shot to death while he was showing off his freshly purchased .38-caliber revolver.

**L**T. BARRY WRIGHT IS A VETERAN OF THE Winslow Township Police Department, a jurisdiction that covers 58 square miles and includes a scattering of communities set amid the cornfields of southern New Jersey. Sicklerville is just one of the area's many suburban centers peopled by families who have fled the rising crime of the nearby cities of Camden and Philadelphia. Wright grew up in Winslow Township and has been a cop there for 21 years. He has seen some changes.

"Back when I started in law enforcement, you never saw kids with guns," Wright says. "A gun bust was a big deal. Today it's a normal, regular way of life." So much so that Wright has been given a special assignment to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the federal agency that polices guns. He says that firearms obey no racial, economic or social boundaries. He has tracked guns to kids from the area's wealthiest, whitest communities — including, last summer, the Uzi submachine gun illegally purchased in Kentucky by a teen-ager from Medford, N.J. That weapon, after changing hands several times, was eventually used in June in the double slaying in a Winslow Township restaurant of Nicole Leps and Patrolman Daniel J. Calabrese Jr. "It's bravado now for kids," Wright says. "They used to know what kind of baseball glove was cool to have. Now they know what a TEC-9 is; TEC-11; Uzis."

According to Edward Borden Jr., the Camden County prosecutor whose office tried Ernie Kalobius, youth fascination with handguns goes beyond talk. "In every middle to large high school across this country, city or suburb, rich or poor, you will find, on any given day, guns," he says. "They're cheap and readily available. It's an epidemic, and it's increasing exponentially." Still, Borden resists the idea that guns are finding their way into the hands of "good" kids. "I cling to this optimistic view that when a juvenile buys a gun, he or she is, by definition, crossing a line."

But that line is becoming thinner and thinner — as Ernie Kalobius' story shows. Because until the day he shot Amanda Grenier, no one would have mistaken Ernie for anything but an insecure boy hungry for status, a boy susceptible to peer pressure, a boy determined to do what it took to hang with the cool crowd.

In short, a high-school kid.

**H**E WAS BORN AUG. 9, 1978, IN BUFFALO, N.Y., the second of two children of his autoworker father, Ernie Sr., and his saleswoman mother, Kathy. In the mid-1980s, Ernie's dad took a job at GM in Philadelphia, and the family moved to nearby New Jersey, settling in Sicklerville's Avandale West, one of the suburb's nicer developments. Although both parents worked full time, they had made the effort to stagger their work shifts so that one of them was always around to help the kids with their homework or toss the football or just to talk. This extra parental attention seemed to have paid off. Ernie's sister

JOHN COLAPINTO, a regular *RS* contributor, is at work on a piece about the mysterious death of a drug informer.

Christine was an A student, and Ernie, though a little immature for his age, was popular and shaping up to be a remarkable athlete. He was already known countywide for leading the Winslow Redskins to a recent football championship. Ernie, who played quarterback, had a shot at one day playing pro ball, many thought, or at the least nailing a college scholarship. But then, in the fall of 1993, in his freshman year of high school at Overbrook, all that changed.

Lisa Bramble had been Ernie's best friend since they were in fifth grade. She says he began changing when he started hanging with the wrong crowd: "Older kids. Seniors. When he dumped me, he said, 'I'm hanging with the big boys now.' He was proud of that. He'd walk down the halls, checking who was looking."

The leader of Ernie's new clique was Joe Pacheco, a 17-year-old 11th-grader with that most coveted of high-school assets: a reputation. Though quick-witted and charismatic, Joe was, in his own words, a "little troublemaker."



UNTIL '95, THE GRENIER SISTERS' GARAGE KNEW ONLY HAPPY TIMES.

Attending school when he felt like it (which was not often; he had repeated 10th grade and would go on to repeat 11th), Joe would extend his troublemaking beyond truancy. Repeated criminal-mischief charges and a joy-riding episode had resulted in four years of probation. An incident in which he hit a police officer resulted in a stretch in Camden County Youth Detention Center.

Academic achievement and gridiron renown were not exactly symbols of high status with the big boys. They were down with rap, weed, girls. Fifteen-year-old Ernie, skinny and sandy-haired, with braces on his teeth, hardly cut the figure of a gangsta — despite his new earring, his pager and the baggy jeans accorded around his ankles. But Ernie, who had started some nickel-and-dime weed peddling, had noticed that as long as he was generous with his cash and stash, his new crowd let him hang — even though many in the group found him a pest, yapping around their heels like an overeager dog.

Almost immediately, school, sports, family — everything — took a back seat to Ernie's infatuation with his new friends. They'd drive down to Clayton and hang out; haunt the clothing stores at the mall; or just chill and get high at someone's house while listening to the new CD that had become the soundtrack to their lives: Cypress Hill's *Black Sunday*, with its ominous paeans to "gats" and "Glocks" and its haunting opening number, which might have been the group's theme song, the cannabis-weary

voices endlessly warbling over a skewed rap shuffle:

"I wanna get h-i-i-i-igh. . . ."

"Soooo h-i-i-i-igh. . . ."

**I**T WAS IN LATE SEPTEMBER WHEN ERNIE'S always-tenuous membership in the in crowd expired. Rumors were rife that he'd had the nerve to put the moves on Joe Pacheco's girlfriend, 15-year-old Nikki Dorrego. "Ernie had been in love with me since junior high," says Nikki. "He came to my house and started telling me things about Joe [and other girls]." Further inflaming the situation was a marijuana deal that Joe says he witnessed, in which Ernie had short-changed some of the older boy's friends.

"I told him I was going to hurt him," Joe says. Joe was backed by his younger brother, John, 15. Like Joe, John had done a stretch at the county youth detention center and would soon do a stint in a drug-rehab center. "My little brother is bigger than I am," Joe says. "He's very smart, but he has a short attention span, a short temper and a chip on his shoulder. He'll fight anybody, any time, anywhere because of anything. Ernie got scared. Really scared."

Evidently. Because it was at this point that Ernie made the kind of decision that would make perfect sense to a frightened, immature 15-year-old.

On a crisp evening in early October, Ernie paid a visit to Joe's place. He did not go alone. With him was another teen-ager and a man named Ty, a rather mysterious figure who had not attended Overbrook and so was unknown to most of the township kids — except as the well-heeled guy who drove a red Nissan Sentra with black-tinted windows and who had become Ernie's supplier.

It was around 9 when Ernie and his associates pulled up in front of the Pachecos' place. Joe, his brother, John, a friend and the Pachecos' father appeared on the front lawn to confront the posse.

In earlier times a rumble might then have ensued. But as Deborah Prothrow-Stith points out in *Deadly Consequences*, her 1991 study of teen violence, guns have "rewritten the script." And not just in the poverty-riddled inner cities of Prothrow-Stith's study. For what occurred on the Pachecos' suburban front lawn was a scene straight out of Compton, Calif.

"Ty was popping a whole bunch of shit — he was saying, 'Leave Ernie alone, I'm warning you,'" Joe recalls. Joe did not back down. That's when the third crew member bounded from the car. "He placed a sawed-off shotgun against my chest," Joe says. "Ernie didn't say anything. He was leaning against the car, looking at me like a little badass."

"Don't fuck with Ernie ever again," Ty said. Whereupon Ernie and his enforcers hopped into the car and took off into the night.

**N**EWSPHOTOS OF ERNIE'S SHOTGUN ESCAPE WERE all over Overbrook Senior High within days. "Everyone was talking about it," says Brian Nikolauyk, one of Ernie's old friends. "We were stunned, because that was the first thing that happened with guns in our school." "Ernie was trying to be a hard guy," says Lisa Bramble. "But he's not like that."

Perhaps. But threatening someone with a gun was not an action Ernie could easily take back. Especially when the person he'd threatened had a certain status





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## IN THE SCHOOL HALLS, KIDS TOLD ERNIE, "YOU'RE GONNA BE KILLED."

to protect. "Joe has his reputation as a hard guy," says Brian, "so he had to come back and say, 'I'm going to kill Ernie.'" Nikki Dorrego remembers Joe making the threat. "He said, 'I'm going to kill Ernie,'" she recalls. "But he says that about everybody when he gets mad." Joe insists that he was not serious and claims that he never issued the threat to Ernie directly: "I'm pretty sure my brother is the one who told Ernie I was going to kill him."

Soon everyone at school was buzzing about it. And for all those kids who had been dumped by Ernie in the fall, there was not much sympathy wasted on him. It was, in fact, with some relief that kids came up to him in the hallways and said, "Damn, Ernie, I hear you're gonna be killed."

**H**IS PARENTS HAD FIRST NOTICED the changes in Ernie back in eighth grade, when their son started turning into a defiant teen-ager — breaking house rules, blowing off schoolwork, bucking their authority. They tried groundings, lectures, threatening to spank him as they had when he was a little child. Ernie just got worse: talking on the phone all night, staying out later and later. Sometimes he went AWOL altogether, camping overnight at friends' houses — stunts that prompted the Kalobiuses to call the police. That fall, when Ernie started high school, they discovered some marijuana in his room. They told him that until he cleaned up his act, he wasn't going out for sports. He seemed not to care. His world now revolved around his new friends.

Long after Ernie's arrest for the shooting of Amanda Grenier, the Kalobiuses would try to recall the time when Ernie's problems escalated from teen-age rebellion to something more serious. They placed the turning point on a night in early October when they discovered that Ernie had sneaked out after his curfew. "I had to go and meet some friends," Ernie explained. "I've got a problem, and I had to talk to them." He did not elaborate. He certainly didn't mention any trips to visit the Pachecos.

It was after that mysterious nocturnal adventure when Ernie's parents noticed that he had become anxious, fidgety. One Sunday, after they had left him home alone for the day, they returned to discover that he had not done his chores. "I couldn't do them," he said. "I was walking up and down the street." Under questioning he admitted that he'd been guarding the house. He said that his friends had turned on him. They were after him. He didn't want them to do anything to the house.

Kathy called a police officer who had become close with the family when investigating Ernie's earlier AWOL stunts. The officer drove over to the house. Ernie repeated his sketchy tale. The cop left several phone numbers where he could be reached in an emergency. "There's nothing else we can do," he said, "until something happens."

For Ernie's parents, it was hard to understand why their son was responding with such terror to what, after all, seemed a fairly routine thing: a threat from a

schoolyard bully. Kathy said as much to Ernie the next day. He hurled his schoolbooks at the car and screamed: "You don't fucking know anything, Mom!" It was the first time he had ever sworn at her. She called her husband at work in tears and said that their son seemed to be having a breakdown. Ernie's father immediately called a family-counseling clinic that they had consulted a couple of weeks ago about Ernie's problems. But a woman at the clinic said that Ernie's counselor was on vacation.

"But we need help now," he protested. "Something

When she returned home, she found the note on the kitchen table.

"Mom, I just have to go away. I'll be home on Sunday. I'm going to try to straighten things out. I have to talk to my friends."

**A** 1993 HARRIS POLL ABOUT CHILDREN AND GUNS reveals that 58 percent of suburban school kids say they know where to get a handgun if they want one. Ernie wanted one. After scribbling the note to his mother, he hotfooted it the two miles to the neighboring development of Arbor Meadows to Javier Crespo's house.

At 18, Javier, who is known by the nickname Jobby, was admired by the local suburban teens for his aura of authentic gangsta identity. Though Ernie had met the handsome, goateed Jobby last summer, the two were not close friends. But Ernie knew that Jobby had grown up on the mean streets of Brooklyn, N.Y., and Philadelphia and had heard him talk often about his familiarity with guns — Glockes, .38s, AK-47s. Ernie also knew that Jobby was friends with another neighborhood kid, Rodney Wilson. According to Jobby, Rodney was reputed to be one of four or five people in the development selling guns out of their houses. Rodney denies this. Later he would say that the only gun he had ever owned was a revolver that he'd bought for protection from local bullies — a gun that he now wanted to rid himself of. Ernie had gone alone to see Rodney about purchasing the weapon. But Rodney had balked at doing a deal since he did not know Ernie well enough. It was now Ernie's hope, as he hurried to Arbor Meadows, that with Jobby as facilitator, Rodney might do business.

At 9 in the evening, Ernie and Jobby walked around the corner to the Wilsons' tidy split-level house. They were greeted by Rodney, a watchful and quiet 18-year-old with a baby face and a huge, pumped-up body. Rodney had graduated from Overbrook Senior the year before and now worked at Snowball Foods, a poultry-processing plant. Terms were settled: one handgun and ammunition in exchange for \$100 and a turntable. In Rodney's version of events, Jobby acted as middleman, taking the gun and

transferring it to Ernie. But Jobby insists that he did not witness the sale. "I was standing on the street," he says, "watching up and down." What is not in dispute is that upon leaving the Wilson garage, Ernie was carrying a small, heavy paper bag. Inside was a .38-caliber revolver, gunmetal gray with a brown handle, and six hollow-point bullets.

That night they drove to Philly. There was a bunch of them in the car — guys and girls and Ernie. As they whizzed along the highway Ernie kept waving his gun around, pointing it at people. They yelled at him to put the fucking thing away. Finally it was snatched from him, confiscated. But Ernie got his gun back at the end of the evening.

That night, Ernie asked to sleep at Jobby's house. Neither his parents nor the Pachecos would think to look for him there. But Jobby shook his head. "Look,"



RODNEY WILSON IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE, WHERE ERNIE BOUGHT HIS .38

is coming to a boil here."

It was two days later when Kathy got the call from the vice principal saying that Ernie's life had been threatened at school. Ernie finally told his parents that he believed his tormentors to have a gun. He told them that someone at school had seen it. "They're druggies," Ernie said. "I know they'll use it."

That night, Kathy sat on Ernie's bed with him and talked. She explained that she had made phone calls to private schools. She was going to get him out of Overbrook. He seemed calmer. For a moment it seemed as if things might still return to normal. But later when Kathy went to bed, she heard Ernie pacing.

He was still on edge the next morning, a Friday. He paced while Kathy wrote letters to the private schools. Around noon, she put on her coat. "I'm going to the post office," she told Ernie. "I'll be back in 15 minutes."



## THOUGH ONLY 13, AMANDA HAD MAPPED OUT HER WHOLE FUTURE.

Jobby said, "if you're gonna keep playing with that gun, I ain't gonna hang with you. You're gonna slip. You're gonna do something dumb." So Ernie strode off angrily to a shack on the edge of a cornfield about a mile from Ernie's parents' place. It was late October, and the place was too cold to camp out in. But he had no choice. He had to lie low. By now, he knew, his parents would have sent the cops to look for him.

**T**HE NEXT MORNING, A SATURDAY, JOBBY WAS walking along his street with some friends when he saw Ernie approaching. Ernie had one hand in his pocket, his elbow held slightly away from his body. A gunslinger's pose. He sauntered straight up to Jobby and demanded to talk with him alone. Jobby informed Ernie that he "best stand a little further away."

"You don't scare me anymore," Ernie said.

Taking Ernie aside, Jobby told him to chill. Ernie said he wanted Jobby to test the gun for him. Jobby had no intention of touching that gun. He didn't want his fingerprints on it. But he went along to the park with Ernie, who was searching for a place to squeeze off a round.

Splitting from the group, the two walked through Sicklerville Park. A soccer game was in progress on a distant playing field. Jobby's eyes were on the game when an explosion gouged his eardrum. "Don't tell me he shot that gun," Jobby thought. He turned.

Ernie had the .38 extended at the full length of his arm. A wisp of smoke curled from the barrel. The bullet had disappeared into some nearby trees.

"Put that down, man!" Jobby said.

Later they wandered back over to Rodney's. A group of kids were milling in front of the Wilsons' house, looking to kick their Saturday night out of neutral. Their chance came shortly after dark, when a neighborhood kid rushed up to the group and announced that there had been a fight in a nearby town. Someone, he said, had pulled a knife. Everyone knew one of the parties involved. A cry went up: "Let's get him!"

Fourteen percent of suburban kids in grades six to 12 report having carried a handgun at one time. According to witnesses, a good number of the kids in front of the Wilson home that Saturday night, including Ernie, belonged to that percentage. Some of them were packing, others scrambled home to retrieve their pieces; still others checked their pockets to see if they had the cash to buy something right then and there.

Turning up nothing, the vigilantes eventually dispersed. It wasn't a total loss. In Sicklerville, a knifing was still exciting enough to chase away those suburban Saturday doldrums.

**S**UNDAY MORNING, GOING INTO HIS THIRD DAY on the lam — and after another night in the wretched shack — Ernie was starting to fade. Gone was the pumped, trigger-happy energy of the night before. Now his main concern was to locate the

elusive Ty, who he hoped would find him a place to stay. He couldn't take another night in the shack. But Ty didn't seem to be answering or returning Ernie's beeper calls. Desperation, apparently, set in. Brian Nikolausk ran into Ernie that weekend. "I really don't care anymore," Ernie told Brian. "Either I'm going to kill myself, or someone else is going to get killed."

By early afternoon Ernie had linked up with Jobby and another neighborhood kid whom Ernie had gotten to know last summer, 16-year-old Heather Grenier, a tall blond girl who wanted to be a model and looked like

most parents in the development, they worried about what their teen-agers got up to on the streets. But they figured that by giving the kids a longer leash at home, they as parents would at least know where the children were and what they were doing. So far the strategy had worked. The kids' friends, appreciating the respect Linda and Steve accorded them, were respectful in return, especially Ernie, who, unlike some others, always said "please" and "thank you" before raiding the fridge.

On that particular Sunday, Linda, a nurse, had to leave for work around 2. She first stopped off in her

youngest daughter's room to say good-bye. Amanda, a tall, very pretty dark-haired girl who, at 13, could have passed for three years older, was sitting on her bed, painting her fingernails. Some called Mandy's nail fascination an obsession, but for her, it was practice. Planning to be a cosmetologist, she'd already mapped out her whole future: classes at the Camden County vo-tech, business degree at college, then open her own beauty shop in New York City. She'd even made hand-stamped business cards with her name, number and CALL AND MAKE AN APPOINTMENT ON it. In one corner, she'd put an image of the Road Runner — an apt symbol for a girl who, unlike many 13-year-olds, was in a hurry to begin her exciting career.

Linda didn't always hug Mandy good-bye before going to work. That day she did. "I'll see you later," Linda said.

Her husband, Steve, meanwhile, was out back, working in the yard. He'd been out there on Friday as well, during a rare weekday off work from his job as an engineer at Atlantic Electric. On that Friday he had not heard Detective John Leahey from the Winslow Township Police knocking on the front door. The detective was investigating a missing-persons report on Ernest Kalobius, who had run away from home earlier that day. Leahey had been told that the boy might be staying at this house. But when no one answered his repeated knocks, the detective had left. Consequently, when Steve saw Ernie at the house that Sunday afternoon with Heather, he did not know that the boy was a runaway, and so he did not immediately phone Ernie's parents to come get him.

Heather and her friends trooped into the garage. Because the house lacked a basement, Heather's parents had allowed her to convert the garage into a kind of rec room — just a few folding chairs set up beside a tape player that vied for shelf space with Steve's tools. They sat for a while, smoking cigarettes, talking, listening to Power 99 radio and Cypress Hill's *Black Sunday*. Then around 2:30, Jobby said he was going to meet Rodney and another friend to go to the mall. Unspoken was the message that Ernie wasn't invited, that it was Heather's turn to baby-sit. "Great, now I have him all to myself," she thought. Not that Ernie was a bad guy. He was just a pest.

And today he was being especially annoying. For one thing, he wouldn't stop playing with his stupid gun. Most guys with a gun knew enough not to flash it around. But Ernie was like a kid with a new toy. He'd unscrew the snub-nosed barrel, pop the cylinder, empty the bullets,



HEATHER BY HER POOL: SHE DIDN'T THINK ERNIE WAS A BAD GUY, JUST A PEST.

she might have a chance of becoming one. Heather and Ernie smoked some weed around 1 p.m.; along with Jobby, they wandered over to another friend's house and eventually ended up at Heather's.

Since last summer Heather's place had become a regular hangout for the neighborhood kids — and not only because she had an above-ground pool in her back yard. It was also because her parents were cool, stocking the kitchen with sodas and potato chips, making everyone feel at home. Some kids referred to Heather's mother, Linda, as Mom — the mom you wished you had. At 34, Linda was younger than most mothers, and her attitude was different, too. She let Heather smoke cigarettes in the garage, for instance, and she wasn't always telling the kids to turn the music down.

For Linda and her husband, Steve (the stepfather of Linda's two kids), this was just common sense. Like



# HEARING THE EXPLOSION, STEVE THOUGHT A SPRAY CAN WAS ON FIRE.

then just stare mutely at the parts, transfixed. After a few minutes, he'd reassemble and reload it. Then he'd take it apart again and repeat the process. Over and over and over. Once, he'd actually pointed the semiassembled pistol at Heather's midsection and clicked the trigger.

He would stop the gun routine only to demand the phone so he could make a call. Each time he did that, Heather had to go up to Mandy's room and get the cordless phone from her — Mandy was *constantly* talking to her boyfriend, Manuel, who was in Edgewood Junior High School's gifted and talented class — then bring the phone to Ernie, who would frantically dial a number, wait, then hang up.

Nine o'clock rolled around. Ernie was still showing no sign of leaving. Instead, he asked for the phone again. Heather went and got it. After he'd finished with it, she grabbed the phone from him and made a call of her own, to a boyfriend. With her face turned away so that Ernie wouldn't hear her, she whispered into the phone, "Ernie's here, and he won't leave." Ernie, oblivious, had once again taken out his gun. He spun the cylinder, looked at the copper-jacketed bullets and the lone empty chamber left vacant after he'd shot the gun in the park. He tried to position the cylinder so that the next time it spun, the firing pin would hit the empty chamber.

Meanwhile, Mandy, who had spent the evening watching a little TV, baking sugar cookies and taking a shower, wanted the phone again. She went to the garage, opened the door and stepped down onto the cement floor. She halted when she saw that Heather was now using the phone. She looked over at Ernie, who was sitting there with the revolver in his lap. Ernie looked up at her.

"See, I've got a gun," he said. "Are you scared of me?" Mandy snorted and said something dismissive. "What?" Ernie said. The gun was in his hand, the barrel pointed at Mandy. "You don't think it's loaded, do you?"

He pulled the trigger.

**S**TEVE HAD FINISHED HIS YARD WORK AT 9. HE'D settled on the couch in front of the TV and was into the credits on a nature show when the explosion volleyed against the wall beside his head. His first thought was that the kids had lit a can of spray paint on fire. Jumping up, he glanced at the clock on the VCR: 9:05. He hurried the three steps to the garage and thrust open the door.

What met his gaze made no sense. Heather chasing Ernie around the garage, pounding his back with her fists. Her shouts seemed to reach his ears in fragments: "Mandy — shot her — dead." He looked to his right and saw his younger daughter lying on the floor. It wasn't like the movies. No brains blown all over. Just a trickle of blood from her left nostril. And she was turning blue.

"Call the police!" Steve shouted at Heather.

Heather groped for the phone. She had thrown it

at Ernie. It lay on the floor, its batteries popped out. She fumbled to reinsert them.

Steve dashed next door and called out to a neighbor to dial 911. Then he ran back to the garage. Heather was lying beside her sister, stroking her hair. "It's going to be all right, Mandy," she said. "You're going to be all right." Steve saw, just off center in Mandy's forehead, the small hole rimmed with what looked like sharp teeth pointing in. Shattered bone.

He told Heather to open the garage door to the street. She did. A police car was pulling up. Suddenly, the garage was swarming with ambulance personnel, cops, an official from the prosecutor's office, detec-

Cooper Hospital/University Medical Center, in Camden. The cops, meanwhile, were on their radios. They had combed the house and had not found the gun. Nor had they found Ernie.

The suspect was considered armed and dangerous.

**S**OMETIME AFTER 9, RODNEY WILSON WAS PREPARING to leave for his night shift at Snowball Foods when the phone calls started pouring in: "Amanda's been shot." Then he got the call with the other bad news: "And Ernie did it."

Told that they were taking her out to the helicopter field, Rodney burst out the door and ran. The place was swarming with cops, patrol jeeps, police dogs. When he got to the field, the chopper's lights were already starting to recede.

**I**T WAS 9:25, GETTING CLOSE to the end of Linda's nursing shift at the hospital, when a friend called her to the phone. Her friend had an odd look on her face and suggested that Linda sit down. She took the phone. It was Steve.

"Mandy was shot," he said. She screamed.

"Mandy was shot in the head," Steve told her. "They're taking her to Cooper. They say she has a pulse."

Linda's boss drove her to Cooper, a 10-minute trip. To Linda it seemed longer. At the hospital she was ushered into an anteroom to wait. Upstairs, by the chopper landing pad, Mandy was wheeled to the emergency treatment area where critically injured patients are stabilized before transport to the trauma/intensive care unit downstairs. She never made it that far. The medical examiner's report would put

the time of death at 10:05 p.m.; the cause of death was a gunshot wound to the head with a hollow-point bullet that had done precisely what it was meticulously engineered to do: crash through the flesh and bone of the head, then expand so that it would not come out the other side. The slug had chewed through the right side of her brain, ricocheting twice off the interior walls of her skull, cracking them before buzzing to rest toward the back of her head, in the right occipital lobe.

At 10:10, Linda was told that her daughter was dead. "I won't leave," she said, "until I see her."

Her daughter was on a stretcher, an endotracheal tube in her mouth. The gauze bandage over her forehead was saturated with blood, one eye slightly open. Linda laid her head on Mandy's chest.

"The one thing I wasn't able to get out of my head," Linda says today, "was the blank stare from her eye. As a nurse you see a lot of dead people. But it's very different when it's your baby."

**O**N FRIDAY, WHEN KATHY KALOBIOUS HAD FOUND Ernie's note on the kitchen table, she had immediately phoned the police. They had assured her that they would find Ernie. The next day a friend spotted Ernie in a car on Sicklerville [Cont. on 98]



OVERBROOK SENIOR HIGH WASN'T A CRUMBLING INNER-CITY SCHOOL WITH METAL DETECTORS.

tives from Camden County homicide. There was so much going on that it was at least 10 minutes before Steve thought to ask himself, "Where's Ernie?"

**E**RNIE WAS RUNNING. AFTER SEEING HER DROP, he'd just sat there for a moment, his mouth open, eyes wide, in shock. After fending off Heather's blows, he had run out past Amanda's body, dodging out the front door. And now he was pounding through the darkness, up the path to a house. He banged on the door. Jobby opened it.

"Look," Ernie panted, near tears. "I shot Amanda!"

"Wait here," Jobby said. He ducked into the house. He was looking for his baseball bat. He was going to mess Ernie's world up. Then he heard the helicopter overhead. "Are we in Compton now?" he thought. He ran out to have a look. The chopper was hovering in the suburban night sky, its searchlight beam raking the lawns. Ernie had taken off.

Jobby set out for Amanda's house. The helicopter followed him the whole way, *thup, thup, thup*, its searchlight picking him out of the darkness.

When he got to the house they were loading Amanda into the ambulance to rush her to a nearby field where she would be choppered to the trauma center at





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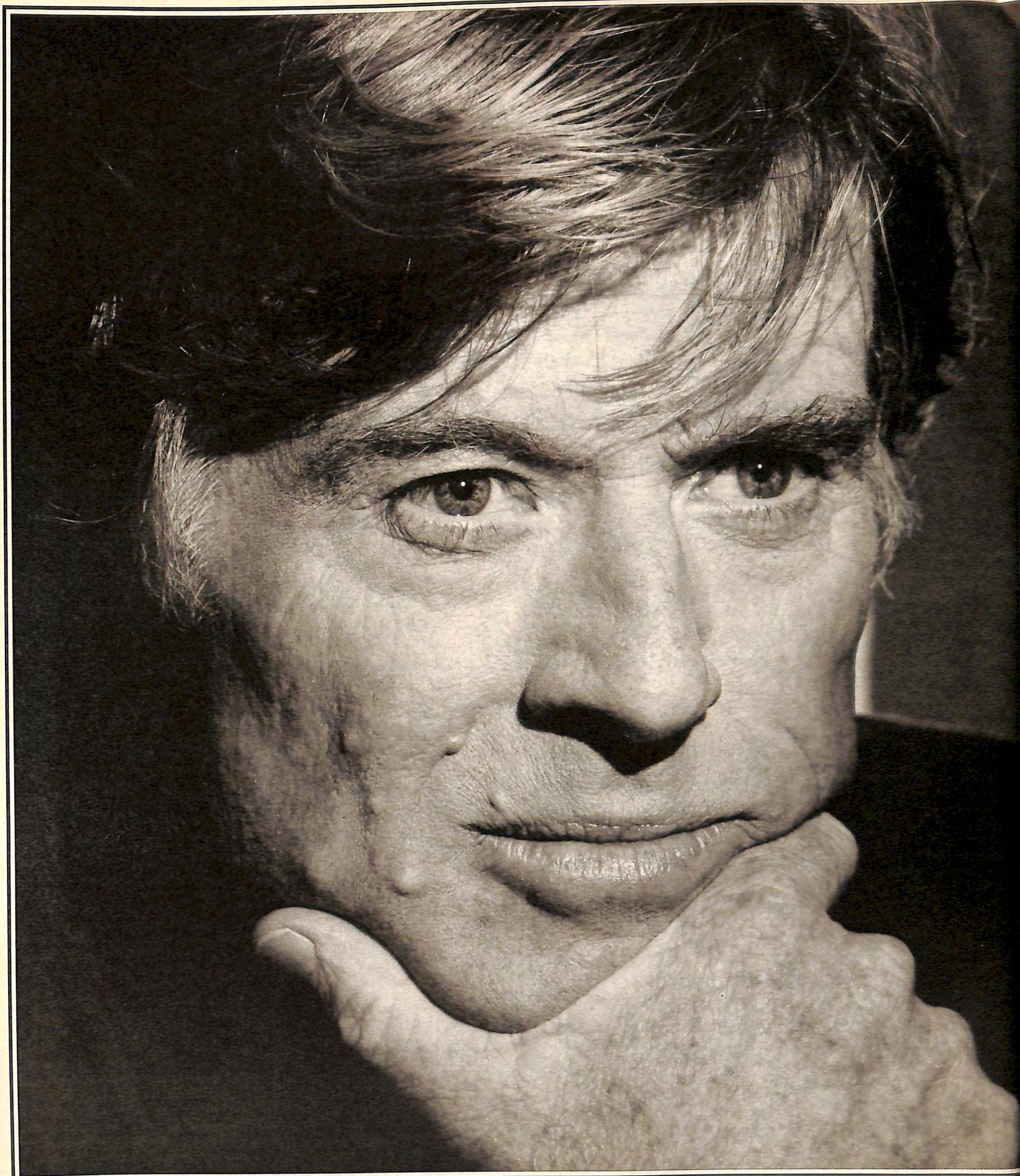
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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT WATSON



BY ANTHONY DECURTIS

THE

ROBERT REDFORD ASPIRES TO BE casual but doesn't quite get there. Whether seated on a conference-room couch or behind a desk in the Manhattan office of his production company, Wildwood Enterprises, he strikes the postures of relaxation — putting his feet up on a coffee table, leaning back into the couch with his hands behind his head — but they never ring physically true.

Apart from the looks, you would never believe that Redford was an actor — which is, of course, why he's so effective



onscreen. Being with him in a room, in fact, oddly produces the same effect as watching him act: It's tempting to assume the handsome exterior and affable manner tell the whole story, but his edgy grace signals that he's holding something back. He is more earnest than publicly introspective — more is going on than he is willing, or able, to reveal. He is the literal definition of reserved.

Redford is dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, the shirt's dark blue just happening to provide a splendid foil to the sky-blue gleam of his eyes and the rich glow of his blond hair. At 57, he no longer looks perfect — his weathered features attest that he has lived an actual life, not a movie-star life — but he looks perfectly himself. Married to Lola Van Wagenen in 1958 (they divorced in 1985) and the father of three children, Redford does not own a home in his native Los Angeles and essentially divides his time between Utah and New York City.

"I always distrusted California quite a bit because I grew up there," he says. "It was not a place you went to, because I was there already. It had no magic for me. I was born at the end of the rainbow, so I

didn't see the rainbow. Whatever was wonderful about California for me was slipping away with freeways and concrete and pollution. For me it was a place to leave."

Redford has acted in nearly 30 films since his screen debut in 1962. Appearing opposite Jane Fonda in *Barefoot in the Park* (1967) — a reprise of the role he had successfully played on the Broadway stage — made him a star, and then two years later, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* propelled him into the stratosphere. But instead of walking through an endless series of charm-'em-till-they-drop roles, Redford began portraying darker, more troubled American heroes in movies like *Downhill Racer* (1969), *The Candidate* (1972) and *Jeremiah Johnson* (1972). If *The Sting* and *The Way We Were*, both from 1973 — not to mention last year's *Indecent Proposal* — demonstrated Redford's daunting appeal as a handsome leading man, his roles in *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* (1969), *The Great Gatsby* (1974) and *All the President's Men* (for which he was also executive producer; 1976) indicated that he had far more on his mind than that tousled head of hair.

Anyone doubting the seriousness of Redford's artistic intent has had those doubts dispelled by his career as a director. He made his debut behind the camera in 1980 with *Ordinary People*, a sympathetic but staunchly unsentimental portrait of the psychological dissolution of an upper-middle-class Midwestern family. The film won him an Academy Award for Best Director and was also named Best Picture.

Instead of instantly cashing in on that success, Redford spent the better part of four years finding practical applications for his aesthetic and political convictions. He established the Sundance Institute, in Utah, to encourage the development of quality independent films, and at the same time he founded the Institute for Resource Management to advance research in the field of environmental protection, a passion of his since the late '60s.

In 1988 came Redford's second effort as a director, *The Milagro Beanfield War*, a sweet film that drew on the literary techniques of magic realism to tell the story of the battle between a small Mexican-American community in the Southwest and avaricious developers. *A River Runs Through It* (1992) continued Redford's exploration of humanity's relationship with nature. In that film, which is set in the early decades of the 20th century, fly-fishing becomes a kind of emotional language that the members of a Montana family can speak when little else seems able to hold them together.

Now, Redford has directed *Quiz Show*, a gripping look at the quiz-show scandals that rocked the television industry in the 1950s, shaking the country's confidence in the newly prominent medium. Redford centers his film on the story of Charles Van Doren (played by Ralph Fiennes), a hypereducated, upper-crust WASP who became a national hero — the anti-Elvis, proof that not all young people had been corrupted by rock & roll — through his rise on the brainy quiz show *Twenty-One*.

It turned out that the show had rigged Van Doren's ascent so that he could replace the reigning champion Herbie Stempel (played with nervous brilliance by John Turturro), a clearly ethnic working-class Jew from Queens, N.Y. Rob Morrow plays Richard Goodwin, the congressional investigator who is determined to get to the bottom of the scandals for his own complex and not entirely idealistic reasons.

In *Quiz Show*, Redford unravels the densely interwoven issues of class, ethnic identity and the media's manipulation of reality in post-World War II America. And he makes a case for the quiz-show scandals as the beginning of a slide into moral indifference that our country has yet to stall.

"Van Doren's fall from grace had a lot to do with shame," Redford says. "That he would come forward and say, in effect, 'I am ashamed,' had great power. And shame doesn't exist anymore — except maybe some cosmetic company will come up with a product called Shame."

"We could look back and say, 'Oh, my God, we've come that far in that short a time?'" he adds. "If you just look at this subject on the face of it, you say, 'Big deal, what's so special about that?' But in the context of what's going on today, it has a lot of significance to me."

*Do you have memories of watching the quiz shows on television?*

Yeah, I do. I arrived in New York when all this was hitting. I was 19 years old. I guess you could say the country was still enjoying its age of innocence. I remember being absolutely caught up in the mass hypnosis of these shows. It was irresistible. And the reason you knew it was irresistible was that you found yourself resenting the fact that it was irresistible. You hated that you were watching something that there was something bogus about, but you didn't know what it was, and you watched it anyway.

*That feeling persists, unfortunately.*

Now it's a fact of life. But I remember my feeling was, I don't believe Van Doren. I believe this is a performance. Like most young actors, I looked at other performances with an extremely critical eye. I remember thinking, "This guy's giving a bad performance. But he is giving a performance." The paradox was that I never doubted the show. I should have gone all the way and said, "Well, then the show is rigged." I just couldn't bring myself to that point. I couldn't go that far.

*It was probably just inconceivable.*

If it were to happen now, that would be your first assumption, and you would shrug it off. But in those days the combination of our innocence, the new technology of television, the fact that the merchants of our business hadn't quite gotten the grip on it that they now do, I had this odd reaction. I didn't believe Van Doren, but I didn't doubt the show.

But I didn't get involved with *Quiz Show* for any of these reasons. I got involved with it because it gave me some opportunities I was looking for as a director. I wanted the next thing I directed to be urban in nature because I had done rural pieces. I wanted it to be edgy and fast paced because what I had done had been slower, more lyrical. And *Quiz Show* also had elements I had been wanting to touch for quite a while: greed, the manipulation of truth and the fact that our lives are controlled by merchants. The merchant mentality dominates my industry, and I've wanted for some time to get at something that would illustrate that.

*When you say that you wanted to make an urban picture, was that simply for a new challenge?*

That as much as anything. *The Milagro Beanfield War* and *A River Runs Through It*, the rhythms of those films were tied very much to nature — the rhythm of the river, the flow of the river. *The Milagro Beanfield War* had to do with the rhythms of a culture that had no information access, that had no television or radio. They just lived as they had for 400 years.

I enjoyed making those films, but I thought I'd like a change of pace. I wanted to do something that relates more to my experience living in New York. I have two halves in my life. I live out west, in the mountains, but I also love living in New York. That ener-

## "'QUIZ SHOW' GETS AT GREED, THE FACT THAT OUR LIVES ARE CONTROLLED BY MERCHANTS."



IN "QUIZ SHOW," DIRECTOR REDFORD (WITH ACTOR RALPH FIENNES) EXPOSES AN INFAMOUS 1950S TELEVISION SCANDAL.

gy is part of my life, and I wanted to be able to work with it.

*Were you concerned about the commercial prospects for "Quiz Show" at all?*

This is dangerous, I guess, in a commercial sense, because we're living in a time when action runs the show. It's not a time for subtlety or shading or even thought for the most part. Still, I was attracted to it.

I'm not that far gone that I would do something



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knowing it wasn't commercial. It's just that it's my own arrogance to think, "Yeah, this is offbeat, but I'm going to try to make it work for people." The challenge here is to convert this into something dramatic enough, emotional enough, that it is almost like watching an action film. What the film tries to illustrate is simply that this was the beginning of a loss of innocence.

*The movie does depict the quiz-show scandals as a cultural watershed, the first time it became clear that we couldn't accept what was right before our eyes at face value.*

The quiz-show scandal was the beginning of that — it shocked the public. People could not believe they had been ripped off that bad. The effect was shattering. Then, historically, we go right down the line with



REDFORD AND ACTOR TIMOTHY HUTTON BOTH EARNED OSCARS FOR "ORDINARY PEOPLE."

the deaths of J.F.K., Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King and then Watergate, Irangate, BCCI and S&L, and then [Sen. Robert] Packwood and O.J. Simpson — it just keeps going. Each one gets a little worse, and we get a little number each time. And now we're in a place where we just sort of shrug.

But again, what drove me with the film was not the historical event — as it wasn't with *All the President's Men*, either. *All the President's Men* for me was about investigative journalism and what it took to get that particular job done. I just didn't think it had ever been touched before. We'd seen *Front Page* and movies like that, but there had never been, to my knowledge, a film that said, "This is about hard work." What those guys did is they just worked harder — and that that still has a payoff in our society.

*All the President's Men* also was a character-driven piece from the standpoint that these two guys were so different. One guy was a Jew, the other guy was a WASP. One guy was a liberal, the other was a conservative. They were so totally light and dark — that's good stuff dramatically. So it wasn't about Nixon — history took care of that one.

*As the man who made "All the President's Men," how did you feel when Nixon died?*

I had no remorse. I did not think he deserved the kudos he got in death — there was this weird revisionism that went on. You feel for the family. There's some sympathy for that. But for me it was not the passing of a great man. He was a man who dealt us some pretty undignified blows. He did not symbolize the better part of ourselves at all. Look, I admit to some prejudice here because I grew up in California with him as my senator, and I remember at close hand some of the dirty tricks he was doing even back then. He had such a disregard for other human beings.

*Watergate is often seen as the source of the contempo-*

*rary disillusionment with politics; disillusionment has been an important theme in your movies for a long time.*

The first picture I produced was in 1969, *Downhill Racer*. It was meant to be the first part of a trilogy that would deal with the same theme — the Pyrrhic victory, at the end of someone's ambition in the fields of sports, politics and business. Three subjects with the same theme: What price the victory? I wanted to take on those subjects because they influence our lives so much.

I only got two parts. I tried for 10 years, but I couldn't get a script on the business picture that was like *Downhill Racer* or *The Candidate*. In a way, *Quiz Show* is maybe a version of it.

My fascination with these subjects through the years connects to the so-called American dream and how it was presented to us and how much of it was true, how much of it was possible, as opposed to how much of it was fantasy perpetrated by advertising agencies to sell things to us. Television was the conduit that pumped this juice into our veins, and what greater example than the quiz shows?

*"The Candidate" seems remarkably contemporary in that regard also.*

That movie was about my anger and my cynical view of our system. I thought I'd make a very dark film about how we get people elected in this country — it's all about cosmetics, purely about



REDFORD SHARES A LAUGH WITH FREDDY FENDER AND RUBEN BLADES ON "THE MILAGRO BEANFIELD WAR" SET.

image and cosmetics. And that was 1971. I had no idea it would have that kind of carrying power — to be here in 1994, and nothing has changed. That you'd end up with Dan Quayle.

*"Quiz Show" essentially has three main characters. Do you see yourself in any of them?*

A little bit of Goodwin. And something of Van Doren. Goodwin is the part of you that senses you're being bullshitted, and you want to cut through it, get to the core of the truth. There's something very chauvinistic about me and this country, about the strengths of this country, because that's what I was given as a kid. I grew up trusting that until I realized that it wasn't quite so true, and the anger that comes from being disillusioned gets played out in my work. Goodwin represents the embodiment of that disillusionment.

With Van Doren, it's simply what celebrity can do to someone, the threats of celebrity on your soul. The temptations that come your way. The struggles with moral ambiguity, the struggle within yourself. Are you going to continue on this path, where things are irresistibly tied to wealth and fame and privilege? Or can you stop, reorient yourself and redirect yourself for the sake of your own soul?

Also, what it feels like to have iconography become part of your own life, where you're treated differently than you were before just by virtue of who you are.

What does that feel like? What pressures does that put on you? So in that regard, there's some connection to the Van Doren character.

*How hard was that for you to sort out in your own life?*

Well, it's an ongoing struggle that maybe never will be fully resolved. I mean it's resolved enough for me to go on with my life, but it continues. It takes different shapes as you get older. If you stay in the public eye, if you remain a celebrity, it's always there. So that's an ongoing thing.

On the other hand, I'm pretty comfortable going about my business and doing what I'm meant to do. I'm not going to adjust my life for fashion. I'm just going to go forward as an artist and a citizen, and if it gets approval, fine. If not, that's OK, too. The only part I can't control is that persona that's created by some mix of media and the public that becomes like having another person walking around with you, a shadow self. That's tough because I don't control that.



BRAD PITT AND CRAIG SHEFFER TAKE DIRECTION ON "A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT."

*At what point did you first encounter this persona?*

It went across a line. The line first showed up probably when I was in *Barefoot in the Park* in New York, a Broadway play that was hugely successful. That was the first time I moved out of a sphere of my own. And *Butch Cassidy* was where it went beyond, into an international situation.

*What was your reaction to that at the time?*

It confused me because it happened so quickly. And so magnificently. There was something so magnificent about it; it was huge, you know? And it was so quick that it was really hard to adjust to it. The only way I remember being able to deal with it was with humor, to make a great, grand game of it. So I remember playing mad games with my new celebrity. Changing my name, saying I was an exchange student from Bogota, wearing disguises to a Knicks game, wearing a disguise on a ski hill, only to have the disguise slide halfway up my head and me not know it and have people look at me like I was from outer space. The humor of all that, using get-away cars and passageways and playing with the public as they came to you, playing back to them. Finally it just got tiring, and I realized I was eating up a lot of my life playing this game. And then I got fearful about the loss, and I had to make a big adjustment.

*Fearful about the loss?*

Fearful about the loss of yourself, your own self — as opposed to your persona. Your persona begins to take over, and you begin to fear the loss of yourself.

*Did you begin to feel entrapped by the particular brand of celebrity that came to you — the movie star, the matinee idol, the dashing leading man?*

Well, it was a mixture of feelings. On the one hand, you're only human. Who wouldn't, at least in the initial stages of something like that, be flattered? How could



you not be? I didn't grow up being told I was good-looking. I was a freckle-faced, kind of redheaded kid that people made fun of because my hair had so many cowlicks. I was out of control as a kid, and people would always tell me, "Slow down," or, "Sit down," or "Stop." Or, "Where have you been?"

And then, suddenly, you're referred to as a glamorous figure, and it's flattering. Then shortly after that, you begin to realize that what's also coming with that is reduction, that you're then going to be seen in only one light. So, Redford's a movie star, and therefore that's all he can be. I mean, you feel like there's more of yourself to play with, to work with. It begins to unnerve you that you see yourself actually reduced, that you are this, therefore you can't be that. Then another kind of struggle begins.

Was there a point at which you felt that you had to actively combat that?

Yes. *All the President's Men* was one effort. Producing that movie took a long time; it was not easy. It was a three-year effort and a real com-

BELOW: THE HIGH-SCHOOL GRAD, 1954.  
RIGHT: WITH EX-WIFE WAGENEN, 1975.

in money and comfort and breeding. Those are the things that attracted me to *Ordinary People*.

That movie was a turning point in my life. I was about to turn 40, so there was that decade coming to a close as well as a full decade of work as an actor and producer. There was a confluence of those two things. I thought, "Now I want to direct."

I was beginning to get frustrated with having to put so much body English on the films I was doing. I thought, "I wish I could have total control of this situation. Why not just do it?" I remember talking to a person who worked for me and saying, "I'd like to direct something now, and I'm looking for something that has to do with behavior and feelings." That person then sent me *Ordinary People*. I got it and said, "This is it."

But *Ordinary People* was turned down by a lot of people. Then, Barry Diller, who was at Paramount, said,



## "I DIDN'T GROW UP BEING TOLD I WAS GOOD-LOOKING. I WAS A FRECKLE-FACED, RED-HEADED KID THAT PEOPLE MADE FUN OF BECAUSE MY HAIR HAD SO MANY COWLICKS."

"Do it." He was very stand-up about it. So I was left alone. It was a little movie, only \$6 million. No one gave a shit. And then it was out.

What was directing like the first time?

It's going to sound funny, but it came naturally. There were no great surprises. It's a lot of work, but I enjoy being able to control the whole scene, all the parts. What was difficult was that I didn't have the language of a director. As an actor, I had purposely blocked out learning about the technical parts of my industry. I thought it would get in the way of my performing. I thought that what I owed a film was a performance completely inhabiting the space I was in. If I was splitting my head and being calculating, thinking, "They've got a 50 on this lens now, where are they cutting me?" — I just didn't want any part of that. I said, "The director will shape all that." So I had purposely stayed away from learning the vocabulary of the camera.

So, suddenly, I'm directing, and I found myself asked these questions — "Do you want us to put a 25 on it or a 50?" I thought, "Shit, what the hell's that?" And I got into trouble, because I had to try to express myself, and I didn't have the language. So, in frustration on *Ordinary People*, I whipped out a piece of paper and sketched what I had in mind, and the director of photography understood. I ended up doing a whole storyboard because that's how I could communicate with him. By the end of the film, you damn well know I learned a lot. And each time out has gotten easier.

What about working with actors?

That was one thing I felt almost arrogant about — I knew I could communicate to the actors. I knew I would know a good performance and could work with an actor to get one. There's probably very, very little I wouldn't endure from an actor simply because I am one, and I know what the inside feels like.

Are any types of actors hard for you to work with?

The hardest thing for me are actors who think they know but don't. Like an actor who thinks, "Let me do this because this is funny," and it isn't. You have to let them play it out — meanwhile, the meter's ticking, you don't really have the time. So that's one thing. Maybe an actor who has no sense of rhythm.

What do you mean by rhythm?

Timing. There's a sense of timing some actors have, mostly actors who have been involved with music or athletics. They know when to say the line. They know when to get off it. They know when to move to the next thing. Actors who are not coordinated that way, you have to guide them. They'll take forever to say the line and have no concept if the scene is going down the tubes because they're taking forever. That's frustrating.

Oh, and the actor who won't listen. To me that's one of the most important things an actor can have — the ability to listen. I felt that very strongly from the time I first became an actor, that listening was as important as speaking. An actor who doesn't listen either to the rhythms of life or to direction just does nothing for me.

Were there, among the directors you'd worked with, people who served as models for you?

I've had different relationships, the oldest one with Sydney Pollack — he and I go back to being actors together. That was a very collaborative relationship. I was always comfortable with Sydney being the direc-

tor and my being the actor because he knew what he was doing. I mean, I never paid much attention to what he was doing with the camera — unless we'd be somewhere, and he'd have the camera pointed, and I'd say, "How come you have the camera pointed over there? Isn't this a better view?" And he'd say, "Would you mind? Go have a coffee. Go sit in the woods for a while." [Laughs.]

George Roy Hill I learned something from. He really understood the importance of telling a story visually. He wouldn't allow any fat anywhere. He told me he had been influenced by comic strips because there were only four or five panels to tell the story. Punch and payoff — he took that approach in his film work. His storytelling was related to simple editing rather than a lot of meandering, self-indulgent stuff that was very much in vogue in the '60s. I was impressed by that.

Has directing affected your own acting?

I'm much more patient with directors, because now I know what it's like to juggle so many balls, make so many decisions. I always was very impatient with directors who took too many takes because to me it was a sign of insecurity — "You're doing 25 takes when you got it on the fourth one. Are you that insecure?" I would be very arrogant — in my head, you know.

Now I'm much more tolerant of that because I know what it's like when you're really looking for something, and you're going to stick there until you get it. So, that's changed. Directing has probably made me [Cont. on 98]

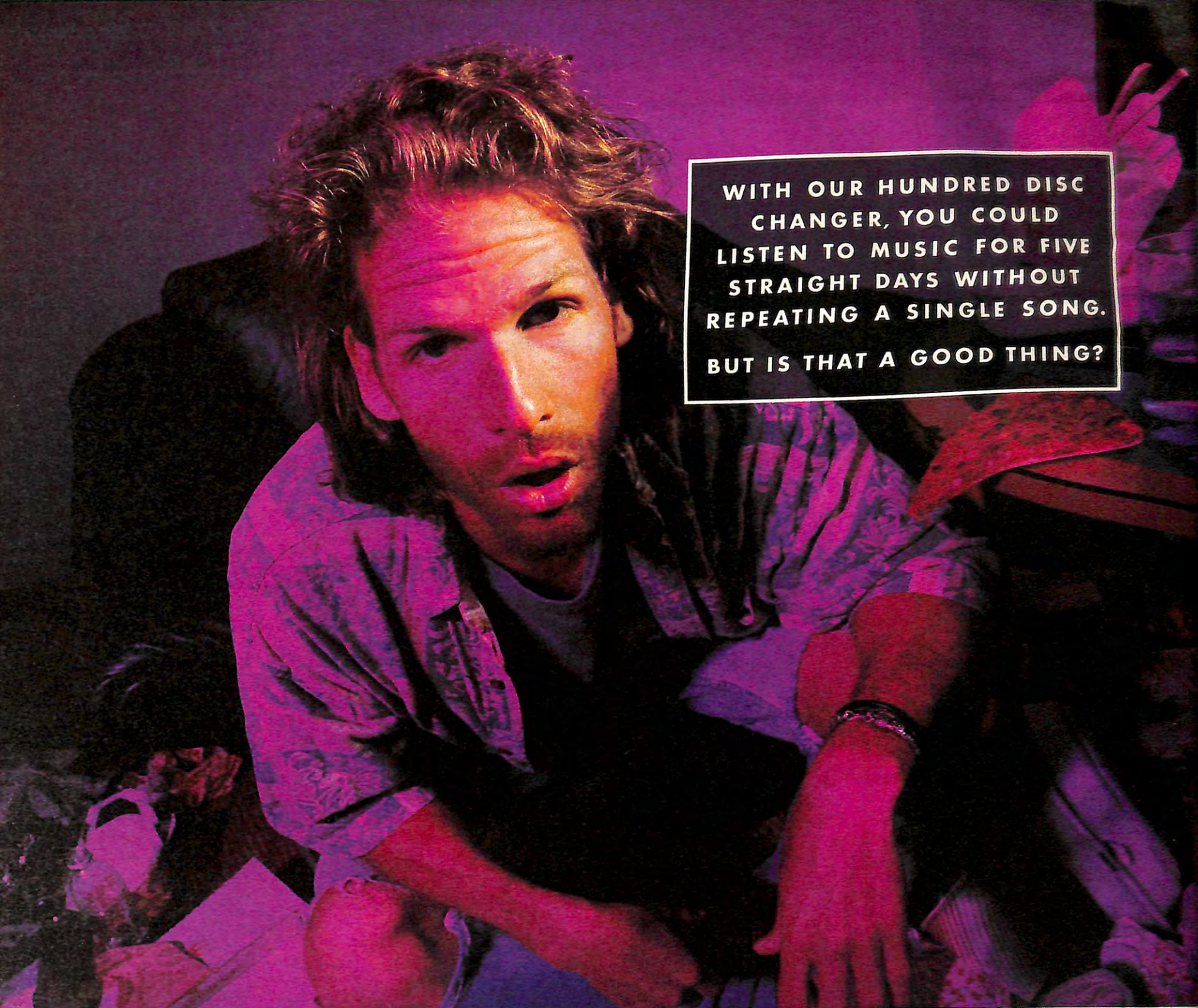
mitment — it went way beyond just being an actor.

Actually, it started before that with *Downhill Racer* and *The Candidate*, but somehow it never quite sunk in with people that I was producing those movies. I was just "the actor." *All the President's Men* was the first real shift, and I suspect a lot of *All the President's Men* had to do with fighting for the more serious side of myself.

The first movie you directed, *Ordinary People*, seemed like a really ambitious project to take on — attempting to dramatize issues like suicide, divorce, psychoanalysis.

The movie was about a character who could not get in touch with her feelings and the consequences of that to her family. I had never seen that character on film, but I'd seen that character in life a lot — the person who shuts down rather than ride the emotional roller coaster that needs to be ridden. And it dealt with youth, that painful place of not being understood. It was a little bit like *Catcher in the Rye* — I loved that book as a kid. Then there was the look, an area of the Midwest where a strong ethic still exists but that really is most interested





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# MOVIES TARANTINO'S TWIST

BY PETER TRAVERS

## PULP FICTION

### STARRING

JOHN TRAVOLTA, SAMUEL L. JACKSON,  
UMA THURMAN, HARVEY KEITEL,  
TIM ROTH, AMANDA PLUMMER,  
MARIA DE MEDEIROS, VING RHAMES,  
ERIC STOLTZ, ROSANNA ARQUETTE,  
CHRISTOPHER WALKEN AND BRUCE WILLIS

### WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY

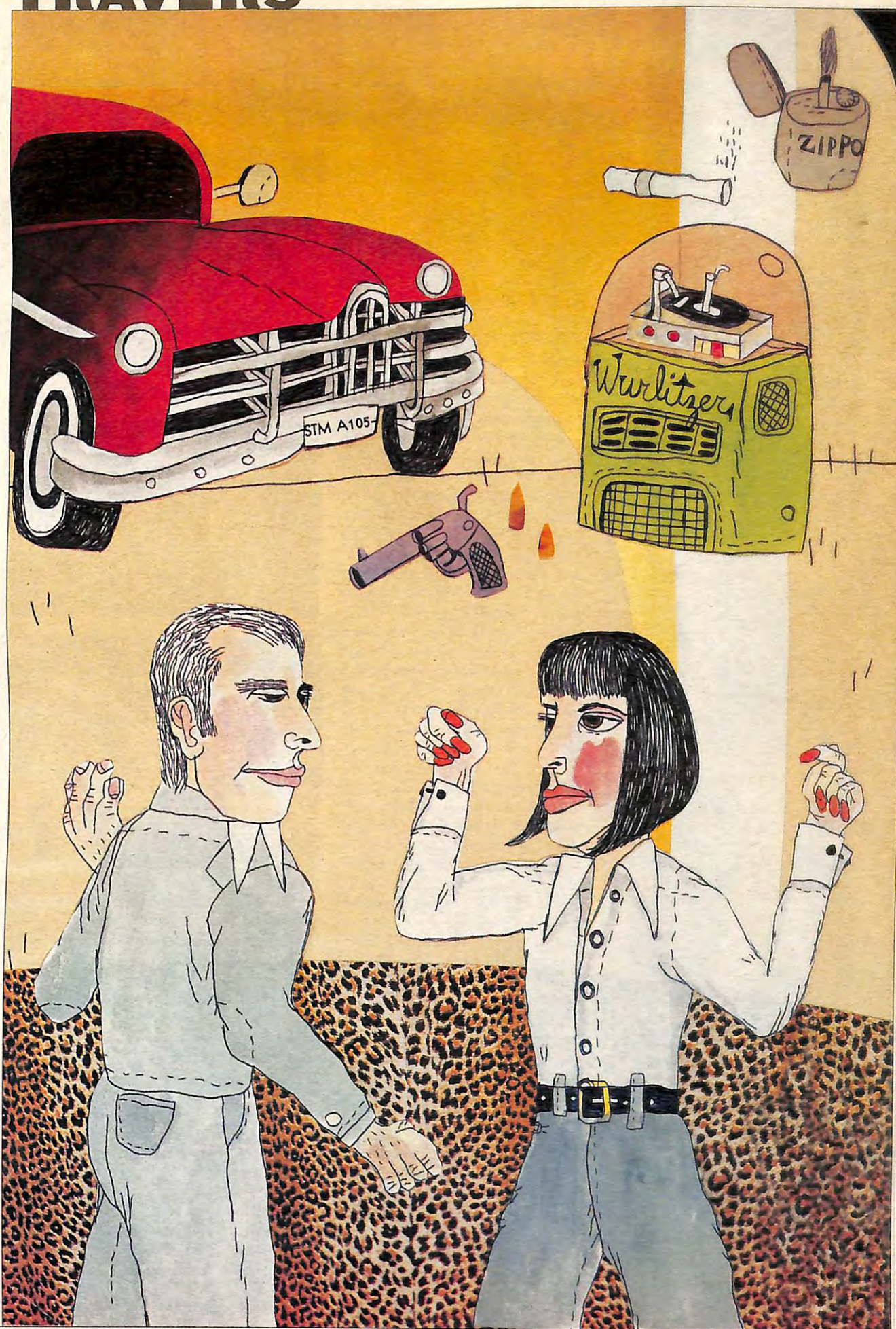
QUENTIN TARANTINO

MIRAMAX FILMS

**N**OW THAT QUENTIN TARANTINO's *Pulp Fiction* has won the Palme d'Or at Cannes, opened the New York Film Festival and made the former video-store clerk a name to suck up to big time in Hollywood, you're probably thinking the writer-director of *Reservoir Dogs* has sold out his renegade ass. Think again. The proudly disreputable *Pulp Fiction* (cost: a measly \$8 million) is the new King Kong of crime movies. It's an anthology that blends three stories and 12 principal characters into a mesmerizing mosaic of the Los Angeles scuzz world. The acting is dynamite: John Travolta and Bruce Willis can consider their careers revived. Buoyed by Tarantino's strafing wit, the action sizzles, and so does the sex. *Pulp Fiction* is ferocious fun without a trace of caution, complacency or political correctness to inhibit its 154 deliciously lurid minutes.

That said, Tarantino's twist on the pulp genre is also damn near a work of art. At 31, he shows a disdain — rare among his peers — for flashy style and lofty pretension. His passion is for storytelling that allows the most outrageous characters to reveal their feelings in long takes and torrents of words, poetic and profane. Tony Scott's glossy direction blurred the Tarantino script for *True Romance*, and Oliver Stone obliterated Tarantino entirely in *Natural Born Killers*.

*Pulp Fiction* proves that Tarantino is the ideal director for preserving the verbal rhythm and wicked playfulness of his scripts. He revels in pop culture, especial-





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Universal mother



reaching  
Fire On Babylon  
Thank You For  
Healing Me

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ly that of the '70s, and he's no snob: The French New Wave or blaxploitation, *The Wild Bunch* or *The Brady Bunch* — it's all grist. Unlike other raiders of Hitchcock, Howard Hawks and Sam Fuller, Tarantino has found his own voice.

He has also found censure. The ear-slicing scene in *Reservoir Dogs*, his stunning 1992 debut film about a jewel heist, made him the whipping boy for film violence. A graphic adrenalin shot to the heart in *Pulp Fiction* will raise more hackles. Such hand wringing only blinds audiences to Tarantino's underrated and powerfully suggestive gift for language. Do yourself a favor with *Pulp Fiction*. Don't just watch, listen.

Take an early scene between Travolta's Vincent Vega and Samuel L. Jackson as his hood partner, Jules Winnfield. Decked out *Dogs* style in dark suits, they are about to bust in on some preppy amateurs who stole something belonging to their badass boss, Marsellus Wallace (the excellent Ving Rhames). But before the job, they talk — casual stuff, but it's how they define themselves. Jules can't figure why Marsellus tossed a buddy off a balcony for giving Marsellus' bride, Mia (Uma Thurman), a foot massage. "It's laying hands on Marsellus' new wife in a familiar way," says Vincent. "Is it as bad as eatin' her out? No, but you're in the same fuckin' ballpark."

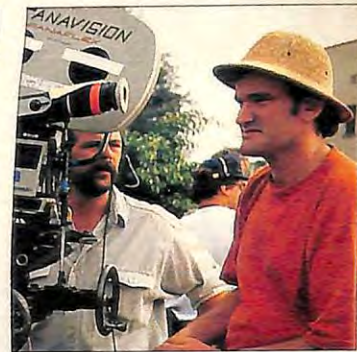
The debate on sexual etiquette is hilarious; they could be two pals driving to work, except their work is crime. "Let's get into character," says Jules, before he and Vincent bust in on the preps. Vincent radiates silent cool, while Jules raves on about "furious anger." It's a coldblooded thing he says for effect. The source isn't a movie; it's the Bible — a sly irony that spills over into sinister when Jules suddenly shoots one boy for effect. The victim isn't a disposable Hollywood bad guy; he's a scared kid. We are staggered. But not Jules and Vincent. They have turned murder into performance art. It doesn't touch them. Or does it? Jackson's astounding portrayal reveals that Jules is developing a conscience.

It is Tarantino's considerable achievement to show what it takes for these men to play their roles as killers. For Vincent, it's drugs. Marsellus orders Vincent to take Mia out for dinner while he's out of town. To calm his nerves, Vincent stops off to score heroin from Lance (Eric Stoltz), a dealer with a wife (Rosanna Arquette) who has pierced her body with studs in 16 places, even her tongue.

Vincent needs help getting through the night. Mia takes him to Jack Rabbit Slim's, a diner filled with '50s movie memorabilia. Vincent orders a Douglas Sirk steak, while Mia hits the ladies' room to powder her nose with coke. Cin-

ematographer Andrzej Sekula and editor Sally Menke show dazzling craft, but *Pulp Fiction* is an actors' show. The usually glassy Thurman is marvelous here, seductively scrappy as she teases Vincent for gossiping with Jules ("You're worse than a sewing circle"). Best of all, she gets him to the dance floor for a twist contest. Travolta is doughier than in his *Saturday Night Fever* days, but even playing a junkie reptile he exhibits amazing grace. His slow dance with Mia to a Chuck

accidentally blows the head off a guy in the back seat of the car Jules is driving. The cleanup, supervised by a courtly mob facilitator called the Wolf (Harvey Keitel in peak form), takes place in the garage of Jules' pal Jimmie (a memorably miffed Tarantino), who wants these gangsters out before his nurse wife Bonnie comes home. "The Bonnie Situation" is the film's comic high point, as tough guys are reduced to frightened boys at the prospect of a woman's wrath.



PULP FLASHES (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT): WILLIS AND DE MEDEIROS SCREW; ARQUETTE GETS PIERCED; KEITEL DEALS; TARANTINO DIRECTS; THURMAN AND TRAVOLTA TWIST; TRAVOLTA AND JACKSON SHOOT.

Berry oldie exudes down 'n' dirty eroticism and unexpected romantic longing. Travolta makes a spectacular comeback with this brilliant, intuitive performance.

Willis, as boxer Butch Coolidge, also digs into his tastiest role in years. Marsellus sends Vincent to kill Butch for refusing to take a dive. But the mean palooka, reformed by his love for a French chatterbox, Fabienne (Maria de Medeiros), has skipped town. Almost. Butch risks returning for a gold watch. His late father had that watch hidden up his ass in a Nam prison camp, according to Dad's buddy (Christopher Walken). Going back gets Butch involved with Marsellus and two hillbillies who tie them up for a bout of buttfucking.

Suffice it to say, the revenge isn't pretty. Neither is the mess when Vincent

But Tarantino is after more than laughs. Near the end, Jules — sitting in a coffee shop with Vincent — enjoys a "moment of clarity" about changing his life. Unfortunately, two small-time crooks played by Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer choose that moment to rob the place. Chaos ensues, though Tarantino never loses his film's moral center. He refuses to patronize, glamorize or judge his band of outsiders. Instead, he lets us see the glimmers of humanity that emerge when they drop their masks of control. It's Tarantino's compassion that deepens the film and sets it apart from trendy, pud-pulling, cinematic nihilism. It also sets Tarantino apart as a major filmmaker, worthy of comparison to early Godard (*Bande à Part*) and Scorsese (*Mean Streets*). There's a special kick that



comes from watching something this thrillingly alive. Pauline Kael calls it "getting drunk on movies." Whatever you call it, *Pulp Fiction* is indisputably great.



MORGAN FREEMAN AND TIM ROBBINS PLOT AN ESCAPE.

## THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

IF YOU THINK THAT'S A TURNOFF title, remember all the smartass things people said before *Forrest Gump* happened. *Shawshank* — the name refers to a maximum-security prison in Maine — is already being touted to join *Gump* in the Oscar race. Why not? The academy regularly drops its drawers for films that celebrate the triumph of the human spirit. And this baby strums that theme hard as inmate Andy Dufresne (Tim Robbins), a *Shawshank* newcomer in 1946, strikes up a 20-year friendship with a lifer named Red (Morgan Freeman). They're both in jail for the Big One: murder.

Robbins and Freeman have the juice as actors to make figuring out whether Andy and Red really did it a riveting guessing game, especially if you're a sucker for prison melodramas. Writer Frank Darabont (*The Fly II*), in his feature-directing debut, doesn't skimp on the caged-bird clichés, sadistic and sentimental, but he plays enough hardball with the formula to evoke memories of

such goodies as *Cool Hand Luke*, *Birdman of Alcatraz* and *Riot in Cell Block II*.

Stephen King wrote the novella *Rita Hayworth and the Shawshank Redemption*, on which the film is based. (Andy's cell is bedecked with a poster of Hayworth in all her *Gilda* glory.) You can find the novella in a 1982 King collection, *Different Seasons*, along with a story, "The Body," that became the basis for the 1986 Rob Reiner smash *Stand by Me*. Both tales are said to represent the gentler side of King, meaning the side that doesn't sell as well, though the torture, rape and killing in *Shawshank* qualify as horror in my book.

Darabont stays mostly true to the source, except for shooting in Ohio instead of Maine, expanding a few scenes and characters and casting the always welcome Freeman as a prisoner King described as a red-headed Irishman. King is a master at creating a whole world out of small details. Darabont tries to match him visually. The everyday agonies of prison life are meticulously laid out by cinematographer Roger Deakins (*Barton Fink*). You can almost feel the frustration and rage seeping into the skin of the inmates.

There is humor, too, as Red brings the painfully introverted Andy out of his shell. Andy, a respected banker before being convicted of murdering his wife and her lover, wins favor and permission to expand the prison library by offering financial advice to the *Shawshank* elite. That includes Hadley (Clancy Brown), the cruel captain of the guards, and Norton (Bob Gunton), the fanatically reli-

gious warden. We've seen these types before. There are also cobwebs on Brooks Hatlen (James Whitmore), the aged parolee who can't adjust to the outside, and Tommy Williams (Gil Bellows, in a role once earmarked for Brad Pitt), the young thief who can't live inside.

It's the no-bull performances that hold back the flood of banalities. Robbins and Freeman connect with the bruised souls of Andy and Red to create something undeniably powerful and moving. Instead of selling bromides, as lesser actors would do, they show the wrenching struggle required by any human being in a trap simply to keep hope alive.

## TIMECOP

ONCE AGAIN, IT'S JEAN-CLAUDE Van Damme, Mr. Muscles from Brussels, trying to get a little respect, this time with a \$28 million time-travel thriller that's meant to show he can act as well as attack, smooch as well as swivel and finally emerge from Ahnuld's jum-



VAN DAMME AIMS A LETHAL KICK AT ASSASSIN JAMES LEW.

bo shadow. Good luck. *Time Cop*, smoothly directed by Peter Hyams, has its pleasures: spiffy action, a stylish design and a valiant Van Damme. But Mark Verheiden's script, based on the *Dark Horse* comic, is a needless muddle.

It's 2004, and cop Max Walker (Van Damme) is on assignment to bust bad-dies who try to go back in time and alter history. Senator McComb, played by an acid-tongued Ron Silver, trips back to 1994 for political ambition and profit; he even contributes to his own campaign. Max also is tempted to break rules; his wife, Melissa (Mia Sara), was murdered in '84 — this is his chance to save her.

Given the short time difference, it's astonishing that Melissa doesn't recognize Max at first. Ten years may have added a few lines and subtracted a little hair but, hey, those pecs, that accent. Visual-effects supervisor Greg McMurphy adds to the confusion when the older Max occupies the same frame with his younger self. Then the senator gets into the twinning act, advising his trim '94 version to lay off the doughnuts. It's too much of a gimmicky thing. Van Damme fans will easily nail what's wrong with *Time Cop*: There's not enough kick in it.

# MOTHERS

[Cont. from 53] the house and play music. That was pretty much my life.

BJELLAND: I have a picture of me in second grade with a guitar, and that was when I wanted to start playing, but it was too big. It was like a classical guitar, and no second-grader could get their little fingers around the neck. And then when I saw the Cramps, I thought, "Easy guitar. I could do that."

TUCKER'S PERFUME: What the hell is it called? Ambush.

SHELLENBACH: I was terrified to go to Manny's or Sam Ash. I resisted buying drumsticks for the first four years that I played. I would just find them on the stage or under the stage, or if somebody threw them in the audience, I'd make sure to get them because I just couldn't deal. I think part of my fear was that they would find out that I didn't know what I was doing, because, you know, you're constantly feeling defensive as a woman about your craft, especially if it's something male dominated. I taught myself to play drums, and all these guys could do, like, heavy-metal arpeggios for hours, and sometimes the worst thing you can get is "Oh, are you in a band? That's cute." Plus I was 15, and it probably was pretty cute when I went up there to buy drumsticks.

JETT: I got a guitar for Christmas when I was 13, and I went to go take guitar lessons, and I remember, vividly, walking into this guitar shop where this guy taught lessons and saying to him, "Teach me how to play rock & roll." You know, I had that 13-year-old thing. I was so into it, and he looked at me like I was out of my mind, like I ate heads or something. And we went back, and he taught me "On Top of Old Smokey," and I thought, "Man, forget about this, this is not it." So I bought one of those learn-how-to-play-guitar books, and I just basically learned how to play by ear. I listened to a lot of Black Sabbath stuff because the chords were very slow.

LOVE: Play chords with two fingers like a bass player. As a teen girl, your hands are too small to do it another way. And it's like this big Masonic secret or something. No one would tell me. I'd be like "Why can you do this, and I can't? I'm smarter than you."

MADONNA'S PERFUME: Tuberose by Creed.

SEXISM AND ROCK & ROLL. NO DRUGS. AND, AGAIN, NO CHUCKY

NDEGÉOCELLO: I like Snoop Doggy Dogg. He's misogynist as hell, but you can't tell me he doesn't have a flow. Sometimes you just put on music to hear it, and it's rocking — it makes you want to move, makes you want to dance, makes you want to fuck.

BJELLAND: I think [Cont. on 96]

## NOW PLAYING

### BLUE SKY

Director Tony Richardson (*Tom Jones*) died of AIDS in 1991. Orion's bankruptcy kept his final film on the shelf. The good news is that *Blue Sky*, starring Tommy Lee Jones as a nuclear engineer battling madness and a slutty wife (a superb Jessica Lange), is one of his finest — passionate and devastating.



### PRINCESS CARABOO

Phoebe Cates and husband Kevin Kline are fun in this period romance, but the hoped-for soufflé never rises.

### THE NEW AGE

Writer-director Michael Tolkin takes a poisonously comic look at life in the moral wasteland of privileged Los Angeles as a selfish couple, slashingly acted by Judy Davis and Peter Weller, come apart at the seams.

### SLEEP WITH ME

Eric Stoltz, Meg Tilly and Craig Sheffer are at the heart of this relationship comedy, but Quentin Tarantino — in a classic cameo — is flat-out, fall-down funny as a party guest who deconstructs *Top Gun* as homosexual parable.





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# RECORDINGS EVOLVE OR DIE

BY ROBERT PALMER



★★★★ 1/2  
**MONSTER**  
 R.E.M.  
 Warner Bros.

**N**OT SO LONG AGO, ROLLING STONE's David Fricke asked the late Kurt Cobain whom he admired among "established" rock bands. Cobain unhesitatingly named R.E.M., using the occasion to send the band members a virtual mash note for remaining true to their muse and to themselves and for refusing to be swayed by the shifting winds of fashion and commerciality.

The comment was unexpected; R.E.M.'s decade-plus track record surely justified Cobain's praise, but their musical vision and his seemed so different. Cobain wore his heart on his sleeve, wrapping his often angry ruminations in swirls of guitar feedback and distortion. R.E.M.'s music has rarely screamed to make its point and has often seemed deliberately ambiguous. The intricate clarity of their arrangements has been tasteful to a fault.

But now all this is in the past and not just because of Cobain's sad demise. It's too bad he didn't live to hear *Monster*. If the new album isn't exactly a sonic grungefest, it comes a hell of a lot closer than anyone could have anticipated. Imagine earlier R.E.M. favorites like "Ignoreland" or "Radio Song" stripped of acoustic guitars, their lapidary, almost fussily pristine arrangements reduced to slabs of electric-guitar noise and power-chord riffing, and you're only beginning





to get the picture. Gone are the manicured interweavings of strings, mandolins and other acoustic instruments, gone the pinpoint definition of instrumental and vocal parts that have characterized so many of R.E.M.'s recorded performances for so long. The two or three softer tunes that might not have sounded out of place on previous outings are pointedly sandwiched in the middle of the disc, surrounded by the sizzle of overdriven amps, snarling distortion and aggressive rhythms. Michael Stipe's singing, so difficult to decipher on early records, so plain-spoken and out in front of the mixes since *Green*, has slipped back into the sonic murk, where it fights to be heard.

Don't misunderstand: R.E.M.'s exceptional pop craftsmanship, their luminous melodic inventions, their sense of mission — in short, everything fundamental — are still there and shining more brightly than ever. What has been jettisoned, at least this time out, is all that tasteful restraint. *Monster* is one urgent-sounding album, and that's as it should be; what the band has to say here is urgent, politesse be damned. *Monster* is concerned, in song after song, with problems of identity. It explores how important having a stable sense of one's own identity can be and how up for grabs identities have become in our postmodern media hothouse, where it's possible to slip on a new persona as easily as a new look and couture can mean anything from Paris fashions to body piercing to a sex change. The concept of reality itself is being called into question: Is this my life or an incredible virtual simulation?

Clearly these issues are of more than academic interest to Stipe, who has arrived at that media plateau where his identity is in danger of becoming public property, and personal reticence inspires unfounded speculation more effectively than it preserves privacy. If Prince (who's no longer Prince) sang lines like "I'm straight, I'm queer, I'm bi" (from *Monster*'s "King of Comedy") or "Do you give good head?/Am I good in bed?/I don't know/I guess so" (from "I Don't Sleep, I Dream"), he would probably be taken literally. Stipe could just as easily be enumerating media guesses as to his own proclivities. He sounds like a man who's delighted to be a bit of an enigma, perhaps pleasantly surprised he has any private life left. But he hasn't held on to his personal space without a struggle. Toward the end of "King of Comedy," he practically snarls: "I'm not your magazine/I'm not your television/I'm not your movie screen/I'm not commodity."

## RECORD RATINGS

★★★★★ CLASSIC  
★★★★ EXCELLENT  
★★★ GOOD  
★★ FAIR  
★ POOR

Ratings are supervised by the "Rolling Stone" editors.

But if the most basic issues of identity are at stake, the solutions are not necessarily cut and dried. In the course of *Monster*'s 12 songs, Stipe goes at it from a variety of angles. In the opener "What's the Frequency, Kenneth?" he quotes director Richard Linklater's dictum "Withdrawal in disgust is not the same as apathy" and sounds ready to withdraw himself. In "Crush With Eyeliner" he decides to lighten up and have a little fun, adapting an oh-so-affected David Bowie/Brian Ferry croon. "I'm the real thing," he insists archly, aided on the choruses by the practiced anomie of guest Thurston Moore, only to wonder in the next breath, "How can I make myself faker to make her mine?" while the band slams out a glam-rock riff the late Mick Ronson might have appreciated.

These first two songs establish a dynamic that animates *Monster* all the way through: learning to live in an increasingly virtual world without losing your sense of self — or your sense of humor — in the process. Occasionally, Stipe begins to sound not unlike the proverbial rock star, whining about all those fans who just won't let him alone. At least that's what I get out of "Bang and Blame" ("You're laying blame/You know that's not my thing... It's not my fault"). But more often, he tackles the issues with the clearheaded insight and gift for the telling phrase we've come to expect from him. Whether the songs are rocking furiously — like "Star 69," with its garagey, Count Five-ish flavor or the surging hijacked-identity cyberdrama "I Took Your Name" — or shimmering gorgeously like "Tongue" and "Strange Currencies," they're all involving. There isn't a throwaway in the bunch.

What's truly impressive about *Monster* is the way R.E.M. make an album with such potentially grave subject matter so much fun. Earlier R.E.M. albums have been impressive in other ways and not without their own humor, but this one fairly barrels along, sweeping you into its vistas with the sure-footed élan of a band very confident of its considerable powers. It also affirms in no uncertain terms that R.E.M. are a band. *Monster* could be guitarist Peter Buck's finest hour; he's all over this album, proving he can be just as effective without all those overdubs and acoustic fills, playing more from the gut. Mike Mills' melodic bass lines are integral to many of these songs, his piano and organ add a range of textures to the soulful "Tongue," and he locks in with Bill Berry's crisp, incisive drumming to make a suitably "monster" rhythm section. If you've been a fan of R.E.M. live and missed the raw power of their gigs on earlier albums, this one's for you.

But really, it's for all of us. Neither a "get back" garage-roots move nor a calculated attempt to win over the Lollapalooza crowd with the Big Guitar Formula, *Monster* is a deeply felt, thematically coherent, consistently invigorating chal-

lenge to "evolve or die," with all the courage of its convictions.



★★★★★  
**MIGHTY JOE MOON**  
Grant Lee Buffalo

Slush/Reprise

**Y**OU WOULD BE HARD PRESSED TO come up with a moniker that is more American — albeit unwieldy — than Grant Lee Buffalo, which invokes the names of the North's and the South's Civil War generals and a time when the West was still wild. In its breadth, drama and mythical evocation of America, *Mighty Joe Moon*, the band's second album, recalls Bob Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*, *The Band* and Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps*.

At times spare and acoustic, at times a blistering caterwaul of distorted guitar, the music on *Moon* distills such seemingly disparate influences as Love, the Byrds, John Lennon and David Bowie circa *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust*. But Grant Lee Buffalo never seem retro even as they hark back to a time when America's idealism hadn't been completely overtaken by cynicism, when people still believed that a rock & roll song could really matter.

Grant Lee Phillips, the singer-songwriter-guitarist-visionary behind the group, sings emotionally driving, at times histrionic songs with a voice that ranges from a lush croon to a melodramatic wail to a lilting falsetto. The songs always seem to be about something momentous, even if the free-associative lyrics don't always clue you in to what that is. "Could you learn to read minds/And in the case of mine/Do you read in the dark?" Phillips asks on "Honey Don't Think," a country ballad that Ray Price could have sung.

On the title track of *Fuzzy*, the group's auspicious 1993 debut, Phillips sings, "We hunger for a bit of faith to replace our fear," and it's clear he still hasn't found what he's looking for. He paints an apocalyptic portrait of a society trapped in cynicism. "Nothing here is any good" is the lie the devil tells him in "Demon Called Deception." In "Happiness" he admits, "The difference in the two of us/Comes down to the way/You rise over things I just put down."

Yet no one who plays music with the conviction of Phillips could believe that there is no hope of redemption. When

he quotes "Astral Weeks" in "Drag" ("Sing Van Morrison — 'Would you kiz-za my eye'"), he's alluding to the lines that follow: "And lay me down/In silence easy/To be born again." When Morrison first sang those lines, it was before the words *born again* had anything to do with bombing abortion clinics or bashing gays, when sexuality and even rock & roll could make you feel as if you were reborn — the way this album makes you feel.

— AL WEISEL



★★★★ 1/2  
**UNIVERSAL MOTHER**  
Sinéad O'Connor

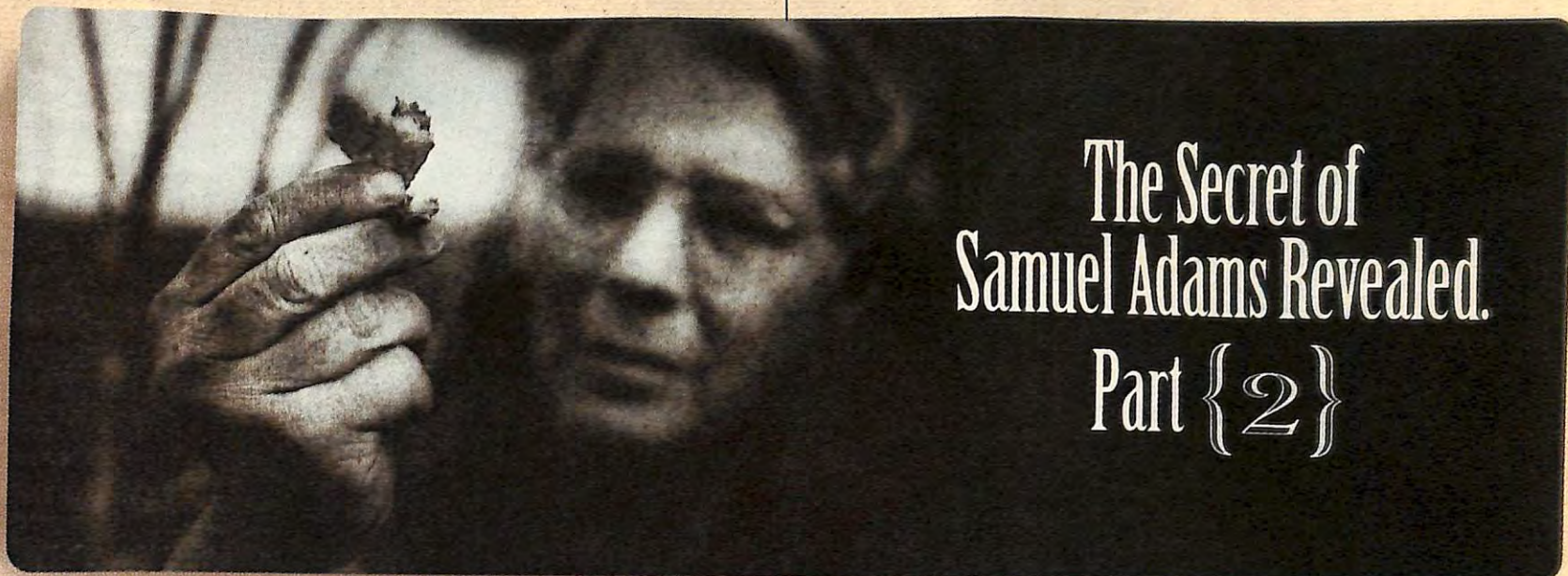
Chrysalis

**O**N "UNIVERSAL MOTHER," SINÉAD O'Connor tells us more about herself than we probably should know. It's record making as therapy, the byproduct of feelings still only half worked out, a bundle of self-revelations left suspended, twisting in the wind. It wobbles between being an awful record and a remarkable one, and maybe that's why it works: It swings so wildly that it never sinks into that deathly muddy middle ground.

More than half the songs on *Universal Mother* sound so tenderhearted, you could almost close your ears to the rage marbled through them. The most openly rancorous songs are actually the least affecting: The simmered wrath of "Red Football" is botched by an unintentionally goofy beer-hall-from-hell chorus, and the political rant "Famine" can't match the charring intensity of "Black Boys on Mopeds," from O'Connor's *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got* (1990).

But O'Connor isn't just draining her wounds here. The record is raw but in a buffed, alabaster way: It's built largely on delicate piano-based arrangements, with an occasional lanky groove worked in. What's more, O'Connor fights against fixating too much on her own troubled psyche. A handful of songs deal squarely with the kind of cruelty a mother can inflict on her child ("She's taken everything I liked"), but an even bigger handful reinforce O'Connor's protectiveness of every child's childhood. The lullaby "My Darling Child" threatens to turn treacly, but when O'Connor addresses her kid as both "me little street fighter" and "me little lamby," you realize how desperately she's trying to arm





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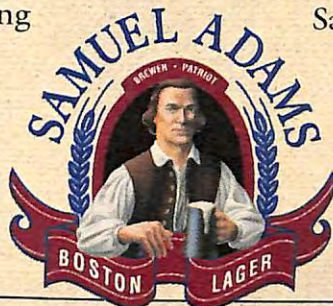
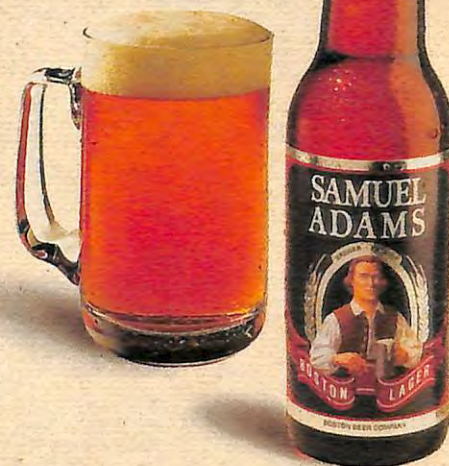
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# ROLLIN' & TUMBLIN'

SHORT REVIEWS BY PAUL EVANS

## FILE UNDER: EASY LISTENING Sugar ★★★ 1/2 RYKODISC

Prescient protogrunge, Hüsker Dü's *Zen Arcade* (1984) was Bob Mould's first triumph: Defined by the sound of heavy guitar delivering sprawling melodies, it spawned scads of sound-alikes. Two years ago, introducing Sugar, he returned to the trio format, and that band's *Copper Blue* was manna for the alternative masses. Balancing bent pop tunes ("Your Favorite Thing," "Believe What You're Saying") with straight-ahead ravers ("Gift," "Granny Cool"), Mould now proves himself as musically inventive as ever; wry, self-doubting, the persona in his songs likewise remains steadfast. If *Easy Listening* breaks little new ground, its rock-solid songwriting delights. And for Mould completists there's *Poison Years* (Virgin), which offers gems from his solo albums (*Workbook*, *Black Sheets of Rain*) plus five unreleased live standouts.



BOB MOULD

## THE SPORTING LIFE Diamanda Galas★★★ MUTE

Perpetually pissed, Diamanda Galas has screamed her way into cult-goddess status. Arriving in 1982 with "Wild Women With Steak Knives" and serving up in the AIDS requiem *Plague Mass* a magnum opus, she's a flashy fury with a three and a half octave range and a sensibility spun off from highbrow naughty boys de Sade and Artaud. Ex-Led Zep bassist and eclectic producer and arranger John Paul Jones (Butthole Surfers, R.E.M.) manufactures clangorous backdrops for her operatic murder fantasies and victim chic. What continues to dog Galas is her painful literal mindedness: To chronicle states of psychic torture, she simply tortures the listener. Strictly for fans of Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music*.

## STORM WARNING Tinsley Ellis★★★ 1/2 ALLIGATOR

On assertive originals and standards by the likes of Jimmy Reed and Junior Wells, Atlanta's Tinsley Ellis unleashes feral blues guitar. Nonstop gigging has sharpened his six-string to a razor's edge; he wields it with equal precision on the Freddie King shuffle "Side Tracked" and his own strutter "Pan-head." With Chuck Leavell providing rich keyboard accompaniment, Ellis' vocals have never sounded smokier. But it's on guitar that his eloquence dazzles. Grounded in a classic style sometimes recalling Albert Collins, sometimes Lonnie Mack, he also achieves pyrotechnics that rival early Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton. (ALLIGATOR, 800-344-5609.)

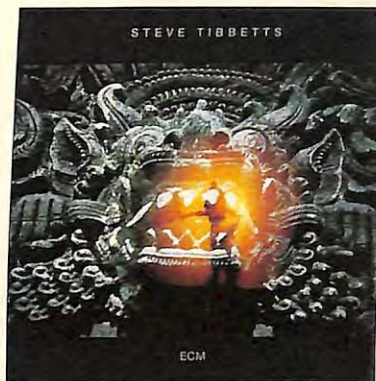
## HEALING BONES Jules Shear★★★ ISLAND

Exemplifying Jules Shear's gifts, "A Prayer (for Those Not Here)" combines a Motown-catchy beat, Beach Boys-style backups and audacious rhymes (theoretically and phonetically) in pop that's as literate as it is melodic. A will-o'-the-wisp career in bands (Jules and the Polar Bears, Funky Kings) and as a solo act hasn't made Shear a household name. But in covering his tunes, artists from Cyndi Lauper to Roger McGuinn to Alison Moyet have boosted his stature as a brilliant songwriter. *Healing Bones* turns loose crack players (Rod Argent, Jerry Marotta, Tony Levin) on ballads ("By and By") and midtempo rockers ("Listen to What She Says") that seem certain to find eager singers. Shear's own engaging vocals, however, work just fine.

him for battle with a terrible world.

Junior psychoanalysts will have a field day with *Universal Mother*, trying to untangle lines like "You were born on the day my mother was buried" as if they were Chinese puzzles. But less important than what O'Connor says is how she says it. Her rage is distilled in drop-lets, finding its way through her tissue-fragile voice like blood seeping through gauze. She's not falling apart on this record — she's holding herself together — and it's infinitely more terrifying that way.

— STEPHANIE ZACHAREK



★★★  
THE FALL OF US ALL  
Steve Tibbetts  
ECM

THIS IS GUITAR MUSIC RICH WITH pictures, elegantly morphing images that seem to float over and through one another in liquid collision like an old Fillmore light show: Jimi Hendrix in a weather-beaten bark canoe, paddling upriver through a light curtain of rain in an Asian jungle; Bo Diddley as a Buddhist monk robed in saffron, shuffling off to his dawn prayers in time to his trademark shave-and-a-haircut-two-bits beat; Carlos Santana struck dumb in the Sahara in front of a tremulous desert mirage; Robert Fripp in the court not of the Crimson King but of the Dalai Lama.

As a guitarist, Steve Tibbetts definitely makes great mind movies. But *The Fall of Us All*, Tibbetts' sixth album for ECM, is also a trip of another, more explosive and enriching kind, a dynamic study of Eastern modality and universal spiritualism driven by rock & roll ambition. Immediate touchstones are the Zenlike art pop of Brian Eno's *Another Green World*, Santana's classic 1972 album of Coltrane-ish Arabian mysticism, *Caravanserai*, and the Butterfield Blues Band's prescient 1966 blues-raga "East West." But Tibbetts is very much his own man as both a composer and an improviser.

You can hear it, indeed feel it, in the breathtaking guitar and percussion ballet "Dzogchen Punks." A typhoon whirl of Tibbetts' manic Indo guitar and the startling gunfire percussion of his longtime collaborator, Marc Anderson, suddenly brakes into a dark, free-fall expanse

of water-music riffing and finger-tap drumming, like Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* meets the third side of Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland*. In "Full Moon Dogs," Tibbetts opens with that scuffling Bo-cum-Buddha beat against the dulcimerlike chime of his own acoustic guitar and floating, wordless female vocals before ripping into a heated guitar and percussion argument, complete with high-speed congas and clanging prayer cymbals.

If nothing else, *The Fall of Us All* is a great showcase for Tibbetts' ways with guitar feedback. In "Roam and Spy," he shifts with graceful elasticity from revving-motorcycle growls to pithy dot-dash transmissions and laserlike beams of scream. But context, not chops, is everything on this album, whether it's the light brush-stroke harmonics of Tibbetts' guitar in "Drinking Lesson" or the way his acoustic mourning becomes electric halfway through "Hellbound Train" with a cat's cradle of acid-blues guitar tangle, voodoo percussion and apoplectic drumbeats.

Tibbetts has spent the better part of two decades and eight albums — including two now rare, independent late-'70s releases — in search of the Lost Chord. With *The Fall of Us All*, he has found something very close to it.

— DAVID FRICKE



★★★  
ALWAYS AND FOREVER  
Eternal  
EMI

★★★ 1/2  
IT'S A NATURAL THING  
For Real  
Perspective/AC/3M

AT FIRST GLANCE AND FIRST LISTEN, Eternal, a four-girl vocal group from the U.K., and For Real, an American female quartet with the same specialty, appear to be two more sets of En Vogue wanna-be's: Cute girls with cute shapes and cute clothes slather churchy rhythm and a little blues over relentless drum machines and stomping bass lines. "Ho hum" is the immediate response to these eight seemingly interchangeable young women. Get in line behind En Vogue and Jade — and in front of SWV and Xscape. Yes, the songs on both debuts revolve around never giving someone up, needing someone tonight or



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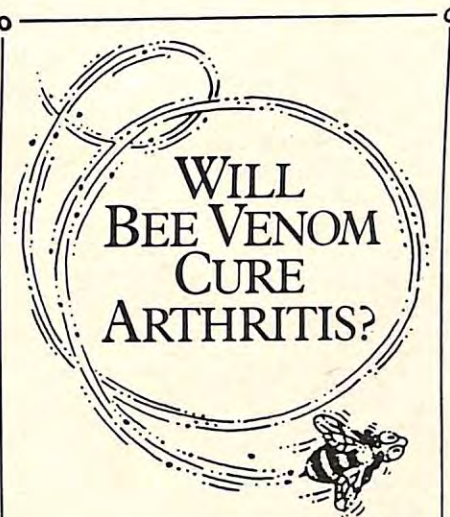
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saying goodbye. But For Real and Eternal defy the cookie-cutter label by featuring audacious singers, near-flawless harmonies and, especially in For Real's case, a finesse that stares down anyone daring to write them off as Yet Another Girl Group.

A lavish concoction of grit, sweetness and beseeching, For Real's debut is a triumph of soul-touching talent over contrived image. The girls each have the exact same hairstyle and are presented as positive examples of vegetarianism and no makeup. In relation to another quartet, those supposedly compelling biographical tidbits might be worthy of discussion. But For Real sing like they sat next to each other in the best church choir in whatever city they hail from. On the six and a half minute "Just a Matter of Time," they lovingly reach over each other with their voices, and with each layer, the effect gets richer and more turbulent. It's not a screeching contest — they build a ferocious, emotional sound. The song aims for the cadence and anguish of Teena Marie's "Portuguese Love" and almost gets there — For Real know about nuance and have the confidence to ease sexily into abandon. "I Like," though, recalls Marie's "Square Biz" but falls short in the irreverence department.

Eternal's "Stay" is a retro-disco-pop opus lying in wait for a spellbinding house remix. And while "Sweet Funky Thing" sounds dangerously close to Mtume's "Juicy Fruit," it goes round and round like a Hula Hoop — fluid and filled with lovely bass thumps. Both albums end with short "prayers," but Eternal's rendition of the venerable "Amazing Grace" surprises with Sweet Honey in the Rocklike coos and pops for background. The four girls set their sights on American neosoul, and the blessing is they miss most of what has become monotonous about it. They sing contemporary R&B earnestly, like they borrowed it and want to return it in better condition than when they got it. Even when it lapses, *Always and Forever* reeks of love for the music, conveys, even through the sometimes gumball lyrics, genuine if teeny-bopper feelings.

There are problems: Eternal's "Save Our Love" sounds like something Wham! did 12 years ago. For Real's up-tempo songs (with the exception of the infectious "You Don't Wanna Miss") consist of bland words flitting over New Jack Swing-esque productions. But then For Real come back with an a cappella number like the assertive "You Don't Know Nothin'," on which the girls' voices are clear and practiced, the matter-of-fact lyrics infused with the wry insistence of a person who knows her mind. Instead of overreaching, For Real and Eternal find grace in promise. For Real, especially, may just live down their image and up to their name.

— DANYEL SMITH



★ ★ ★ ★  
**I LOVE EVERYBODY**  
Lyle Lovett  
MCA/Curb

**A** RECENT GOSSIP ITEM ABOUT THE marriage of Lyle Lovett and Julia Roberts referred to the singer as a country star, a designation that says more about tabloid hyperbole than about the commercial history of the singer's critically acclaimed albums. Through much of the 1980s, Lovett was sold as a country artist because in an increasingly compartmentalized record market, a songwriter from Texas was seen as having few options beyond Nashville. Yet if Lovett had emerged a decade or so earlier, he would have been more accurately seen as a distinctly original singer/songwriter along the lines of Randy Newman.

On *I Love Everybody*, Lovett makes this clear by recording 18 songs written mostly before he even had a record deal. Of equal significance, however, is Lovett's decision to trade the occasionally over-ripe accompaniment of his big band for the sparser style that worked so well on "Friend of the Devil," his contribution to the 1991 Grateful Dead tribute album, *Dedicated*. With arrangements framed around Lovett's acoustic guitar and sweetened by strings, this supple strategy puts proper emphasis on songs cut from a very rare cloth.

Lovett shares Newman's talent for writing songs from the perspective of oddballs. Where Newman first raised eyebrows with "Davy the Fat Boy," Lovett similarly chronicles the calorically challenged with two songs, "Fat Babies" and "The Fat Girl." In the former, the crabby singer identifies with the tubby tyke, singing, "Fat babies have no pride, and that's OK, who needs pride?" Lovett's daring reaches a peak on the collection's highlight, "Creeps Like Me," in which the singer not only keeps an uncle stashed in a closet but wears a ring fashioned from his grandmother's gold tooth.

Love haunts the singers of these songs, with the musician in "Sonja" stuck performing a tune he'd written in hopes of picking up a waitress and the guy in "Just the Morning" afraid that the light of dawn will frighten last night's conquest. Lovett's songs sketch small moments with deft details, evoking the fear and excitement of moving ("Good-Bye to Carolina")



# JAZZNOTES BY STEVE FUTTERMAN

**C**ALL IT SCENES FROM THE OTHER New York. While the buzz continues for all the would-be Wyntons, Joshuas and Marcuses of the city's neoconservative jazz scene, another – dare it be said – alternative sound keeps bubbling under the surface. Audacious player-composers continue to fashion music that's recognizably contemporary jazz but also sidesteps *de rigueur* nods to the modal/hard bop stylings of their better-known compeers. To deem this other jazz "avant-garde" seems far-fetched; let's just say it follows roads less taken, calling on its own set of traditions, ones more inclined to experimentation.

**MARIO PAVONE** is the bassist for the Thomas Chapin Trio, a New York ensemble deserving of wider attention. On his own *Song for (Septet)* (New World, 212-302-0460), Pavone reasserts the exceptional band-leading skills and thoughtful compositional style he

demonstrated on his earlier *Toulon Days*. Pavone's a marvelous full-toned player who injects aggressive forward motion throughout the session, inspiring driving improvisations from his collaborators. What Pavone shares with the best of the outsider clan is a rigorous attention to detail: Hear how he clothes his writing in fascinating

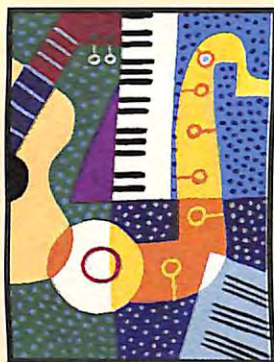
tonal colors using unlikely instrumentation (vibes, two winds and trombone as a front line). For more across-the-tracks adventure, don't overlook **MARTY EHRLICH**'s *Can You Hear a Motion?* (Enja, 516-938-8080), **MICHAEL FORMANEK**'s *Low Profile* (Enja) and, for more in-the-envelope tastes, **BOBBY PREVITE**'s *Slay the Suits* (Avant, 718-656-6220). . . . With a series of difficult but superb Blue Note albums in the '60s, **ANDREW HILL** sculpted a personal style that has yet to be fully understood or emulated. His compositions were extensions of his piano playing – harmonically tilted, rhythmically slanted yet always captivating. The recently reissued *Judgment!* (Blue Note) from 1964 is among Hill's highest achievements, a session rife with thorny playing from the leader and his cohorts: drummer Elvin Jones, bassist Richard Davis and vibist Bobby Hutcherson. . . . Hill, probing and spiky as ever, shows up as a sideman on **REGGIE WORKMAN**'s *Summit Conference* (Postcards, 212-966-6083), a project that recalls some of the more extreme work of the unbound '60s. By using such stalwarts of the time as saxophonist and flutist Sam Rivers and trombonist Julian Priester, bassist Workman

(a veteran of Art Blakey's and John Coltrane's bands) captures the zest of open-ended improvisation, asserting – as only the best of its practitioners can – that freedom and formal discipline aren't mutually exclusive. . . . The same transparent magic that **FRED ASTAIRE** lent to his magisterial dancing – making it look so easy – was also applied to his brilliantly artless singing. Astaire was no vocal virtuoso, and he knew it. Dispensing with any bravura effects or mannerisms, Astaire merely sang a song the way it should be sung – and the result was pure pleasure. *Stepping Out* (Verve) draws on a 1952 session, when Astaire was teamed with a snappy jazz combo led by pianist Oscar Peterson. The selections range over the great American songbook, and assured, rhythmically imbued masterpieces abound. Astaire's ease can pull you up short; you find that he has presented you with the emotional core of a song,

yet you have no idea how he has done it. . . . **ART**

**FARMER** has been one of the most lyrical and expressive horn players for five decades, and his rare powers have yet to diminish. On *The Company I Keep* (Arabesque, 212-279-1414), Farmer plays the awkwardly named flumpert, a cross between the trumpet and a fluegelhorn, alongside

Tom Harrell – a master of melody himself – who plays the more conventional horns. Nudging each other on, Farmer and Harrell produce brilliantly structured, luxuriously toned statements. . . . Farmer also appears to great effect on *This Heart of Mine* (DRG, 212-582-3040) by the pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL**. Ensconced for most of the year in a tony piano bar on New York's Upper East Side, Carroll has elegance to spare, but she can turn on the steam. Carroll knows exactly how far to push her voice, and three lovely originals prove she's a cunning composer. . . . Anyone who has thrilled to Benny Goodman needs to hear *A Study in Frustration* (Columbia), a cross section of the major work of the bandleader and arranger **FLETCHER HENDERSON**. Much of Goodman's success can be attributed to the powerfully swinging arrangements that Henderson had devised for his own band, which were later used by the King of Swing. No rip-off here – Henderson was on Goodman's payroll – but to hear the charts in their original form being played by such giants as Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry and Roy Eldridge – well, accept no substitute.



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or the false bravado of young lust ("Record Lady"). An album credit tracing a guitar riff on "I've Got the Blues" through secondhand sources back to Lightnin' Hopkins suggests how close these songs strike to the roots of Lovett's singular style. Similarly, the artful intimacy of *I Love Everybody* exploits the qualities that confounded Nashville while establishing Lovett as one of our most distinctive songwriters. — JOHN MILWARD



★★★★ 1/2  
**HANG ON TO A DREAM**  
Tim Hardin  
Polydor

**W**HAT COULD BE MORE APPEALING than someone else's pain? That entertainment principle certainly helps explain Tim Hardin's impact. The late Hardin wrote deceptively simple tunes about love and betrayal and sang them in a tremulous voice seemingly on the verge of breaking. He also studied acting and was an incorrigible drug addict. The latter fact accounts for his death, at 39, in 1980; the former might contribute to the lasting appeal of his recordings.

The two-CD *Hang On to a Dream* collects all of Hardin's studio output as originally released on three Verve/Forecast albums plus a good deal of previously unreleased material. (A wrenching 1968 live album is also promised for reissue.) Hardin never surpassed the most affecting work of these, his earliest (1964-66) sessions. Anyone familiar only with covers of "If I Were a Carpenter," "Reason to Believe" or "Lady Came From Baltimore" may be startled by the composer's own Spartan approach. Songs appear and vanish, sometimes abruptly, within two minutes; the reticent arrangements, hovering between folk and jazz, could almost be demo recordings. The feeling of evanescence underlines Hardin's pet theme of ill-fated romance. Irresolution is everywhere: in suspended vibraphone notes, open-ended phrases and Hardin's powerfully tentative talk singing. There's no deflecting his direct language, and he specialized in opening statements that were grabbers.

Hardin did a lot with a little, including recycling his own riffs. He was less successful with da bloopze and faster tempos; his voice, so incisive with his own observations, fell short of the macho swagger required for Arthur Crudup or Willie

Dixon (although *Hang On to a Dream* includes a strangely haunting and upbeat performance of Muddy Waters' "Rolling Stone"). Colin Escott's myth-popping booklet essay reveals some nastier aspects of a frustrating career. The music reveals another truth: Nearly 30 years later, Hardin's epigrammatic — and timeless — art speaks volumes. — SCOTT ISLER



★★★★ 1/2  
**SIX FEET DEEP**  
Gravediggaz  
Gee Street/Island

**Y**OU CAN'T GET OUT OF BED THESE days without stumbling into the cross hairs of yet another marketing hustle — especially in the field of rap, a fertile pimping ground of pop culture. Even as the glut of gangsta rappers rolls back to the hood in shiny '64s to count the money, new blood is spilling onto the scene in the form of characters who dwell on fearful thoughts rapping from the grave. Melding horror-movie imagery with hardcore hip-hop, "horrorcore" or "splatterrap" is in like heroin. But before the inevitable groans of "gimmick" begin, it's definitely worth checking out Gravediggaz.

Rap's first supergroup, comprising Wu-Tang Clan's Prince Rakeem, Fruitkwan (formerly of Stetsasonic), Poetic (formerly of the Brothers Grimm) and the ever-innovative Prince Paul (of De La Soul fame) behind the boards, Gravediggaz don't compromise hip-hop for the hype. While cuts like "Diary of a Madman" and "2 Cups of Blood" evoke the atmosphere of horror movies by using ghostly harmonies and ominous effects, they've also been street tested, boasting hard beats and verbal skills. *Six Feet Deep*, in fact, often strays from the predictable slasher soundtrack to include a mixed bag of styles, from the slow and mellow "Mommy What's a Gravedigger," to the adrenalin shot of "Bang Your Head." Making metaphors out of gory talk, Gravediggaz also delve into the dark side of real life — such topics as suicide, drug abuse, mental illness — as opposed to just exploiting fictional horror.

But, thankfully, they don't always take themselves or their fright format seriously. They show a sillier side in skits like "360 Questions" and the title track, which features group members goofing around in the studio as they attempt to

play live instruments (and sounding surprisingly good in their own idiosyncratic way). Another offbeat gem, "Graveyard Chamber," featuring underground MCs Scientific Shabazz and Killa Priest, is destined to be a street classic.

Gravediggaz might come with a highly marketable concept gimmick, but they also deliver head-nodding beats and creative linguistics to back it up. *Six Feet Deep* is good hip-hop first and foremost. The blood and guts is gravy. — S.H. FERNANDO JR.



★★★★ 1/2  
**SEAL**  
ZTT/Sire/Warner Bros.

**S**EAL'S SECOND ALBUM HITS THE ground running. Although it has been three years since his monster single "Crazy" (the electronic gallop that's now the instrumental for a beer commercial) soared out of every health club and Mazda Miata in the continental United States, he apparently still has the touch.

This 11-song record might be seen as a sequel to the debut, the original *Seal*. Both were produced by Trevor Horn, former Revolutionaries Wendy and Lisa reprise their sidekick roles, and Seal — the strapping half-Nigerian, half-Brazilian Londoner — continues his bohemian rhapsody.

Simultaneously wide-eyed and skeptical, Seal's themes run from love (physical, metaphysical and "unconditioned," as he calls it on "Bring It On") to the evolution of identity and back again. He doesn't tell stories, exactly; he paints moody, emotionally raw images that could — if they weren't occasionally anchored by solid detail (whether the "turning to the needle" in "Dreaming in Metaphors" or the plush acoustic guitar that opens "Prayer for the Dying") — evaporate like water on Arizona asphalt.

The marked difference (other than backing vocals by Joni Mitchell on "If I Could" and Seal's shiny bald head) is in his voice. It's lower, stronger, more resonant. Mixing with expansive, sometimes orchestral music, it gives sentient weight to tossed-off thoughts like "Life's confusing, but I don't know why" ("People Asking Why"). His voice — soulful, raspy, a little dark — can make even the maudlin seductive. — CHRISTIAN WRIGHT



★★★★ 1/2  
**WITHOUT A SOUND**  
Dinosaur Jr  
Sire/Reprise

**T**HE HOLLOW POP OF A CORK pulled out of a bottle opens Dinosaur Jr's new album, *Without a Sound*; what follows, however, reveals how Dino leader and songwriter J Mascis' once-fierce guitar rock has lost some of its fizz. *Without* starts off promisingly with "Feel the Pain," which surprises in its pleasantly jarring tempo changes and twinkling guitar hooks. "Feel the Pain" demonstrates how Dinosaur Jr at their best can make three chords played at deafening volume sound as stirring as Leonard Cohen. Yet the first line of the verse — "I feel the pain of everyone" — even if taken ironically, comes off as delusionally self-centered, foreshadowing problems that resonate throughout the album.

Other than Mike Johnson on bass and some backing vocals by Come's Thalia Zedek, Mascis plays nearly all the instruments on *Without*. This approach gives the album the self-important feel of a vanity project rather than a dynamic group endeavor, saddling the songs with inertia. As with many indie rockers turned singer/songwriters, Mascis is strong on weak melodies, exemplified by the meandering acoustic limp of "Outta Hand" and the deathly drone of "Mind Glow." Even less successful is the ersatz country gallop of "I Don't Think So"; such mannered regressions into formula sound flat next to Mascis' earlier sonic explorations, which rattled traditional song structure with blistering noise. Still, *Without* is not entirely without its gems — the wailing, infectious chorus of "Grab It" and the gut-wrenching thump of "Even You" hint at sparks of life.

Surprisingly, *Without's* refinement doesn't sound like a sellout but rather a sincere attempt at artistic maturity. Unfortunately, the most interesting aspect about Dinosaur Jr was their immaturity: the way songs would unexpectedly stop and start their testosterone-driven tempos; how Mascis' detached vocals hinted at the pain of emotional adolescence spelled out in his frantic, overdriven solos. Indeed, *Without a Sound's* biggest setback is Mascis' restraint. Throughout the album, Mascis' playing is unusually tasteful — and the worse for it. Coming from the man whose fervently expressive



guitar attack made guitar solos sound cool again in the world of punk rock, Dinosaur Jr's current material offends in its inoffensiveness. — MATT DIEHL



★ ★ ★ ★

BETTY

Helmet

Interscope

ON THEIR FIRST TWO ALBUMS THE New York noise band Helmet flexed and grunted like a steroid-packing bodybuilder, flaunting the size and volume of muscular, downtuned rhythms. But while the group proved its mettle (and metal), earning a loyal following by grafting staccato guitars over agonized vocals, its songs lacked dynamics and cunning.

Learning from its mistakes, the band has broadened its scope on *Betty*, expressing emotional depth and musical wit along with brute strength. Helmet have realized that lashing out isn't always the most effective means of achieving sonic obliteration, that building tension by holding back a riff can be just as cathartic, and stopping mid-song to insert a volley of turbulent scree can be even more devastating.

Classically trained vocalist and guitarist Page Hamilton has always cited such jazz and avant-garde influences as John Coltrane and Glenn Branca, and with *Betty*, Helmet finally incorporate such inspirations. Many songs feature atonal guitar bursts, layered chord progressions and harmonic textures generally foreign to hard rock, and the band delves into the possibilities of each without ever losing its menacing, surge-n-stomp groove.

In addition to being Helmet's most experimental album, *Betty* is ironically the group's most accessible. "Speechless," "Wilma's Rainbow" and "Milquetoast" are replete with melodic vocals and flavorful hooks, tunefully bridging the gap between alternative and metal. And for those who thought Helmet were all anger and animosity, the band reveals its less serious side with the banjo-blues spoof "Sam Hell" and a whacked-out version of the jazz standard "Beautiful Love," which begins with a plaintive guitar intro before being crushed under a cloud of free-form cacophony.

Steroid-free, bursting with intellect and energy, *Betty* is the culmination of years of heavy lifting. — JON WIEDERHORN

**Rolling Stone**

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# TELEVISION TOPICAL DISEASE

BY MICHAEL RUBINER

**R**EMEMBER THAT SCENE IN *The Player* when a slimeball Hollywood executive says he could come up with movie ideas just by scanning the day's newspaper? This year it seems the TV networks took that lesson to heart. Most of the new fall shows — 13 sitcoms, 14 dramas — are based on a handful of themes plucked from yesterday's headlines. In fact, the season includes, in baseball-card parlance, several doubles: two hospital shows, two Gen X ensemble comedies, two parentless families. Great minds aren't the only ones that think alike.

Six new series spin off from a news story that just won't quit: the Family in Crisis. In the single-parent division, there's ABC's *Me and the Boys*, a sitcom about a black middle-class widower (played by likable comedian Steve Harvey) raising his three young sons with a firm hand under the watchful eye of his no-nonsense mother-in-law. The undercurrent of instruction is none too subtle. "It's really nice to meet a man who takes his job as a father seriously," a date tells Harvey in the pilot. "Well, you got to nowadays," he responds, "because it can be a pretty ugly world out there." Guns? Crack? No, worse. His sons sneak off to see a scary movie.

Doubling the jeopardy, two shows portray no-parent families. In the Fox drama *Party of Five*, the five Salinger kids have lost their menopause-proof mom (the kids' ages run from 1 to 24) and dad, owners of a yuppie-ish restaurant, in a car crash. Moving quickly to dispel the notion that this might be a teen's dream come true, the show depicts the kids wrangling endlessly over the household budget while trying to stay together. Learning a hard life lesson, one character decides to make the ultimate sacrifice: giving up cable. ABC's *On Our Own* attempts, unsuccessfully, to play the same situation for laughs. When well-meaning social workers try to split up the Jerichos — seven black children whose parents also died in a car wreck (they crashed into the Salingers maybe?) — the eldest, Josh (Ralph Harris), saves the day by putting on his dead mother's dress, saying he's Aunt Jelcinda and flirting with the male head of the child-welfare agency. You can imagine the pitch meeting: "It's *Mrs. Doubtfire* meets *Psycho* meets *The Crying Game*."

ABC's *McKenna* harks back to the oldest dysfunctional family, that of Cain and Abel. Widower Chad Everett is Adam here, a leathery Pacific Northwest rancher who leads wilderness expeditions for



FAMILY IN CRISIS: RALPH HARRIS OF "ON OUR OWN" WEARS HIS MOM'S CLOTHES.

## Torn from yesterday's headlines, the new fall shows are mostly broadcast snooze

stressed-out urbanites. His favorite son has died in a hiking accident, and now his prodigal son, whom Everett secretly blames for the tragedy, returns home to make peace. The pitch: "Dozens of people loved *A River Runs Through It*."

*The Boys Are Back*, CBS' most highly touted new sitcom, has a potpourri of new-y themes — not only troubled families but also the sluggish economy and substance abuse. Hal Linden and Suzanne Pleshette play a middle-aged couple whose youngest son has just left for college. Before they can say "empty-nest syndrome," their other two sons move back in, one (who comes with a family in tow) because he has lost his job, the other, an alcoholic cop, because his wife has booted him out. Now here's a

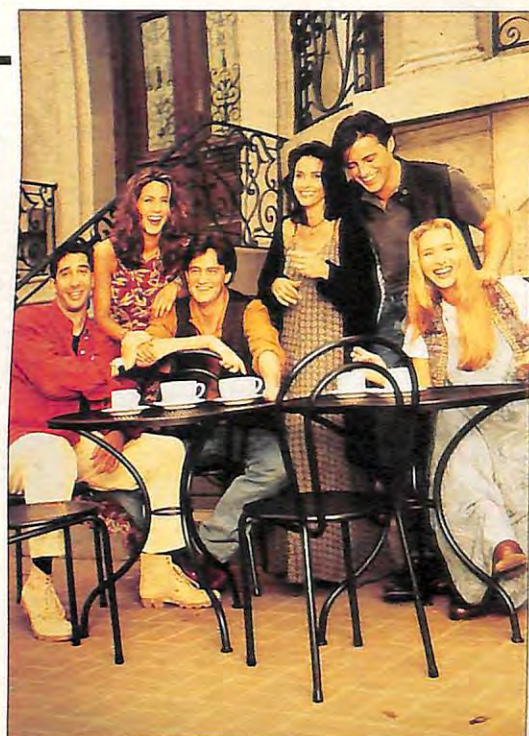
family that looks like America.

Ironically, the most troubled family this season is the one that is, on paper, the most normal. ABC's *My So-Called Life*, from thirtysomething producers Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz, vividly portrays the turmoil of a rebellious adolescent girl and her not so happily married parents. This powerful if occasionally solipsistic show makes being parentless look like a cakewalk.

INEVITABLY, SEVERAL NEW shows dive into the mosh pit of Generation X, not only be-

cause of its annoying durability as a trendy subject but also because the presumed audience for such shows is one that makes advertisers salivate. *Friends* (NBC) and *Wild Oats* (Fox) are both ensemble comedies in which twentysomethings sleep around, fret about their careers and crack postmodern jokes about such things as Joanie and Chachi's wedding. NBC has enough faith in *Friends*, whose toothsome cast is anchored by Courteney Cox, to position it as *Seinfeld*'s lead-in. Full of self-consciously hip banter, the show is partly set in a espresso bar. Hmm, a possible new trend? (The pitch: "This is the fake story. Of six actors. Picked to live on a set. And have their lines taped. To find out what happens. When people stop being real. And start acting like sitcom stereotypes.") *Wild Oats*, which follows the adventures of four Chicagoans, is a bit more downscale — what it lacks in generational philosophizing, it makes up for in cleavage. (The pitch: See above.)

In ABC's *All-American Girl*, stand-up comedian Margaret Cho plays a headstrong, thoroughly assimilated X-er living and battling with her tradition-bound Korean family. Though the pilot was shaky enough to have been scrapped at the last minute, the producers are confident: "We hope this is like *The Cosby Show*," one said. "After a few weeks, you'll stop seeing the family as Asian." That's assuming



GEN X ON "FRIENDS": POSTCOLLEGE, PRE-"SEINFELD"



they have a few weeks. The non-Xish twentysomethings on *Blue Skies*, also on ABC, run a thriving mail-order business modeled after L.L. Bean. In other words, they're not flannel-shirt-wearing '90s types; they're flannel-shirt-selling '80s types.

ANOTHER POWERHOUSE news hook this season is women in the workplace. In *Madman of the People*, NBC's prize sitcom, Dabney Coleman is Madman, a supposedly irascible, award-winning magazine columnist whose daughter "the suit" has just become his boss. The hitch: Madman is about as mad, and as funny, as Ward Cleaver. They moved *Frasier* for this?

NBC's *Sweet Justice* also features a professional clash between father and daughter. Melissa Gilbert is a Wall Street lawyer who returns to her Southern hometown, joins the law firm of a former civil-rights activist (Cicely Tyson) and whups her father's patrician firm in court. Political correctness be damned, the show takes a daring, principled stance against wife beating and toxic waste.

In *Daddy's Girls*, Dudley Moore is a dry-witted fashion executive whose wife has recently run off with his partner. What's worse, he's stuck working with Harvey Fierstein. Moore's three grown daughters step in to lend moral support, and he decides to make one of them his new co-executive. (The show has yet to address the issue of whether the mother was screwing around earlier in the marriage — one daughter looks and talks like a Jewish New Yorker; one is a frigid WASP type; and the third is a California bimbo who could pass for one of Heidi Fleiss' gals.)

Finally, there's CBS' noirish police drama *Under Suspicion*, in which Karen Sillas plays the sole female detective in a precinct full of swaggering, feminist-baiting bullies. We're meant to like her for the fact that though she's capable of standing up to the guys when it really counts, more often than not, she's a sport — such as when they present her with a breast-shaped cake.

ONE NEWSY THEME THIS SEASON WILL warm Hillary Clinton's heart. Much as Congress has produced several competing health-care bills, the networks have produced two competing health-care dramas, both of which air on Thursdays at 10 p.m. (Each network blames the other.) NBC's *E.R.*, one of the season's true comers, offers a gritty look inside a chaotic Chicago emergency room, where selfless, sleep-deprived young interns battle to save often uninsured lives. The heroes of ABC's more soap-opera-ish *Chicago Hope* (Mandy Patinkin, E.G. Marshall) are the kind of rich, arrogant surgeons that the *E.R.* docs disdain. Both shows treat the



"M.A.N.T.I.S.": METRO-AREA NERD TURNS INTO STUD.

profession with reverence, but *E.R.*, written and produced by Michael Crichton, has the harder edge — politically and dramatically. Both push the taste envelope, *Hope* with its brain-surgery sequence and *E.R.* with a scene in which a student from a Catholic women's college has to be treated for mysterious upper-thigh burns.

TWO SHOWS TAKE THEIR cue from the countless headlines about urban violence. Fox's *New York Undercover* is an edgy drama about two streetwise young detectives, one black, one Hispanic. The pilot episode suggests that the root of urban crime is not young miscreants but the evil forces behind them — in this case, a dastardly black youth leader played by Linc from *The Mod Squad*. In a subplot, to help pay for his son's schooling, the black cop decides to make the ultimate sacrifice: giving up cable. (Hey, broadcast networks: Can you say "hidden agenda"?) The cartoonish *M.A.N.T.I.S.* (stands for Most Audiences Not Tuning In to Show), originally a Fox TV movie, concerns a black paraplegic who's a biophysicist by day and a masked crime fighter by night (the last traction hero?). Scouring a postriot West Coast city in his chintzy-looking Mantis-mobile, he breaks up a gang war orchestrated by a Daryl Gates-like police chief and — gasp! — a black youth leader. So much for those youth programs in the crime bill.

Info-highway fever is exploited in Fox's

*Fortune Hunter*, a James Bond homage so faithful to the original that the hero introduces himself as "Dial — Carlton Dial." Dial's Q is a techno nerd who sits in front of a wall-sized TV back at headquarters, coaching him through his adventures with the help of concealed cameras and microphones. The pitch: "It's *Goldfinger* meets *Sliver*."

NBC's *Earth 2* takes a more cautionary approach to advancing technology. Two hundred years in the future, Earth is no longer habitable, and colonists set out in search of a new planet. Says creator Michael Duggan: "We are suggesting — without preaching — that this is mankind's future and that if we're smart, we won't make the same mistakes again." Does that mean there won't be an *Earth 3*?

OF COURSE, THERE ARE SEVERAL NEW shows that stubbornly refuse to fit into any news-related categories. CBS' sitcom *The Five Mrs. Buchanans*, for instance, rests on a timeless TV premise: the irksome mother-in-law. It details the lives of four women married to four brothers who are devoted to their shrewish mother. Roughly half of the jokes are about bust size, leaving a quarter about gold digging and another quarter about pulling the plug on the old biddy.

In the realm of pure whimsy, CBS weighs in with *Touched by an Angel*, star-

Shakespeare-reciting housekeeper.

Two other veteran funny-men have new vehicles. In the NBC sitcom *The Martin Short Show*, the Comic Formerly Known as Funny plays a sketch-show host who uses his family and co-workers for material. Pilot disease struck this one, too; Jan Hooks has been added as Short's wife and TV co-star. ("Honey, I want you to come down to the studio. Bring Fred and Ethel.") Gene Wilder makes his TV debut in NBC's *Something Wilder*, which is based on a theme close to the hearts of showbiz execs of a certain age: the May-December relationship. Wilder and his young wife (Hillary B. Smith) leave the New York fast track to raise their 4-year-old twin boys in bucolic Massachusetts. Just because preview tapes of the show aren't available and it's being buried on Saturday nights doesn't mean you should conclude that it's as bad as its premise suggests.

Fox's moderately promising *Hardball* is an ensemble comedy about a last-place baseball team. The cast includes a slumping star pitcher, a spoiled, overpaid bad boy and a gruff new manager whose task it is to reverse the team's fortunes. Maybe they should start by giving up cable.

Finally, CBS' *Due South*, a sort of reverse *Northern Exposure*, is about a squeaky-clean Canadian Mountie who's transferred to Chicago, where he teams



WORKING GIRL: MAD DAD DABNEY COLEMAN WITH CYNTHIA GIBB. HEALTH-CARE WOES: THE DOCS OF "E.R."

ring Roma Downey as a guardian angel sent to L.A. to protect gifted children in trouble. Nearly as fanciful is NBC's *Cosby Mysteries*, in which the Comic Formerly Known as Huxtable plays a retired New York forensics expert who just can't give up sleuthing. (The pitch: "It's *Quincy* meets *Leonard Part 6*.") The show suffers from a severe case of the cutes: Cos takes bass-clarinets lessons (apparently because it's a funny-looking instrument) and has a

up with a wisecracking Italian cop in loud shirts. Though the show has a light, quirky tone, the duo fight against a deeply corrupt world. And that brings to mind another minitheme. In a time of global political change, good-vs.-evil dramas have had to come up with a new enemies list. Topping the list this year, above police chiefs and hypocritical youth leaders, are big corporations. And now a word from our sponsors. ■



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# BUSH

[Cont. from 41] information "apparently [had] been of little use," refused to reduce his sentence and lectured the convict: "There are people . . . in this country and other countries [who] . . . see unlimited streets of gold with drugs. . . I suppose [you] intended to return with some money, a good bit of money made on the broken lives, broken bodies and broken minds which this poison would create in this country."

Next, Adam's lawyer John Stokes filed a petition to set aside the long jail term, arguing in part that Adam should have been deported instead of getting heavy time. But on April 7, 1989, U.S. magistrate Paul Taylor said no: "Deportation of a Pakistani national back to the very country from which the heroin was shipped . . . defies all logic and makes a mockery of the laws which were designed to prohibit drug importation and punish serious offenders."

The 4th Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals denied Adam's last court maneuver on March 29, 1990.

Adam acclimated himself to life at Ashland Federal Correctional Institution, in Kentucky, and Butner, in North Carolina, where he was transferred in 1987. The next year, a family friend wrote to then North Carolina governor James Martin, who reportedly forwarded the letter to the office of Sen. Jesse Helms. Helms' office says that it routinely followed up, asking prison authorities about the case and wondering if Adam could simply be deported. According to the *Charlotte Observer*, K.M. Hawk, the warden at Butner, wrote Sen. Helms on Feb. 22, 1988, to say that the request to send Adam to Pakistan wouldn't work because the U.S. had no treaty with that country for transferring offenders.

Helms' office told the *Charlotte Observer* in March 1993 that it closed the case in 1988. But FOIA documents reveal that the senator's staff stayed on the case for at least part of the next year as Adam's family and friends turned to the Oval Office for relief. After Adam filed an official petition for executive clemency, the pardon attorney's office canvassed the federal bureaucracy (prosecutors, corrections) for its stance on the case. On Aug. 2, 1989, Butner's new warden, J.T. Hadden, surprised some by endorsing the clemency to his superiors. Hadden, writing to his regional director, Jerry Williford, stated that "our belief is that Mr. Adam is an appropriate candidate for executive clemency and recommend his sentence be reduced to time served and proceed with deportation. . . . While we recognize the seriousness of the offense and the precedent such an action would set, we support this petition for executive clemency."

Helms' office forwarded a letter from Hadden explaining his recommendation to Adam, along with a personally signed note featuring a smiling picture of the senator and the typed greeting: "I am sure that the enclosed response will make you happy."

Why was Helms, a staunch advocate of harsh drug penalties, politicking for a foreign drug smuggler? A member of the foreign-relations committee, Helms is an energetic ally of the Pakistani government's and has carried its water on many issues. Was he doing a personal favor for some friend? Helms' staffers deny doing anything special for Adam, arguing that the senator's correspondence were typical "buck letters," handled by a low-level office worker who reviewed all federal clemency requests from North Carolina inmates. "Senator Helms never heard of this guy," insists his press secretary.

Adam's mother, Fatima, came to the United States in the late '80s to plead the case personally and met with then U.S. Pardon Attorney David Stephenson. He has said that he didn't pursue the case after he learned that the prosecutor and sentencing judge objected to releasing Adam early. "It's not good to be recommending clemency in the case of drug offenses," he told the *Charlotte Observer*. "That's the general rule."

The case was still kicking around when Margaret Colgate Love, a former assistant to then deputy attorney general and ex-CIA counsel William Barr, replaced Stephenson, who retired in 1990. In an interview, Love noted that the Adam petition was one of 868 petitions for commutation reviewed by her office in 1992. She determined "this was not a high-risk case" and recommended clemency on purely humanitarian grounds. Even though prosecutors continued to protest, Judge Potter suddenly softened his stance, telling Love that while he couldn't endorse reducing Adam's sentence, "if he is to be deported to Pakistan immediately upon release, I will not object to the acceleration of parole eligibility."

Love, who pushed the case up the line, insists that she was not surprised when the clemency was granted in the final hours of the Bush regime. "There's not really a story here," she says. "Why are you so interested in this?"

IT CAN BE SAID THAT THE BUSH FAMILY is emerging as one of the most powerful political families in America. With two Bush sons currently campaigning for governor's spots in Texas and Florida, the former president cannot be counted on for candor in this matter. At the very least, though, Republicans should be forced to confront this mysterious affair as they prepare for the 1996 race against an opposition they will try to label as soft on drugs. And as we all want to know, what's Rush gonna say about this one? ■

# MOTHERS

[Cont. from 81] being open, honest and baring your soul onstage is more sexy than wearing a miniskirt. And I don't think I'm ever gonna wear another baby barrette for the rest of my life if I have to keep seeing that everywhere.

JETT: You never hear two women or two all-female bands played on the radio back to back. It just won't happen. They just won't do it unless the *Billboard* Top 10 is at least half female — then they're basically forced to, but that's really the only situation.

SCHELLENBACH: I mean, I was talking about what an easy time I've had of it as a female musician, but I was kicked out of the Beastie Boys for being a woman because they changed from punk to rap, and Rick Rubin said he didn't like the sound of female rappers. I mean it's not like I was a great rapper, but neither were they.

LOVE: When that guy at *Time* magazine wrote that Pearl Jam cover story, he used, describing Babes in Toyland, the word *punkette*. Punkette! Do you say poetette? Do you say astronautette? It was so disgusting. It's like "Hey, down here, we don't use *punkette*." Fuck. And it said alternative-band members shun dating models and groupies. That was the first paragraph. He was definitely coming from this perspective that all models and groupies are female. And this is *Time*.

GORDON: The bands that are the most interesting, malewise, are bands that express some kind of vulnerability — like Pavement, at least to me. And from Little Richard to Mick Jagger, what's made them interesting onstage is them expressing their female side. So maybe in a way the stage isn't about gender, it's about power. And power isn't gender specific. Maybe onstage, men feel enough power to put on a dress and pout.

JETT'S PERFUME: I wear Nahe-ma by Guerlain. If that's how you pronounce it. Made from passion fruit.

## SO WHY DOES THE MEDIA FIXATE ON GENDER?

NDEGÉOCELLO: I don't know. That's just the most frustrating thing about all this. Someone has an agenda for you, or they want you to give what you may not have. I may be seen as a role model, but often you're given a job you may not be ready for or a job that you may not want. But I went to barber school. So I will always have something to do.

AMOS: Because they're so desperately trying to find an answer to something that I don't think has an answer.

GORDON: Because people like to look at pictures of girls, and they're slow to pick up on things. It's good copy, it's good picture, it's like how supermodels are good copy. ■

SCHELLENBACH: Maybe it's like "Well, we have to make it up to women for Anita Hill and Tailhook and William Kennedy Smith and all this crazy stuff. Let's give them something. We'll make Courtney Love the patron saint of rock."

AMOS' PERFUME: I don't wear it, but I do use grapefruit soap. Everywhere. And can I ask you a favor? No exclamation points, please!

## CLOSING COMMENTS

MADONNA: I think progress is being made, but it's very, very slow. But it's being made.

HYNDE: For a long time I thought that an all-girl band was a peculiar thing — like a band of Jews — but I don't know, maybe it is different. I like the idea anyway. I'm glad there's a lot of babes doing this shit because it's kind of lonely out there. Just bring on the bands, you know?

SCHELLENBACH: For a song like "Under My Thumb," even for people who really freak out about it, the reality is that in all relationships there are dynamics that would put somebody under somebody's thumb. But what do I know? I'm just a drummer.

GORDON: I don't really have a position except that for some reason it's more fun to watch girls playing music at this point. When you see women playing, you kind of don't know what's going to happen, and maybe that is because they're more willing to make themselves vulnerable. Or not. It can be like "Fuck you, you expect us to be vulnerable, and we're not." But still, the context for vulnerability is set up, merely because you're looking at girls onstage.

BJELLAND: The one nice thing is that girls will say they're starting up bands.

NDEGÉOCELLO: If I play a show, and it goes well, and people are calling out my name, it feels great. I feel like a rock star, and after that I go to my room, and I sit there lost, and I don't know where I fit in. And I think, "Is this the way my life is gonna be? This isn't where I want it." That's why I get so jaded when people ask me about being a woman. Don't just assess me as a woman, there are other things, there are so many other things.

LOVE: This is the thing with women, this is the issue: We all want to be in *Musican*. It's a common thing, you know why? Because, like, all the grungy guys are like "Why would you want to be in that fucking fascist magazine?" And it's because there's some kind of weird validation in the question "What kind of bass strings do you use?"

JETT: I just go out and tour my ass off and try to prove that it's rock & roll, no matter what gender is onstage.

TUCKER: What spurred me on to play drums was I just loved the Stones, and to just sit and listen to them was unacceptable. And the only thing that's ever surprised me or made me curious is that it's so much fun. And why aren't more women having some fun? ■



A man in a military uniform is working on a car engine. He is using a multimeter to test the engine's electrical system. The multimeter's digital display shows '0.066'. The man is smiling and looking at the camera. The background is dark and out of focus.

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# REDFORD

[Cont. from 77] a better actor technically. Directors used to complain about my inability to match, particularly Sydney Pollack. He'd say, "Jesus, you're driving me crazy. You've got a peach in your hand in the first part of the scene — what happened to it?" I'd say, "I'd be more concerned if I didn't have a peach in my hand in the beginning of the scene and I suddenly had one." [Laughs.]

*How do you square your political activism with your acting and directing?*

I've always felt if you look at the work, it's there. It's there in *Jeremiah Johnson*. It's there in *The Milagro Beanfield War*. But I've never believed in agitprop because I don't think it works. People don't like to be preached to, treated like children. I do believe in working politically in film, but I also believe that it has to be entertaining, because that's your medium. We're not in politics here.

*Right. So "A River Runs Through It" is not about cleaning up a river —*

But we couldn't shoot on the river where it took place, because it's polluted. So there's a point to be made. I look at that film and realize that in my own history, rivers flowed like that, clean and fresh and pure. Now it's hard to find one that's not polluted. It's worth thinking about. So there's a kind of subtextual point you're making by saying, "Look how beautiful this was. How is it now?"

*Has directing affected what you look for in acting roles?*

No. When I first started as an actor, I selfishly only thought of my part. I seldom thought of the movie, the large context. Then when I started to produce, I saw how a role fit into the film. I began to play parts that sometimes were sacrificial to the theme of the film, as in *The Candidate*. Purely as an actor, I would rather have played the campaign manager. It's a better part. But it was better for me to play the candidate because it was more suitable — I could help the film by being the candidate. So I sacrificed an impulse as an actor for a better film.

Then there began to be more and more of those parts. I didn't want to be in *All the President's Men*, but because the bidding got so high on it, I had to be in it. Ostensibly that was not a very exciting part, because the character had a bland exterior. Actually, Bob Woodward used that as a ploy to get information out of people by appearing to be bland, almost boring. I began to think about it and said, "That's actually a pretty good character to play, because underneath that is a kind of killer instinct." Then it became something else. But that was for the sake of the film.

So, I guess I changed. But now, I've gone back to the other way. As I've gotten older, I think more about character.

For me to spend that kind of energy and time on something, you want to be rewarded, and the reward is not just the sheer commercial success of it. That matters but not that much. What's more interesting is to be satisfied that you've gotten ahold of somebody to put on the screen, that you have a chance to deliver a profile of someone rather than just running around with a gun in your hand.

*Any lessons you've learned along the way?*

Just two, really: follow your instincts and recognize that this is a business.

*What do you mean by that?*

Don't expect art to have much currency. It's a business, and that's foremost what it's all about. Don't delude yourself into thinking that art plays that major a role. Art only plays a role insofar as it helps the business. A small film that might be perceived as an art film really only matters if it makes money. That's the business world. I don't think anything profit oriented is easy to change because that's the kind of society we are. It just helps you personally to understand it and not delude yourself.

*So that you don't confuse artistic success and commercial success?*

No, I try to. I'm a producer, a director. I have Sundance, and we try to help filmmakers get product into the marketplace that has quality. So I try very much to achieve that balance. But finally in the end, the great satisfaction I get . . . I mean, *Milagro Beanfield War* didn't do very well at all. I got tremendous pleasure out of making that film. So, finally, that's a big factor. What kind of pleasure do you get out of your experience?

*So what do you want people to take away from their experience of "Quiz Show"?*

I guess my own arrogance is that I would hope I could entertain in a way that's also provocative in terms of the lives we're living in our society. That would come in the form of questions the audience would ask themselves.

Maybe out of *Ordinary People* someone may ask questions about whether they're really in touch with their feelings, particularly involving people they love. For *Quiz Show*: Is this moral ambiguity that we're in going to lead to no morality at all? Is the issue of ethics going out of our culture? Are we going to find some way to express our outrage, or are we just going to continue being numb?

I don't know. Those are issues I can't do a whole lot about, but I can put them out there. You know, the quiz-show scandal in the '50s, that's not what this is about. It's about that scandal being the genesis of where we are now. That's the scandal. So that would be a hope, that we just look at where we are now. I couldn't ask for more than that.

*What about where you are now?*

I'm doing OK. I don't have any regrets — possibly a few as an actor. It's clear to me that as the business moves toward high tech, toward formula, less toward literacy and more toward visual action, I

will have to myself develop stuff that I would want to do as an actor.

But I have no regrets about my career. I'm doing the pictures I want to do — even though they might not be in the mainstream of things. As long as I can continue to do films like the ones I've been doing, I will be happy. I've been doing it for 25 years, and I have no desire to change it. And there's enough subjects out there for me as a director — God knows, five lifetimes couldn't cover all the stories to be told. So, I'm fine. ■

## GUN

[Cont. from 70] Road. Kathy heard about this and phoned the police but was told the investigator was off for the day. She did not hear from the police again until Sunday evening around 9:30, when she and her husband saw a patrol car parked in front of the house. She hurried down the walk. "Did you find my son?"

"No," said the cop, who had a K-9 in the back seat, "but we have to."

They did, five and a half hours later, when Ernie's father recalled his son once saying that if he ever ran away, he would secrete himself in the crawl space under the house. That is where the police found him at 3 a.m., white-faced, exhausted and unable to meet his parents' eyes.

AFTER ERNIE'S ARREST, THE CAMDEN County prosecutor's office pushed for Ernie to be tried as an adult on a charge of murder. But Superior Court judge Robert Page ruled the shooting accidental, and Ernie, tried last January as a juvenile, was adjudicated of manslaughter and sentenced to four years in the New Jersey Training School for Boys, a locked corrections facility. In court he was described by one psychologist as a "frightened kid" who might have felt he needed to "do something extreme to protect himself" and who "didn't really perceive how deadly a gun is." His defense attorney insists he can be rehabilitated by age 19. At his sentencing, Ernie stood, turned and faced Amanda's family, who were seated in the visitors' gallery. In tears, he apologized, saying that Amanda did not deserve what happened and adding that Steve and Linda had always been good to him. "It was very important to me," says Linda of Ernie's statement. "It turned me around in the sense that it somehow calmed the anger and made me be able to get past it a little."

Rodney Wilson, arrested three days after Amanda's shooting on a charge of transferring a firearm to a minor, was released on \$1,500 bail and awaits trial. Eighteen years old at the time of the alleged gun sale, he will be tried as an adult. The prosecutor has refused a plea bargain. The state, hoping to send a message to a community blind to the

peril of guns amid its children, is pushing for a mandatory three years in prison without chance of parole. On June 27, 1994, Superior Court judge John Fratto heard a motion filed by Wilson's lawyer contending that the prosecution was being "unfair and arbitrary" in seeking the maximum sentence. "The state," Rodney's lawyer said, "has taken the position that Rodney Wilson caused the death of Amanda . . . that he should be held accountable for Amanda's death." Judge Fratto, however, denied the motion. "There has been a rash of guns found in our schools today," Fratto said. "This is the very thing the legislature wanted to prevent [by creating the three-year sentence]. Unfortunately, it didn't work here, because Rodney Wilson didn't get the message."

For Amanda's mother, sitting in the visitors' gallery, the ruling was a relief. Eight months after the tragedy, she had come to believe that her daughter's death could not be blamed simply on the callousness of a 15-year-old boy who twitched a trigger. Rodney, who she believed sold Ernie the gun that ended her daughter's life, had to be held accountable.

But for gun-control advocates, who have framed the problem of children and guns not as a crime issue but as a public-health crisis no different than any other lethal pathogen loose in the land, there is a bigger sickness at work — one that stems from a vast and vigorous firearms industry that is virtually unregulated and a culture that through its glamorization of guns in movies, TV and music has opened the pathways of disease to every corner of the country.

The particular strain of the illness that killed Amanda Grenier has been traced from Rodney, who told the police that he bought the gun illegally (for his personal protection) from a stranger on the streets of downtown Camden. The gun had found its way into the state from a previous owner from Woodbury, N.J., who was given it, in an illegal transfer, by a friend from Delaware. This man had legally purchased the pistol for \$200 in a Delaware sporting-goods shop. It had been shipped to the store in 1990 from a distributor for FIE Industries, in Miami, where the weapon was manufactured in 1989 — just one of the more than 2 million handguns produced in America that year. Amanda Grenier was just one of the 15 children killed by firearms each day. ■

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**HOT LIVE WILD GIRLS**  
1-800-976-WILD  
Adults / \$2.50-3.99/min.

**LIVE TALK OR EXPLICIT FANTASY**  
1-900-745-0333 or 1-800-959-1661  
**HOT MEN:** 1-900-745-0445 \$2-3.99/min/18+

**24 HOUR LIVE PARTY LINE**  
1-809-563-0069  
No Censorship/Adults/Int'l Tolls Apply

**SUPER HOT! LIVE 1 ON 1 or FANTASY!**  
Adult 1-900-745-3544 \* 1-800-743-2229 18+  
Gay 1-900-745-0499\*1-800-347-6626 \$2-3.99/mn

**YOUNG COEDS:** 1-900-745-6333  
**LONELY HOUSEWIVES:** 1-900-745-7444  
**BAD BOYS:** 1-900-745-0444 \$2-3.99/min/18+

**ANYTHING GOES!**  
Dateline, Live or Fantasy  
1-900-745-1291 24 hrs. \$2.50-\$3.99/min.

**HOT EXPLICIT TALK**  
1-900-745-1105 or 1-800-513-4469  
Hot Gay Talk: 1-900-745-0888 \$2-3.99/mn/18+

**MEET BI-CURIOUS GIRLS** looking for other  
ladies & guys. 1-900-288-4628 Ext. 950  
\$2.98/min. 18+ TT R.E. 702-593-0303

**REAL SATISFYING GRAPHIC FANTASIES**  
011-59-224-6908 or 011-59-224-6909  
011-59-224-6910 or 011-59-224-6911  
Live Explicit Talk! 011-239-129-3004



**LIVE WILD GIRLS!!!** 1-800-999-1-ON-1  
FOR THE ONLY 900 PARTYLINE!  
CALL: 1-900-745-5151- ALWAYS WILD!  
OR: 1-900-772-1221 - HOT LIVE 1-ON-1!  
18 & Older. 900: \$1.98/min. 800: Charge MC/V

**LIVE SEXY PARTY**  
All live 24 hours.  
011-592-1992

**HOT 2 TROT!**  
1-305-926-3274 INST. CREDIT  
1-900-741-1014 \$3.99/MIN.  
1-800-842-4625 MC/V 18+

**PLAYGROUND** - Chat Line, 1 - ON - 1, Tales  
1-800-289-GIRL V/M, or 1-900-468-8664  
from \$2.49 - \$4.99/min. Must be 18+

**FREE SAMPLES - HOT WILD WOMEN**  
Want To Turn You On 1-800-283-5239 18+

**FREE SAMPLES** 1-800-285-6283  
Must be over 18. No Credit Card. No Waiting!

**MALE PARTYLINE**  
Meet Hot Guys 1 To 1  
1-515-945-MEET

**CALL THE CRYPT.** For the Leather & Fetish  
Lifestyles. Live men for men. 24 hours.  
011-592-1901

**LIVE! 1 - ON - 1! SAY ANYTHING!**  
10718-1-604-821-7659 \$3.99/Min. 18+

### HOT NASTY GIRLS!

Right Now - Pay Later!  
1-809-563-0194 Int'l LD  
1-800-827-6969 V/MC  
10658-0-416-222-LADY  
1-900-230-7777  
\$2.50 - \$3.99/min. 18+

**TV/TS/CROSS DRESSERS**  
LIVE 1-900-933-4121 \$2.99/min  
18+ NPP Reno, NV

**2 ON 1 FOR NASTY FUN**  
Two Hot Girls For Every Guy! 18+  
1-800-479-9276 \$2.49-\$4.99/min.

**GUYS GUYS GUYS GUYS!**  
UNCENSORED LIVE/BULLETIN BOARD  
1-800-775-GUYS (4897) \$1.50/min. 18+ V/MC

**EXPLICIT HOT UNCENSORED**  
1-800-800-2868 V/MC \$2.99/min 18+

**EXTRA Nasty Taboos** 011-592-592-765  
**EXTRA Indecent Pleasure** 011-592-592-766  
**EXTRA Obedient Worship** 011-592-592-767

**WORSHIP HOT GAY STUDS**  
011-59-224-6426

**UNCENSORED NASTY GIRLS**  
18+ 1-800-449-0069 \$2-3.50/min

**FREE!! GAY PARTYLINE !! FREE!!**  
10288-1-801-471-2250  
GUYS CALL NOW! Ld Tolls Apply

**FREE LIVE 1 ON 1**  
Explicit & Hot!  
10509-1-604-821-4031

18+ LD Rates Apply

**! NEW ADULT FANTASIES !**  
18+ 1-809-563-9693 As low as .33 /min.  
**FORBIDDEN PLEASURES!**

**Find A Room At The Hotel California!**  
18+ 1-809-563-9518 As low as .33 /min.  
Check In And Check It Out!

**! FORBIDDEN PLEASURES !**  
Hot Action: 011-592-247-184  
Deepest Desires: 011-592-247-185

**FREE LIVE UNCENSORED GIRLS!**  
011-239-129-3514  
Int'l Long Distance Rates Apply

**HOT EXOTIC GROUP ACTION**  
1-900-745-1864 \$2.50-3.99/Min. 18+  
1-800-285-4897 V/MC

**LESBIANS. TOLL FREE TO FIND OUT**  
HOW! 1-800-572-0992 Adults over 18

**TWO SEXY GIRLS. They're Hot & Want**  
You. 1-800-723-5472. Adults 18+

**FUN INTELLIGENT SEXY GIRLS**  
Live 1 on 1. Major credit cards  
\$2/min. Over 18. 1-800-232-0337

**HOT & NASTY SWEET & SEXY**  
18+ 1-809-563-9524 As low as .33/min.  
**WILD & WICKED**

**LIVE! HOUSE PARTY! LIVE!**  
Make friends, dates, new adventures 1-809-563-  
9431. All new, all real people. As low as .33/min.

**HOT GAY SAMPLES**  
1-800-216-1206  
Mature Men 18+

**GAY STUDS FREE SAMPLES**  
1-800-806-7782  
Men Over 18 Only.

**ORAL FANTASIES TOLL FREE TO FIND**  
OUT HOW! 1-800-274-7635 Adults 18+

**BIG BUSTY GIRLS.** 1-800-677-6009  
**ADULTS OVER 18.**

**ADULT FANTASIES!**  
Leather Line 1-809-563-0583  
Dirty Secrets 1-809-563-9661  
As low as .33/min. 18+

**MAN TO MAN**  
FREE The Ultimate Gay Dating Service FREE  
1-801-471-9259

**FREE GIRLS, FREE GUYS, FREE GIRLS**  
Hottest Line in the USA!  
1-515-945-6000

**EAT BOOTS! MAN ON MAN!**  
Experience the Leatherline.  
1-801-471-9251

**1 ON 1 GAY TALK**  
1-801-471-9281  
Instant Action!

**STOP!**  
All your needs satisfied here.  
Dial 105091-604-821-4095  
**ANYTHING GOES! LIVE ONE TO ONE!**

**MEN MEET MEN/TALK LIVE**  
1-800-PRO-MALE  
1-800-776-6253 \$1.25/min. 18+

**FREE SAMPLES**  
1-800-374-6833. Must be over 18.

**HOT LIVE PHONE TALK \$ .99/min**  
212-741-1202 21+

**LIVE ONE-ON-ONE. WILD women want to**  
talk to you now! Major credit cards. \$2 per min. 5  
min. minimum. Over 18 only! 1-800-822-GIRL

**CRAZY GAY ACTION!**  
1-809-563-9025. Live 1 on 1.  
**STEAMY CONVERSATION!** As low as .33/min

**LIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE**  
Live adult fantasy line. 1-809-563-9013.  
No taboos, Must be 18 or older. As low as .33/min

**1-ON-1 WITH BEAUTIFUL GIRLS**  
1-900-446-9495  
\$15/Call HFT, SD,CA

**!!! 1994 PLAYMATES LIVE !!!**  
1-305-926-3254 new instant credit  
1-900-654-5556 \$2-3.99/min. 18+

**SUPER HARD BODIES!**  
18+ 1-809-563-0390 As low as .33 /min.  
**STEAMY STUDS!**

**GIRLS! WILD! UNCENSORED! 1 - ON - 1!**  
10718-1-604-821-7949 \$3.99/Min. 18+

**! FREE \* UNCENSORED !**  
GROUP ACTION: 011-505-999-1112  
KINKY HOT LINE: 011-505-999-1110  
LIVE YOUR WILDEST FANTASIES!

**HOTTEST LIVE TALK** allowed by law!  
Live 1 on 1, Partylines, Wild Fantasies.  
1-900-568-1568, 1-800-258-5240 \$2.50-\$3.95/min. 18+

**Awesome Live One on One Party**  
Place! Conferencing With  
USA \*Recorded Fantasy\*Dateline \*  
1-800-861-9988. No CC Needed  
\$2.49-3.50/min. avail. MC/V

**FANTASY COME TRUE!**  
**GET PERSONAL, CENTERFOLD ACTION!**  
Feel it (011-59-259-0604) Taste it (011-59-259-0606)  
Take it (011-59-259-0605) Hold it (011-59-259-0607)

**Let's Explore Our Fantasies**  
**Call Now Live!!!**  
**1-800-688-2286**

Four Dollars and Ninety-Nine Cents  
Per min. Must be 18+. TTST 818-222-9035  
**NO CREDIT CARD NECESSARY**

**2 GIRLS LIVE!**  
1-305-926-3260 INST. CREDIT  
1-900-741-1016 \$2-4.99/MIN.  
1-800-695-3625 MC/V 18+

**PLAY THE FIELD**  
The Adult Game Of Love 1-809-537-0800  
LIVE Community Chest! 1-809-563-0656

**WANT A GOOD TIME? CALL**  
Video Vixens 1-809-474-1141  
Dirty Secrets 1-809-474-1142  
As low as .33/min. 18+

**EXOTIC CENTERFOLDS!**  
1-305-926-3259 INST. CREDIT  
1-900-741-1013 \$3.99/MIN.  
1-800-946-9494 MC/V 18+

**SEXUAL SCENES & EXOTIC FANTASY**  
011-59-224-0480, 011-59-224-0481, 011-59-224-0482

**Meet Beautiful Irresistable People!**  
Get Local Home Phone Numbers!  
Your Community! Your Lifestyle!  
1-900-407-4628 Ext. 333  
\$2.95/min. 18+ kbc, co, svc. 702-593-0303

**KICK IT WITH A FRESH NEW POSSE!**  
1-515-945-6500  
**CALL THE HOTTEST RAPLINE AROUND**

**LIVE GAY VOICE PERSONALS**  
**FREE 1-801-471-9262 FREE**  
Meet the Best, Screen the Rest

**FREE! TOTALLY HARDCORE!**  
Lusty Gals 011-592-247-201  
Sizzling Chat Line 011-592-247-202 Int'l Rates Apply

**THE GAY CONNECTION™**  
1-619-232-TALK(8255)  
**HOT GAY ACTION!!!**

**MAKE THE CONNECTION!!**  
**LIVE GUYS ALL THE TIME!**  
011-592-1999

Hot, Wild Women will satisfy you!  
011-59-742-9022, 011-59-742-9014  
011-59-742-9240, 011-59-742-9007  
011-59-742-9000 Int'l LD 18+

**ROCK YOUR WORLD**  
Call 1-515-945-6700.  
Join the underground party!

Hot, UNCENSORED ACTION on all Lines!  
011-59-224-8404 & 011-59-224-8408  
011-59-224-8414 & 011-59-224-8418  
LIVE Connections 011-239-129-3005

**SIZZLING HOT LIVE PHONE TALK**  
1-800-238-LIVE (5483)  
Over 21 \$1.69 per minute

**LIVE AND EXPLICIT GIRLS**  
1-305-926-3279 Inst. Cred. \$3.99/min.  
1-809-537-0659 1-800-886-TINA Int'l Rates

**HOT TALK FOR FREE!**  
Bizarre Women 011-505-999-1246  
Euro Chicks 011-505-999-1212 Int'l Rates Apply

**HOT LIVE PARTYLINE**  
1-619-295-GIRL(4475) NO CC NEEDED

**GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS**  
Always hot, always live. \$2/min  
1-800-252-0224 Over 18. Major credit cards

**HOT LESBIANS - FREE SAMPLES**  
1-800-925-2384  
Adults Over 18 Only.

**FREE SAMPLES - ALL TASTES WELCOME**  
1-800-354-9596  
18+ Only

**UNCENSORED SAMPLES - DO IT NOW!**  
1-800-354-9591  
Adults 21+

**SENSUAL, DISCREET DISCIPLINE!**  
Dominant: 011-592-592-408, 011-592-592-410  
Submissive: 011-592-592-409, 011-592-592-411

**SEXY! UNRESTRICTED! 1 - ON - 1!**  
10718-1-604-821-7948 \$3.99/Min. 18+

**EXOTIC LIVE TALK**  
1-800-677-3444 V/MC  
1-900-622-6266 \$1.98/min.

**NEW! THE CRAZIEST PARTYLINE**  
**IN THE USA IS NOW OPEN!**  
Call Now! 1-809-563-9448 As low as .33/min.

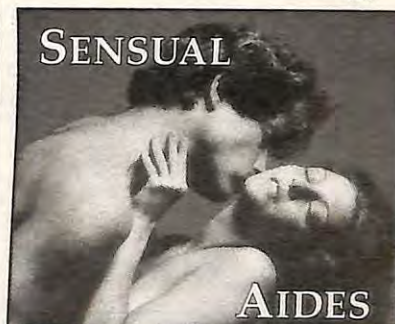
Hot Guys Live and Uncensored  
1-809-563-9818 Int'l LD 18+

**"LIVE" HOT EXOTIC GIRLS "LIVE"**  
10658-0-416-412-8217, 011-373-999-9847  
Intl. Rate Applies 18+

**SWF ready for anything!**  
1-900-745-0789 from \$2.50/min. 1-800-571-8857

**REAL GIRLS - SEXY SAMPLES**  
1-800-472-8404  
Adults 18+ Strictly

**FREE!! PARTYLINE!! FREE!!**  
10288-1-801-471-2280  
Men & Women Call Now! Ld Tolls Apply



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well as the traditional, with our 36-page  
catalogue including lotions, lubricants, mas-  
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ment to gain. Send \$4.00 which will be ap-  
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Our guarantees: **100% Confidentiality,**  
**100% Quality, 100% Customer Satisfaction.**

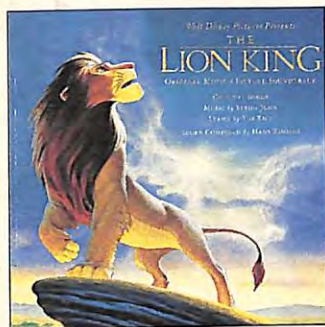
The Xandria Collection, Dept. RS1694  
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131  
Send me a Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue.  
Enclosed is \$4.00 to be applied to my first order.  
(\$5 CAN., £3 UK.)

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
I am over 21 years of age (signature required):

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005-1340  
Void where prohibited by law.



# CHARTS



## BILLBOARD'S TOP 40 ALBUMS

The first numeral indicates chart position the week ending Sept. 3, 1994; the second, chart position one week earlier; the third, number of weeks in the Billboard Top 200.

8	WEEKS AT NO. 1		
1	1	THE LION KING	12
		Soundtrack - Walt Disney <sup>†</sup>	
2	2	FORREST GUMP	7
		Soundtrack - Epic Soundtrax	
3	3	ACE OF BASE	39
		The Sign - Arista <sup>†</sup>	
4	4	STONE TEMPLE PILOTS	11
		Purple - Atlantic <sup>†</sup>	
5	8	GREEN DAY	28
		Dookie - Reprise/Warner Bros. <sup>†</sup>	
6	6	COUNTING CROWS	36
		August and Everything After - DGC/Geffen <sup>†</sup>	
7	5	WARREN G	11
		Regulate... G Funk Era - Violator/RAL/Island <sup>†</sup>	
8	7	CANDLEBOX	41
		Candlebox - Maverick/Sire/Warner Bros. <sup>†</sup>	
9		NEIL YOUNG AND CRAZY HORSE	1
		Sleeps With Angels - Reprise/Warner Bros.	
10	11	OFFSPRING	14
		Smash - Epitaph <sup>†</sup>	
11	10	SOUNDGARDEN	24
		Superunknown - A&M <sup>†</sup>	
12		THE JERKY BOYS	1
		The Jerky Boys II - Select	
13	9	THE ROLLING STONES	6
		Voodoo Lounge - Virgin	
14	12	TIM MCGRAW	22
		Not a Moment Too Soon - Curb <sup>†</sup>	
15		PRINCE	1
		Come - Warner Bros.	
16	13	ALL-4-ONE	19
		All-4-One - Blitz/Atlantic <sup>†</sup>	
17	26	YANNI	25
		Live at the Acropolis - Private Music <sup>†</sup>	
18	15	REALITY BITES	28
		Soundtrack - RCA <sup>†</sup>	
19	14	COOLIO	5
		It Takes a Thief - Tommy Boy	
20	20	AALIYAH	13
		Age Ain't Nothing but a Number - Blackground/Jive*	
21	18	ALAN JACKSON	8
		Who I Am - Arista	

22	21	COLLECTIVE SOUL	19
		Hits, Allegations and Things Left Unsaid - Atlantic <sup>†</sup>	
23	16	HARRY CONNICK JR.	6
		She - Columbia	
24	41	NINE INCH NAILS	24
		The Downward Spiral - Nothing! TVT/Interscope*	
25	28	MELISSA ETHERIDGE	48
		Yes I Am - Island <sup>†</sup>	
26	17	MC EHT FEATURING CMW	5
		We Come Strapped - Epic Street/Epic	
27	19	BENEDICTINE MONKS OF SANTO DOMINGO DE SILOS	23
		Chant - Angel <sup>†</sup>	
28	25	AEROSMITH	70
		Get a Grip - Geffen <sup>†</sup>	
29	24	SMASHING PUMPKINS	56
		Smash - Virgin <sup>†</sup>	
30	22	DA BRAT	8
		Funkdafied - So So Def/Chaos/Columbia	
31	30	JOHN MICHAEL MONTGOMERY	30
		Kickin' It Up - Atlantic <sup>†</sup>	

32	23	TONI BRAXTON	58
		Toni Braxton - LaFace/Arista <sup>†</sup>	
33	47	SHERYL CROW	25
		Tuesday Night Music Club - A&M	
34	35	PINK FLOYD	20
		The Division Bell - Columbia <sup>†</sup>	
35	31	SEAL	12
		Seal - ZTT/Sire/Warner Bros.*	
36	27	KEITH SWEAT	8
		Get Up on It - Elektra*	
37	32	BEASTIE BOYS	12
		Ill Communication - Grand Royal/Capitol <sup>†</sup>	
38	40	VINCE GILL	11
		When Love Finds You - MCA <sup>†</sup>	
39	38	JOHN MELLENCAMP	9
		Dance Naked - Mercury	
40	42	REBA MCENTIRE	17
		Read My Mind - MCA <sup>†</sup>	

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## Coolio: Baby, you can drive my car.

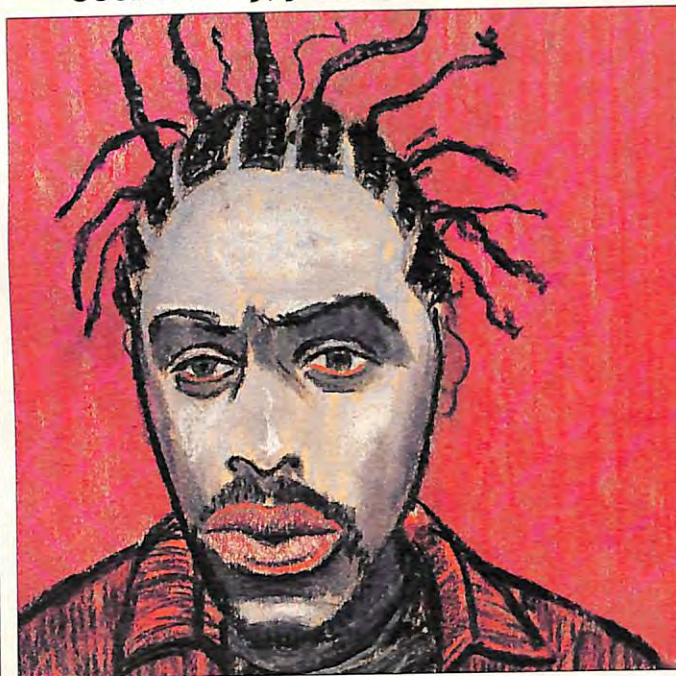


Illustration by AHMET GORGUN

## FRANCESINGLES

1	YOUSOU N'DOUR AND NENEH CHERRY	7 Seconds - Squatt/Sony
2	REEL 2 REAL	"I Like to Move It" - Happy Music/Sony
3	BILLY ZE KICK AND LES GAMINS EN FOLIE	"Mangez-Moi!" - PolyGram
4	MARIAH CAREY	"Without You" - Columbia
5	RAM JAM	"Black Betty" - Versail/Sony
6	CELINE DION	"The Power of Love" - Columbia
7	CORONA	"The Rhythm of the Night" - Airplay/PolyGram
8	JIMMY CLIFF	"I Can See Clearly Now" - Squatt/Sony
9	BIG MOUNTAIN	"Baby I Love Your Way" - RCA
10	WET WET WET	"Love Is All Around" - Phonogram/PolyGram

Courtesy of BILLBOARD

## U.S. SINGLES

1	LISA LOEB AND NINE STORIES	"Stay (I Missed You)" - RCA
2	JOHN MELLENCAMP WITH ME'SHELL NDEGÉOCELLO	"Wild Night" - Mercury
3	BOYZ II MEN	"I'll Make Love to You" - Motown
4	STEVE PERRY	"You Better Wait" - Columbia
5	ELTON JOHN	"Can You Feel the Love" - Hollywood
6	BAByFACE	"When I See You" - Epic
7	SEAL	"Prayer for the Dying" - ZTT/Sire/Warner Bros.
8	ACE OF BASE	"Don't Turn Around" - Arista
9	COLLECTIVE SOUL	"Shine" - Atlantic
10	COUNTING CROWS	"Round Here" - DGC/Geffen

Courtesy of GAVIN

## DANCE TRACKS

1	M PEOPLE	"One Night in Heaven" - Epic
2	JAKI GRAHAM	"Ain't Nobody" - Avex Group/Critique
3	JAM AND SPOON FEATURING PLAVKA	"Right in the Night" - Epic
4	WILD PLANET	"Love So Strong" - Imago
5	DAJAE	"Is It All Over My Face?" - Cajal
6	MARIAH CAREY	"Anytime You Need a Friend" - Columbia
7	MEECHIE	"Bring Me Joy" - Vibe Music
8	THE DAOU	"Are You Satisfied?" - Tribal America
9	LAFAYETTE	"Better Late Than Never" - Champion/East West
10	DEEP FOREST	"Deep Forest" - 550 Music/Epic

Courtesy of BILLBOARD

## 1972 SINGLES

1	GILBERT O'SULLIVAN	"Alone Again (Naturally)" - MAM
2	THE HOLLIES	"Long Cool Woman (in a Black Dress)" - Epic
3	AL GREEN	"I'm Still in Love With You" - Hi
4	LOOKING GLASS	"Brandy (You're a Fine Girl)" - Epic
5	ARGENT	"Hold Your Head Up" - Epic
6	MAC DAVIS	"Baby Don't Get Hooked on Me" - Columbia
7	THE CARPENTERS	"Goodbye to Love" - A&M
8	JIM CROCE	"You Don't Mess Around With Jim" - ABC
9	GARY GLITTER	"Rock & Roll Part II" - Bell
10	THE O'JAYS	"Back Stabbers" - Philadelphia

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## ALTERNATIVE MUSIC

1	WALKING TIMEBOMBS	"Hey O.J." - Double Naught
2	SEBADOH	Bake Sale - Sub Pop
3	THE MELVINS	Prick - Amphetamine Reptile
4	PAVEMENT	"Gold Soundz" - Matador
5	STEREOLAB/SCRAWL	"Inside Dave's Garage, Volume II" - Radiopaque
6	NOISEADDICT	Young and Jaded - Grand Royal
7	THE BOREDOMS	Super Roots - Reprise/Warner Bros.
8	PETER JEFFERIES	Electricity - Ajax



9	G. MIKE GUNN	Almaron - Double Naught
10	GUIDED BY VOICES	Bee Thousand - Scat

THIS ISSUE'S ALTERNATIVE CHART IS BASED ON SALES AT SOUND EXCHANGE, IN HOUSTON.





**Toad The Wet Sprocket**—Dulcinea  
✓ (Columbia) 482•166

**The Allman Brothers Band**—Where It All Begins (Epic) 482•034

**John Michael Montgomery**—Kickin' It Up (Atlantic) 473•157

**David Byrne** (Luaka Bop/Sire) 484•733

**Chick Corea**—Expressions (GRP) 484•683

**Sonic Youth**—Experimental Jet Set, Trash And No Star (DGC) 483•719

**Richard Marx**—Paid Vacation (Capitol) 474•973

**Phil Collins**—Both Sides (Atlantic) 481•952



**Erasure**—I Say I Say I Say (Mute/Elektra) 481•655

**Frank Black**—Teenager Of The Year (Elektra) 481•747

**Violent Femmes**—New Times (Elektra) 481•739

**"The Flintstones"**—Orig. Sndtrk. Featuring B52's, Crash Test Dummies, Us3, etc. (MCA) 480•178

**Liz Phair**—Exile In Guyville (Matador/Atlantic) 479•899

**Reba McEntire**—Read My Mind (MCA Nashville) 479•717

**White Zombie**—La Sexorcisto (Geffen) 442•079

**Beck**—Mellow Gold (DGC) 484•196

**Blind Melon** (Capitol) 447•995

**Enya**—Watermark (Reprise) 431•403



**Collective Soul**—Hints, Allegations And Things Left Unsaid (Atlantic) 481•614

**"Threesome"**—Orig. Sndtrk. (Epic Soundtrax) 476•499

**Guns N' Roses**—The Spaghetti Incident? (Geffen) 472•837

**Greenpeace: Alternative NRG.** Featuring Soundgarden, R.E.M., U2, UB40, etc. (Hollywood/Greenpeace) 478•750

**Sammy Hagar**—Unboxed (Geffen) 478•107

**Phish**—Hoist (Elektra) 477•919

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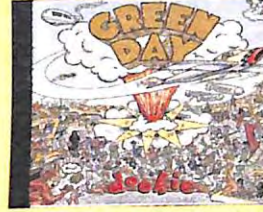
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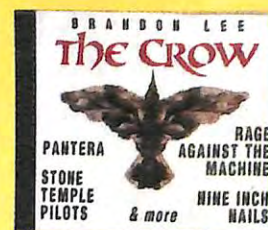
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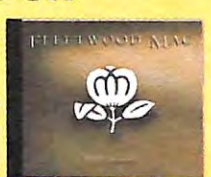
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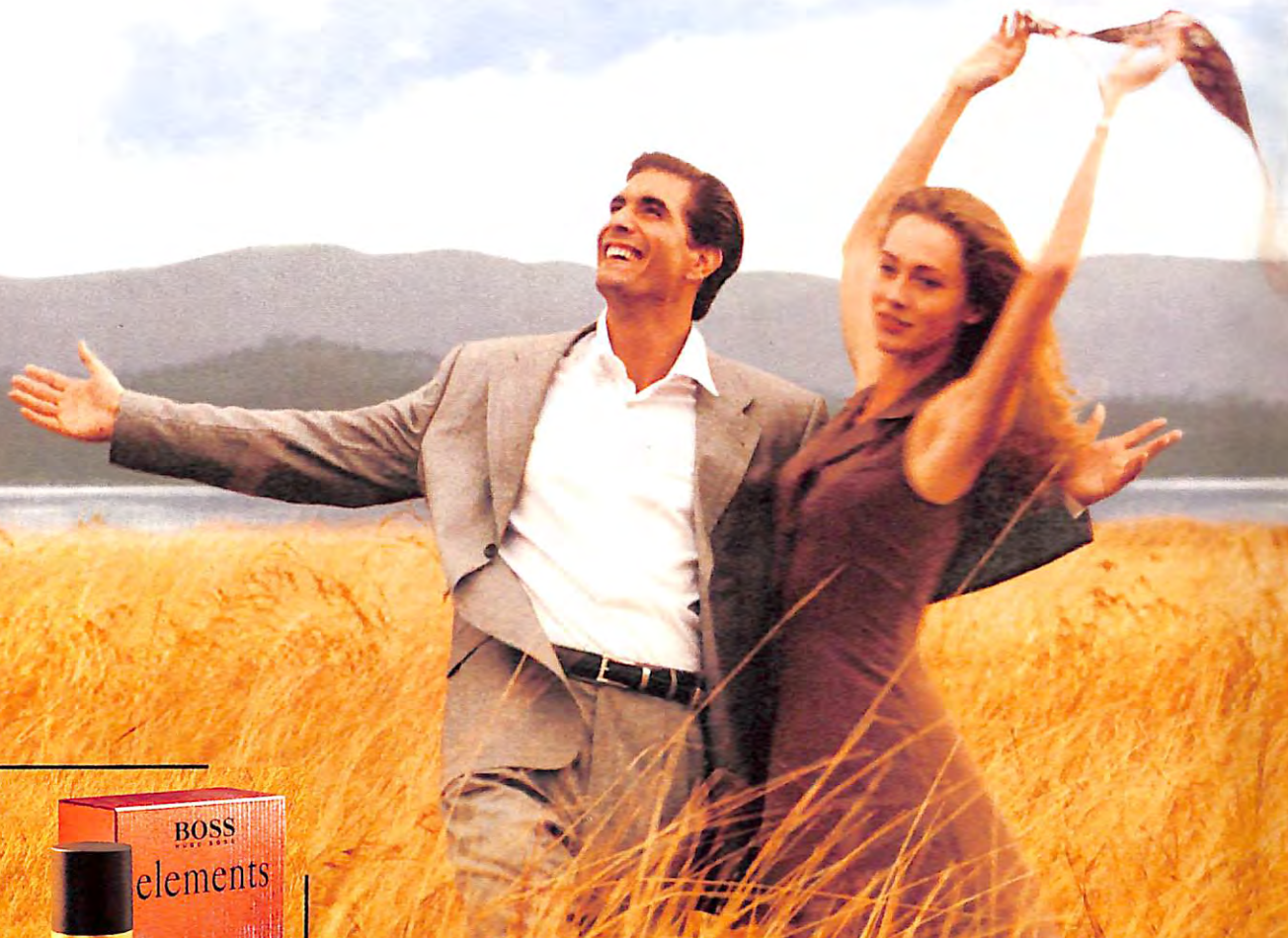
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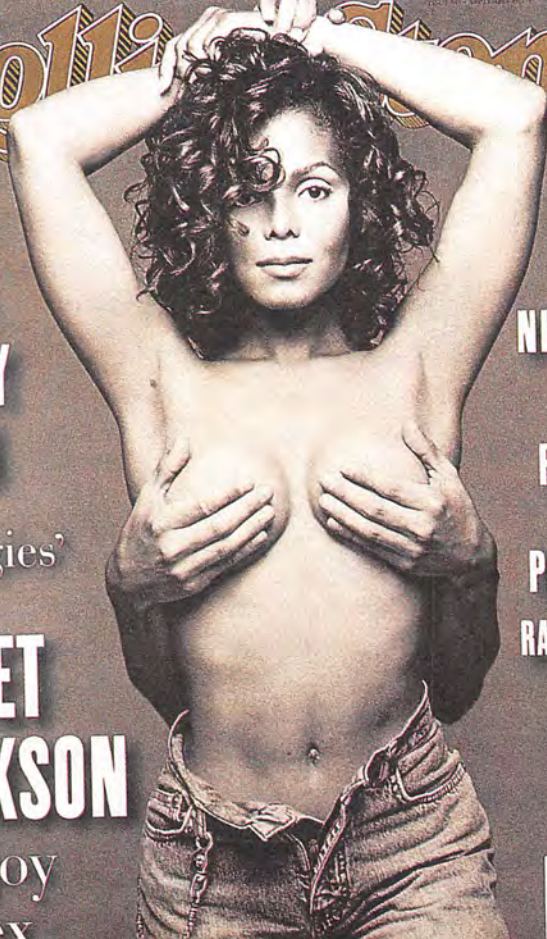


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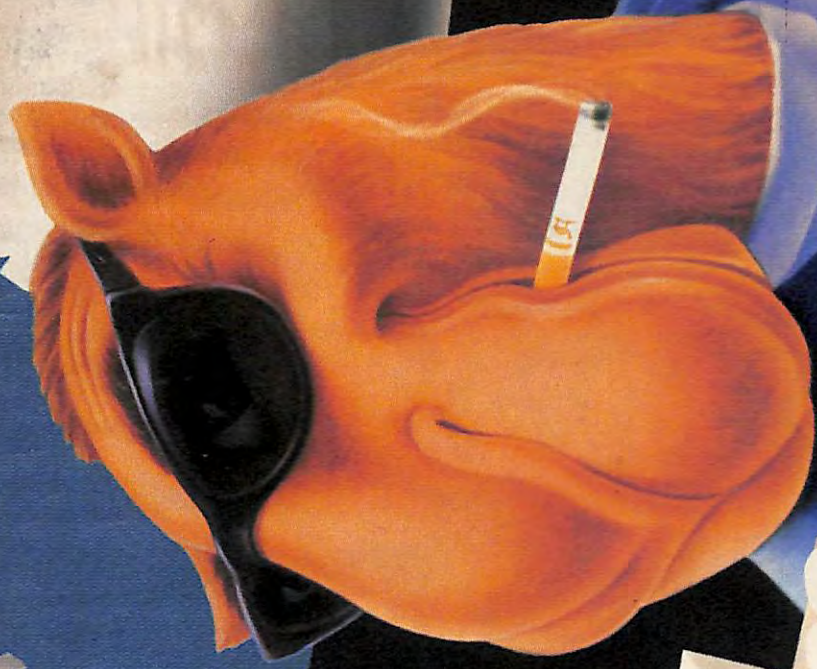
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